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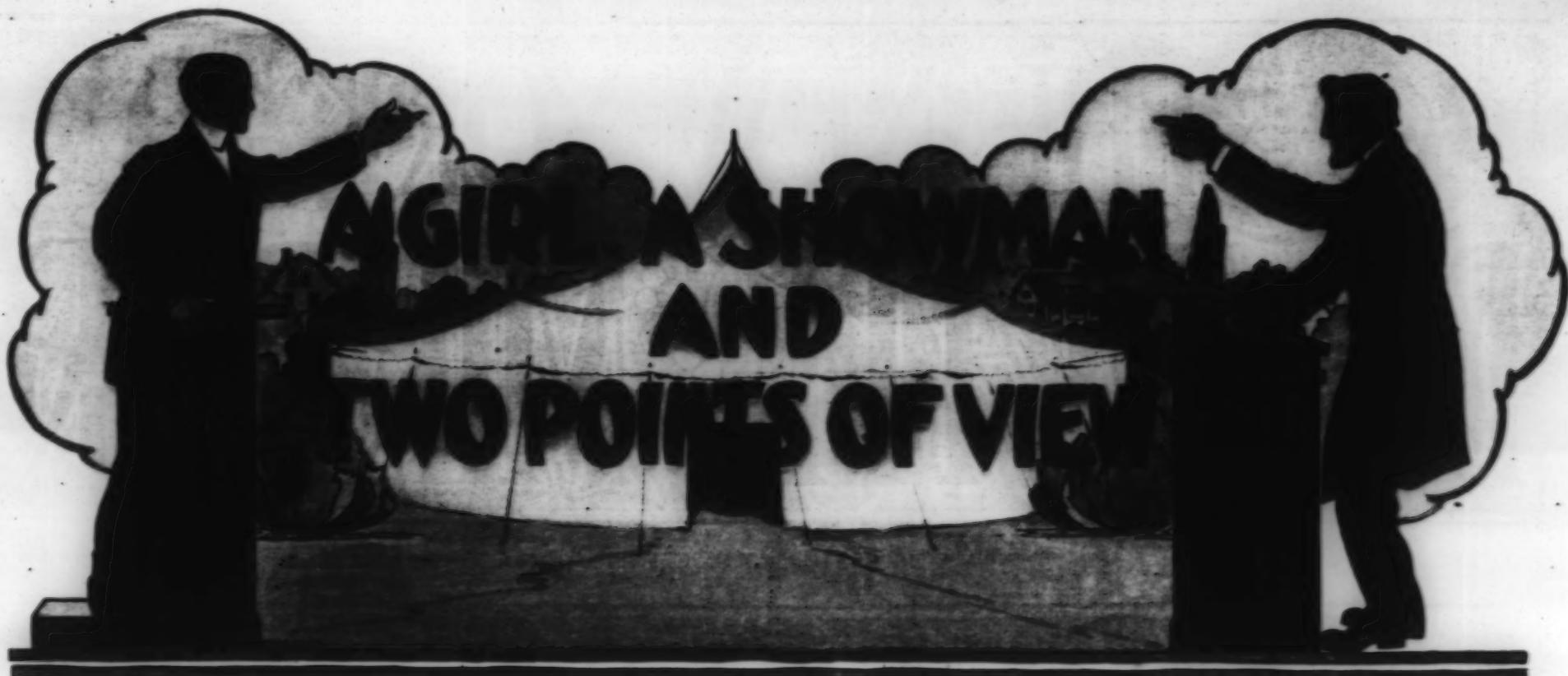
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Photo by Van Allen, N. Y.

WILLIAM HAYWARD GLAIRE.



I KNOW a good heap 'bout it, but I never claimed to write the show business, like some folks I've known.

Billy Sadler, for instance. Why, to hear Billy talk you'd jes' nat'ly think he created the whole Thespis stunt, from Shakespear down to Barnum and Bailey—rocked the cradle of art, as it were, an' been a wet nurse to it. You can't ever speak of anybody that Billy didn't "put him in the business."

No, I don't lay no claim to writin' the whole show business, but I've seen considerable of it. I made my first kid spel in a circus tent. The little woman used to leave me rolled up in a shawl, along with my bottled bait on her trunk in the dressing tent, while she went on for her stunt.

She was a trick rider—a great one, too, an' don't you forget it. My ole man learnt her. He'd took her from a good home an' married her, spite o' her folks objectin'. An' he was good to her, 'cept when he got off on one o' his periodicals. But she jes' worshipped the esome he drawed in—boosed or non-boosed. An' she never made no complaint. She was one o' the little quiet sort, with them kind o' big eyes that's got to be stuck on somethin'.

The old man put me to tumblin' 'fore my wobbly kid legs is onto their job. The little women, she'd stand, tremblin' an' cold, watchin' him wops me 'bout. But she never said nothin' of course. I had to be learnt. An' she knew better'n to do anything that 'd knock my nerve. But every time when he got done with me, she'd grab me an' squeeze me like she'd squeeze the liver out o' me.

Every day she learns me readin' an' writin': an' I remember how tickled she gets the first time I can read a circus bill all through. She calls the whole bunch to hear me show up my learnin', an' the ole man is so swelled with paternal pride that he celebrates for a week.

When I'm long 'bout seven the old man gets kill in the ring during one o' his periodicals. The little woman comes right throwin' up the game for awhile. But she braces up again; an' her an' me we stay by the show 'till I get into my sheavin' age. All this time she's watchin' me, 'fraid, maybe, I'll take to boose, like the old man. But I don't; that is, I ain't no testotter-Percy-boy, but I ain't lettin' the Gambrinus broth wash away everything but damn fool.

'Bout this time I'm gettin' restless. I ain't wantin' to be workin' all my life for somebody else. I'm dreamin' of a show o' my own—of bein' my own boss, an' seein' my name in big type on the fences. My first plunge is a two-headed calf snap. The little woman an' me has saved up some money, an' I stake it with another feller. She goes 'long to take tickets on the door. I do the spel on the outside, an' my gardener he shows us the wonders of the double-topped bovine to the gasin' multitudes.

It ain't long 'fore I own the whole outfit, an' has added a Armless Wonder, who does writin' stunts with his toes. I make money, but sink it later with an educated pig that dies on me, an' a fat boy that gets the consumption an' coughs up his shape. Then I have my ups and downs with medicine shows, a lightnin' tooth-puller, a dog an' pony outfit, an' then I strikes the movin' picture business an' find myself on velvet.

The little woman she sticks by through thick an' thin. Then she sort o' goes into a decline an' begins to cough. The doctor says she needs California, an' I make a big jump for the Golden Gate. It does her good for a spell. Then she's always glad to get back to California, for there's where we buried the ole man. But she finally jes' slips out, quiet like, 'bout makin' no fuss, same as she's always lived, an' I lay her 'long side the old man in Sacramento.

Say, did you ever set an' look at a heap o' dirt that's piled up on somebody that's belonged to you—somebody that you've been with every day o' your life? Why, there's a feelin' like it's piled right on your own heart. I set there a whole half day, lookin' at that heap o' yellow California dirt. Seems like the little woman an' me has been partners for so long that I can't ge' way an' leave her alone. Why, I'm like a great hulkin' kid that don't know how to get 'long 'bout its mammy. I try to reconcile myself by thinkin' o' her meetin' up with the ole man in Heaven. I ain't no clear idea of what Heaven is like, only I know it's hitched up somehow with love. The little woman, though, she has it all pictured out. Women seem to be onto them things more'n men. Why, she believes jes' as sure as sun up that the ole man's goin' to be waitin' for her right there in the main entrance. An' what she believes goes with me. I know the ole man has his good points that's most likely had a chance to shine up consider'ble since he's got out loose from house.

I buy a peach of a gravestone for the two of 'em. It seems somehow to smile 'em more

poetry like to have jes' this one stone. I got it made big as a eight-sheet stand; an' I have carved on it, like 'if there was two three-sheets with a date strip 'cross the bottom:

THOMAS REDFIELD,
The World's Renowned
Bareback Rider!

Appeared Before All the
Crowned Heads of
Europe.

DARING! WONDERFUL!
UNSURPASSED!

Was Killed June 20th,
1906, While Doing the
Greatest Act Ever
Attempted.

MADAMOSILLE FIREFLY,
(wife of same).

Famous Trick Equestrienne. Without Peers
Before or Since. Big
Feature of the Biggest
Show on Earth.

THE ONE! THE GREAT!
THE ONLY!

Died in Sacramento,
March 10th, 1907,
With Consumption.

This Stone is Erected by Their Loving Son
THOMAS REDFIELD, Junior,
Proprietor and Manager of the
La PETITE Theatre,
Santa Cruz, California,
Moving Pictures! Refined Vaudeville!
Four Shows a Day!

For I've rented an' ole storeroom in Santa Cruz, an' put in my picture machine outfit there. An' that brings me to what I'm goin' to tell.

Up to this date I ain't ever married. I've got it stuck in my system, somehow, that when I tie myself up for better or Dakota, that the lady must trot in the same class as the little woman. An' I ain't struck jes' the right one yet, an' I'm twenty-eight. But when I run across her in Santa Cruz I know the goods has been delivered, an' it's all up with me. An' there's where this story rightly begins.

When I see her it jes' cinches the belief I've always sort o' felt that Heaven an' love is hitched up together. But I'm gettin' ahead o' my roots book.

The La PETITE Theatre is a lulu—a hummer. I ain't never been stuck on any snap that's represented my cash as I be on this one. It's right on Pacific Avenue, where the crowds can't get by it neither goin' nor comin' from the Casino an' the Beach—an' there are crowds this summer. Why, the place is packed with reporters that's jes' uneasy to get rid o' their dough.

I've had the ole storeroom all decorated up with red, white, green an' gold; an' I don't lay it on none too thick when I bill it "a Dream of Unparalleled Magnificence far surpassing the pomp and Splendor of the Oriental Potentates!" Oh, it's a dandy, an' don't you forget it. There's a reg'lar Rockefeller wad o' electric lights. They dangle the passer-by so he can't go no further 'till he sees what's a doin' behind them bunches o' sparklers. And am I doin' business? Well, I guess! Packin' 'em in four times a day, an' hangin' out the S. R. O. sign at every performance. I stay by it night an' day. Business is always business with me. I ain't leavin' my show to nobody else to run—that is, not 'till this here time that I'm tellin' you 'bout.

I always do my own spelvin'. An' while I ain't one to throw bouquets at myself, I will say that I can put up as good a spel as any I ever heard. I don't go at my crowd with a pitchfork. I jes' coax 'em along with a jolly. An' that always keeps 'em comin'. To keep 'em comin', that's the secret. You may pitch 'em in once, maybe, 'gainst their will, but it leaves a sore spot that rankles; an' next time they dodge an' pass by on 'tother side, baby mine. But hetch 'em with a jolly an' their yours for keeps.

Well, it's one afternoon, jes' the first show time, when I'm lettin' my spel loose to the crowd that's standin' laughin' at my jokes an' gettin' ready to invest in a roll ticket, when I first see her. She's standin' on the sidewalk, out at the edge of the crowd, watchin' me. An' say!—Well, I get stuck on her the very first blink my lamps get of her—jes' genuine, complete stuck. I ain't offerin' no explanations for them quick runs into the mush state; but I'm plikin' on 'em for a sure thing.

She's lookin' out o' them same big, love-seekin' eyes, like the little woman; only she's got a little laughin' twinkle back of the shy look in here—that kind of a twinkle that keeps you guessin', an' then some. Her hair is parted, too, like the little woman's; an' it's combed back sort o' plain; diff'rent from the game topknots that most of 'em sport.

I've caught all the crowd, an' they're coughing up for their tickets an' goin' into the show. But she jes' stands there, watchin'. I can see that she ain't no intention o' comin' in. She looks, though, like she wants to. Then a sudden start fells' gets me that she'll go away, an' I hush the crowd along. For I'm intendin' to speak to

her, an' I can't wait with any o' them yaps hangin' 'round. I don't want to draw no notice to her, to have 'em gapin' at her cur'ous, an' laughin', maybe.

Ain't it funny how a man can knock 'round this little ole globe for twenty-eight years an' keep his head; then, all of a sudden—in jes' a minute—go clean woppy, an' not know anything nor want anything but jes' one woman? Well, that's me. Here am I standin' on my little ole perch, pawin' an' wavin' to that crowd o' yaps, throwin' 'em jollies for all I'm worth, an' the same time not seein' anything but jes' that girl's eyes. Why, in jes' that minute the whole universal hemisphere fills up with that one girl, an' I'm sweatin' blood, 'fraid she'll get away from me.

But my chance comes at last. There's a lull in the crowd. I'm watchin' her. But she ain't lookin' at me now. Them eyes is fastened, sort o' longin' like, on the last yap goin' into the show. Then I lean over quick, an' say, soft like, so's even Jimmy in the box-office can't hear me:

"Ain't you comin' in, Miss?"

At that she starts an' turns them orbs on me.

"I'd like to," she says, an' smiles, "but I can't."

An' that smile! Well, say!—it ain't no use tryin' to tell what it's like, but it finishes me to a turn. I'm up in the air for a minute. I feel like the boom of the bass drum when the little lady strikes the net—sort o' stunned an' tinglin'. The thought is circulatin' in my nut that she ain't got no money, an' that's why she can't come in. Well! you better believe I ain't standin' for that. Not now! I hetch my breath quick, jerk down my vest, lean over a little farther, with my hand on my chin, an' say, again low:

"I always recognize the perfect."

I see it get o' guyin' like, but she don't sayin', but she ain't onto the grub. So I ask, perhite as I can sing it:

"Will you accept a reserved seat with my compliments?"

"Thank you," she says, pleased, an' smilin' again, like she don't want to hurt my feelin's no how by refusin', "but my father wouldn't like it."

I laugh on instantar. Her ole man ain't lettin' her take attentions from every strange guy that comes along. I like her better for that. An' I agree with the ole gent.

But jes' then another push of rubes comes up an' she turns away. I stand gasin' after her. "Seems 'if she was drawin' me right long with her. I don't pay no sort attention to the rubes. I ain't carin' whether they go in the show or to the devil. All of a sudden I jumps down from my perch, tell Hank on the door that it's up to him to run the show, I got an engagement that won't keep, an' light out after her.

She's makin' her way straight to the Beach an' the Casino. I keep some ways behind, intendin' to saunter up careles like, when I spot a chance, an' speak to her. I don't want to scare her none, or have her put me down for a fresh masher. I'm feelin' cautious, like I'm walkin' a slack wire, an' can't take no chances for a misstep. She goes into the Casino, then out the door onto the beach side. She goes slow, like she's curious an' enjoyin' it for bein' something new that she ain't never see afore. Then all of a sudden, jes' as she's startin' down the board walk, the band on the Casino porch strikes up an' she stops to listen. That looks like it's my move; so I drift up towards her, sort o' careles like, lettin' on not to see her. When I get near to her I stop an' make like I'm listenin' to the music, too. After a little I let my eyes room in her direction—still careles an' not seemin' to be expectin' to see anything in particular—an' I hetch her lookin' at me. At that I smile, surprised like, an' she smiles, too. Then I nod my head—not fresh, but jes' a little—an' edge nearer to her.

"That band ain't so bad," I say, sort o' quiet an' indifferent like, jes' to start the conversation.

"You," she says, "ain't it beautiful? It's the best I ever heard. Oh, I love music."

At this I turn an' look down at her, smilin' an' more familiar like. The pink is flutterin' in her cheeks an' somethin' shininess height in her eyes. All the rest of her is a blur of blue dress an' white hat.

"Ain't you ever heard Prignoll's band?" I ask, when I gets my breath. "They used to travel with Ringlin' Brothers."

"Ringlin' Brothers? she says over, wonderin' like; an' I see she ain't makin' out who Ringlin' Brothers is.

"Ringlin' Brothers' Circus," I say.

"Oh, yes. I've never been to a circus."

Never been to a circus! Now, what do you think of that? I'm wonderin' where she's lived at all her life; an' I see, as a sort of a fuster:

"I take it that you don't reside in Santa Cruz?"

"Oh, no, we're only here to the Camp Meetin'."

"What Camp Meetin'?" I asked, for she's got me there.

"Oh, don't you know?" an' now she's lookin' surprised, 'if she's wonderin' where I've lived at. "Why, the Second Adventists' Camp Meetin'. We hold it every summer out on the beach beyond Twin Lakes."

"Oh, you." I let on that I know, but had forgot. "An' you've jes' come in town to-day to see the sights?"

At this she blushes an' sends them big eyes up to me, quick an' sort o' guilty like, but with that same little laugh in 'em.

"I hadn't ought to have come down here," she says. "Father won't like it. Aunt Jane sent me to get some things at the store; but I wanted to hear the band play, an' I couldn't help but come for jes' a few minutes. I love to see all the people an' hear all the music, don't you?"

An' right here I come near to makin' a most awful break. Them eyes is lookin' up into mine 'till I feel like I've been throwin' in some sort o' capture house that's gone to my head an' left me dippy-like. An' I'm right on the point o' sayin' that I'd a heap sight rather be away from the music than the people, alone some place with her. But I hetch myself in time an' don't say it. But I've got to have some outlet for my feelin's or bust. We're standin' close to the booth where they sell the saltwater taffy. I turn an' say, "I see, quick, to the butcher there:

"Give us four bits worth o' your peppermint fake."

Then I look 'round to her an' say, sort o' coaxin':

"The treat's sure on me this time. Your ole man can't pass out no objections to that!"

An' the way she takes that bag o' hardtack lumps—pleased like a kid, but blushing an' shy—makes me want to buy out the whole boardwalk for her. Why, when I plunk down that four-bit piece it sends the blues shinlin' clean up to the roots o' my hair. I have the feelin' that my pile belongs to her; is jes' ahdin' to get spent for her. The La PETITE Theatre is hers. I'm hers. I walk by her side sort o' dazed. Then purty soon I spy out a bench and propose that we set down while she eats her taffy. I got a hazy recollection that I lay away a few o' them peppermint stomach insulters myself. I'm in a state to do 'most any fool thing. All this time I'm fidgetin' how I'm goin' to get another date with her. At last I see:

"What's the bill over to your camp-meetin' show? What's doin' over there?"

"Oh, you want to know 'bout the meetin'," she says. "Well, there's one every night. But there's goin' to be a big one to-morrow. Elder Thomas is comin' from the East, an' he hasn't ever bin out here before. He's a young man, an' they say he's very fine lookin'. They're expectin' him this evenin'. He's goin' to eat at our tent, an' Aunt Jane will be wantin' those things for supper. I must go. I wish I could stay, though. I think you ever so much for buyin' me the candy."

An' with that she gets up an' I follow her lead. What she's said 'bout this young gent what's comin' is botherin' me, but I say:

"Don't mention it," meanin' the candy; "what time do you ring up to-night?" She don't seem to savvy, so I say: "What time do you begin?"

"Oh!" Why, Young People's Meetin' is at half-past six. The evenin' service don't begin 'till half-past seven."

I make up my mind that it's me fer the Young People's Meetin'. But I change my plans again when she says:

"I'll have to wash the supper dishes for Aunt Jane, so I can't get over 'till the evenin' service."

• * * * *

Hank looks like he thinks I'm goin' bughouse when I get back an' tell him that he's due to run the show again to-night.

"Who'll make the spel?" he asks, with his eyes buntin' out.

"There won't be no spel," I say. "Jes' run the best you can, an' let her go at that."

For I've got to that des'p'rt point where spel or no spel is all the same to me, if only I can look into them orbs.

• * * * *

The lot where the camp-meetin' show is pitched is some ways out o' Santa Cruz on the trolley line. A good deal out of the way for business, it strikes me. But it's their outfit, not mine. I ain't kickin' on distance, though, if only I can get that girl. That's all I'm after. An' I'd take a trip to the moon for her.

When the car stops I get off an' foller a little bunch o' folks up a little country road 'till we make out the canvas in the dark. It ain't far from the beach

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washin' up on the shore. We can't see much, for they ain't shovin' up many lights. They seem to be runnin' the map cheap.

I keep back a little, an' let the crowd ahead make their way into the big top. When I come up an' the man on the door turns an' sees me, he makes a jump an' gives me the glad hand, like I'm a long lost brother. I ain't rememberin' him none. But I think to myself he's here to the La Petite Theatre an' heard my spiel, an' he's recognized the parlour. He set in a whisper, to come right in, an' I foller him. I'm late, for they're singin' inside. There's a big house. Everybody's standin' up. I want to drop down in a back seat. I ain't one of them fresh free guys that wants to hog one o' the best seats when they're standin' 'em up. But that gasser on the door ain't lettin' me stay back. He's jes' set on shovin' me into the best there is. An' I'll be blamed if he don't shanashay me right up through the house an' give me a seat on the stage—on the stage, mind you. No other seat ain't good 'nough for me!

Two or three other gassers stop their singin' to grab my hand an' call me "Brother," in a whisper. An' I hear something 'bout their bein' so glad I've come. I'm feelin' hairy an' funny in my head, an' red an' hot 'bout my gills. But I ain't denyin', but what I'm swelled up consider'ble, bein' treated so hospitable like. It shows that me an' the La Petite Theatre is

some pumpkin in Santa Cruz. I make up my mind, right they an' there, that I ain't goin' to be outdid in hospitality. I'm going to give a sort o' professional matinee an' invite the hull bunch down to the La Petite. I'll blow myself on the Casino band an' have 'em play out in front o' the theatre. Oh, I'll show 'em there ain't nothin' cheap 'bout me. Then I'll finish the elegant by settin' up the lemonade an' peanuts—yes, an' saltwater taffy. She likes that harroll dope.

Oh yes, I'm swelled up all right, all right. An' I'm hopin'—Gosh! but I'm hopin'—that She's there an' settin' where she can take in the way they're starrin' me on the hill. I'm hopin', too, that that there good-lookin' bloke from the East is seen. He's been sort o' pricin' 'round on my thoughts.

Somebody hands me a singin' book, open. I'm so flustered an' swelled that I can't see the words. But I start in an' hum, anyway. I ketch onto some o' the words from the guy that stands next to me.

"I need Thee every hour."

I come out strong on that sentiment. All the time I'm sort o' lookin' over the house, foxy, for Her. But I don't see Her 'till we set down after the song stunt is done. I'm gettin' a little nervous, thinkin' she can't come. Maybe she's somewhere talkin' to the good-lookin' company they was expectin'. I'm gettin' to hate that mutt. I'd like to punch his head some. Then, all of a sudden I spy Her out, right on the stage, not far from me. My heart takes a jump that makes me swoller hard. Them eyes is on me. They're poppin' wide in surprise. But when I return their gaze she blushes an' smiles that smile again. An', say! Well, don't ask me to tell how I feel. I only need the thing that happens next to make me plumb dippy.

One o' the preacher guys is readin' somethin'. When he sets down, She stands up, clost to the organ, an' I know she's goin' to sing. Well! I'd thought I'd heard the best there is. I've heard every serio-comic on the vaudeville stage; I've made spuels 'bout "silver-throated cantytriches" an' "melody of angel seraphs," but I ain't never heard singin'—not right down, Simon-pure music singin' 'till now. It's the kind o' singin' that reaches down an' finds you right where you live. It seems to melt out into sweetness like honey out o' the comb. I go clean daffy, as I tell you, an' my heart is jes' tied up into knots. I'm seein' Her in her white dress through a sort o' haze; an' I'm thinkin' she's a angel too good for me to even speak to. I'll cut boose complete. I'll quit cussin'. I'll—I'll—Why, Gosh! fer 'bout five minutes I make myself over into lily white soap for that girl.

The little woman comes into my head. I'm wishin' she's at the La Petite when I get back, so's I could tell her. Wouldn't she be tickled to death with Her, though? Well, I guess.

When She stops singin' She sends me a look as she's settin' down. It

seems to ask be I likin' it, 'sif I'm the only one in the house she's been tryin' to please. Guess my wife tells her she's made a hit with me, all right, all right, fer she blushes agin' an' drops her eyes. I'm so sort o' swimmin' in bliss that I don't take much note for some time of the speakin' turn that's on. I'm jes' tumblin' all over myself in my mind to make money fer that girl. Why, 'fore five minutes is up I'm owner of a eight-ringed circus. An' 'fore ten minutes I make myself into a private car with Her.

By this time I'm so swelled up that I send a bloated billionaire sort o' grin out over the house, an' then bring my 'tention, condescendin' like, back to his nibs that's doing the talkin'; an' after a little what he's spelin' kinder breaks through my noodle.

An' say! I'm in a state to pity any one that's got a grinch 'gainst life. An' this duffer sure has. Why, he's sore on the hull creation job, an' knockin' it for all he's worth. He gits worse as he goes on. As a kicker he's got 'em all skinned. His face would give you a chill. He's got one o' them long upper lips that's like a asbestos drop—proof 'gainst any kind o' warmth.

He's showin' up what he calls "the signs o' the times," which same is earthquakes, fallin' stars and tidal waves. He see God is sendin' them things to show His wrath; an' that it's His intention to bring the world to an end 'fore long, on account o' the general all 'round cussedness o'

things. He seems to be right in it with God—wise to all His plans. He has a lot to say 'bout His wrath.

We git the "Prisco quake painted in a vermillion thirty-two sheet stand. Oh, we git it hot, all right, all right. He throws out a bunch o' language that has Pain's fireworks beat to a frazzle. Then he lets loose on tidal waves. There's one sky-scraper that sweeps over some place an' wipes whole towns off the map. One is likely to come minute an' swaller up Santa Cruz.

By this time the house ain't breathin'. They all set there, white an' scared, with their eyes peered far the worst. An' I'll be jiggered if I ain't party nigh gettin' the willies myself. We can hear them waves lashin' up on the shore; an' we know the big, black ocean is out there in the dark, an'—But here I send a look to Her, an'—Gosh! I feel sneakin' shamed to think I let my nerve get away from me like that. After that I don't take in much o' the spiel. I'm feelin' sorry, though, fer them poor, scared devils out there in front. I'm feelin' sorry, too, fer this preacher guy that don't seem to be handin' out anything but lemons. But I'm still gasin' sly at Her, an' thinkin' my own thinks, when all of a sudden I feel that everybody is lookin' at me an' waitin'. I start an' turns quick. One of my pards on the stage is standin' there gasin' at me, smilin' an' expectin' like. Ole Asbestos Lip is

at first, not right at first—"we might jes' as well go home with a laugh as a cry," I say. "We'll live jes' as long. I ain't claimin' to be up in signs, like our friend here. But I don't think we need to worry none. The thing to do is to keep our nerve with us, whether we're up against it or whether we ain't. As far's I'm concerned I ain't never had much use fer a squealer that's tryin' to save his own hide at the expense of somebody else's. I like to see a man stan' up an' take his dues. An' as for God's wrath an' His proposin' to smash the world up fore long—He ain't never informed me none 'bout His feelings nor His intentions; but I ain't givin' it that way. This is a party big show He's runnin', an' I don't believe He's runnin' it for the bad. That ain't good business. An' He is countin' on lettin' some of us git swallered up in a tidal wave, why, what's the use o' kickin'? We got to pass in our checks some way, some time, an' as fer gettin' to Heaven—why, we can live in Heaven right here."

An' by this time I'm clean forgittin' everybody at that there house but Her. I'm jes' talkin' now to Her. An' I ain't carin' whether they're thinkin' me mush or not.

"Heaven is Love," I say. "That's what 'ta—love, an' a wife, an'—kids," I say, an' I'm warmed up now clean through. "We got it right here," I say, "an' travel with it, an' carry it 'long

"You've come in here an' passed yourself off's Elder Thomas!" he say.

Two of the other stage guys get up by this time, an' the house is settin' forward in their seats holdin' their breath.

"I didn't come in here to pass myself off as nobody," I say, beginnin' to heich on. "I come to your show, an' I'm willin' to put up the price. I'm Tom Redfield, of the La Petite Theatre. But I don't git no farther. Somethin' seems to break loose, an' I'm suddenly in a cross-call gabbin' match. The hull house is on their feet. An' yours truly is beginnin' to feel up a sort o' bunch o' fireworks, somehow. He didn't quite know yet how he's done it. But he's beginnin' to see that he's settin' more o' the frozen face than the glad hand. Then, all of a sudden, he sees Her standin' by Ole Asbestos, her hand on his arm, an' hears her say, out above all the gabbin':

"I invited Mr. Redfield to come to the meetin', father!"

Them big eyes is lookin' straight into mine, an' say!—I've got the queerest feelin' that I ever had in my life. Why, if that there little girl—that slip o' a girl that I can hold all there is of her in one hand—ain't standin' up there, gamey as you please, fer me—standin' up fer me!—a great hulkin' guy like me! I'm clean knocked out for a minute. An' the next thing I hear is Ole Asbestos sayin':

"Let us pray for this errin' brother that's been guided into our midst."

At that he flops down on his marrow. So does Ole Appelin' Smile and others. The house sets down. I stand there with my hat in my hand, feelin' foolish, an' not knowin' jes' what move to make next. But She bows Her head, so I bows, too. But I ain't hearin' much that Ole Asbestos is gettin' off, my think tank is so full o' Her. All of a sudden it comes to me that she called him father. Great Scott! That ole cum is Her ole man! Then I begin some tall fiddlin' on how I'm goin' to git solid in that quarter where I've sure knocked myself.

Everybody is up on their feet again. An' Ole Appelin' Smile he grabs my fist an' say, "be I feelin' the workin' of the Spirit?" I low I'm feelin' a good many things. I like Ole Appelin' Smile. He's the real thing. I wishin' he was Her ole man 'stead of—Well! I'm up 'gainst it. I'm realisin' that fact hard. Then Appelin' Smile he will I come to-morrow night an' let the spirit work with me some more, an' I say I will. The La Petite has jes' got to run itself 'till I can win out on this game an' get that little girl promised to be mine fer keeps.

Then I turn to speak to Her, but she's gone. She ain't nowhere in sight. I wait 'bout a few minutes but she don't appear from nowhere, an' as the house is all gain' out I poke long, too. But I'm hopin' all the time that she'll show up again from some quarter. But she don't. I wait a minute on the outside lookin' 'bout. There's lots o' small tents with lights inside, an' I see shadows movin' on the canvas. I'm half a mind to ask some one which is here; but somehow I'm shyin' on it. I don't know her name, an' I don't want to go into no explanations. Then, too, it seems like she ain't wantin' me to butt in any more tonight. So I finally turn an' start down the road, disappointed an' sore. I'm purty near alone by this time, as the house has scattered. Then all at once I hear my name called soft. I turn quick, an' there She is comin' to me out o' the dark.

"Mr. Redfield," she say again, sort o' out o' breath, like she's been burryin', "I'm awful sorry 'bout tonight. It wasn't your fault. They took you for Elder Thomas. They say you look like his picture, with your face shaved smooth, an'—an'—so fine lookin'."—I'm talkin' you this 'cause it's what she said, not 'cause I'm stuck on my shape—"an," She goes on, more shy like, "I think you're right 'bout—some things you said."

"I can take this all in I feel. Her little soft hand slippin' into mine, an' She's sayin' 'good-night."

"But I'm goin' to see you home," I say, an' my hand takes a tighter grip on Her.

"Oh, I jes' live right 'cross there in that tent," She whispers quick, an' I ketch on that She thinks it best fer me to double back on my route an' not stir up any more trouble to-night. So I don't press the date. But I keep hold of Her hand while I ask if she'll be down to the beach to-morrow. She hesitates a minute, then say, soft an' shy, with a little half-smile laugh, like she's doin' somethin' she wants to but feels she hadn't oughter:

"I may come down in the mornin'."

"To the Casino?"

I don't sleep much this night 'cause o' my think factory workin' overtime. But I'm at the beach bright an' early nex' mornin' hangin' round. Myrtle!—that's her name. I find it out this mornin'. Myrtle! It fits her to the ground, bein' somethin' soft an' clingin', but still with a spunkin' little will o' its own, that follows its own route an' does its own clingin' stunts where it's a mind to.

We set on the beach for two hull hours, though it don't seem more'n ten minutes to me. She tells me 'bout herself, 'bout where she lives in a little country town, 'bout her mother that's dead. An' though she don't make no sort o' mention of it, I sense somehow that her life ain't the happiest in the world. An' what's more, I feel I know what's makin' her. She wants to be loved—that's it—loved and petted. An' anybody to see Old Asbestos would know that he wasn't handin' out much o' that sort o' thing. But she cares for him a hull lot. Oh, yes, she cares for him, I



"I always recognise the perf'r."

seated now, with a glum an' keep-off-the-grass look that ses he's satisfied he's give us what's comin' to us.

"Will you say a few words, Brother Thomas?" I'm gen'ly called "Tom," but I saves that he thinks the occasion calls for some etiquet trimmin'. He's looking' pleasant an' appalin'. He's likely heard me spelin' an' wants me to jolly up the crowd a little after that dose o' gloom. I send a quick look to Ole Asbestos, then back again to the Appelin' Smile; an' I feel Her eyes is on me, an' She's expectin' me to do myself proud 'fore her friends, so I gets up, slow, shake down my pants an' takes out my han'kerchief an' wipe my head an' face while I'm pullin' myself together. Then I come down stage, easy like, an' look out over the house, smilin'. Most of 'em smiles back, an' I see they know me, an' they're expectin' me to chirk 'em up after the scene they've had threw into 'em.

"I'm sure overwhelmed by all this here perlite an' professional treatment," I begin, in the old legit style that I can sing when I feel the time calls for it. "It fills my bosom with pride when I look out over this vast arena an' see so many smilin' count'nances come to witness these great ext triumphs of the age." Then I drop jes' a little. "This has been an evenin', ladies an' gentlemen, of rare amusement an' unsurpassed entertainment—an' evenin' without a dull moment. That"—an' here I wait a little an' look 'round. It's my plan not to set on Ole Asbestos too hard

with us when we throw up the game an' git buried under one tombstone. Heaven is love," I say. "That's what 'ta.

"An' it spills itself out all over the hull of creation when we git our systems full 'nough of it to overflow. Why, it makes us want to see everybody happy an' enjoyin' a good laugh, and not whinin' an' sour, an' out with a hammer. Heaven is love. An' it's my opinion that the guy that don't find it in is goin' to git left on it everywhere else—tidal wave or no tidal wave. An' what our friend here needs is to thaw himself 'torn the fire of love, an' git limbered into laughin' trim. That's what he needs—a good laugh—sixty laughs in sixty minutes."

Here I turns, good-natured like, an' gives Ole Asbestos a look. An' say!—if you ever run up 'gainst the frozen stare, it's there on his face. Frozen! B-r-r! It's a reg'lar Montana blizzard. His lamps is peeled an' glistenin' frost. There's icicles in his spinach. He's still paralysed. I never see anything like it in all my little ole travels. It knocks me for a second. Then, 'fore I can ketch my wind to go on with my spiel—for I'm jes' gettin' ready now to throw in a lot o' josh—up jumps Ole Appelin' Smile an' abouts:

"Who be you, anyhow?"

I look at him, an' I'll be hanged if the blizzard ain't struk him, too.

"Who'd you 'spose I be?" I say, jes' a little off my perch.

THE WORLD'S A STAGE

I NEVER knew an actor yet
That didn't have some sort o' sense,
And yet 'most every man I've met
Declares his life is just pretense.

And some folks say the actor'll lie,
Will swear and drink and cheat, p'raps
steal—
And oftentimes you hear it said
The actor really isn't *real*.

Well—he's the image of ourselves;
What we are, he is, nothing more
And when we view the passing show
We've only passed life's open door.

He has to hold the mirror up
And try to prove this sorry show
Of humankind is something worth
And sometimes we believe it so.

And while we look and laugh and
learn,
And smile and listen at the play,
I wonder if we ever think
The lesson's learned the other way.

That all the humor and the charm,
The wit, the laughter and the tears,
Are something made of human hopes,
Are something made of human fears.

That 'tis no art, but just ourselves—
Ourselves—and a bit added, too,
That stands throat-tightened in the wings
To prove the great world-passion true.

Or if an art; why, then 'tis plain,
Here is the greatest art of all—
The human art—the art of hearts,
From Adam-fall to curtain-fall.

The poet writes in glowing rhyme,
The artist paints in color brave,
The architect, the sculptor, too,
Some fragment of the dream would
save.

The man who acts; he is *ourselves*!
The living image of the theme—
Hand, heart, brain, soul, he gives them
all

To rear the fabric of the dream.
Say, poet, you have dreamed; here lives
The very man, Mercutio!
Which is the triumph, yours or his?
You answer not. You do not know?

I'll answer; out of human hearts,
Out of the toil, the strife, the woe:
A thousand men have lived and died
To act but once, Mercutio!

How stands your art now, poet? would
Another lay to lift the strain
What is your man, Mercutio,
To those who sacrificed in pain?

A dream you had—what is a dream?
A human life is something more—
A human heart that's rent in twain
To try and prove you lived before.

Which art's the greater? Why, there live
All arts in his—the actor man;
And so it shall be for all time,
Unless God changes all his plans.

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

can see that all right. He ain't been a preacher long. He was a brick mason up to the time he first begins expoundin' on tidal waves. He does some house-building yet, when he ain't rushed with preachin'. An' she's learnt the dress-makin' trade to take care of herself.

She tells me all this; then she sets an' looks out at the ocean with them big eyes o' her'n, sort o' dreamy like, while I tell her 'bout yours truly. For I feel it's up to me to put her wise on my history so she'll know jes' what she's runnin' up 'gainst. I go back to the time when I'm a kid. I tell her of my ole man an' the little woman. An' when I'm tellin' her 'bout that day when I set an' looked at that new heap o' dirt up in the cemetery at Sacramento, she puts her little hand out all of a sudden an' lays it soft on mine, like the little woman used to when I'm feelin' blue an' she wants to brace me up. That there's too much for me. It sets my blood to jumpin' wild. I ketch that little hand quick, an' 'fore I know what I'm doin' I look up—for I'm lyin' on the sand by her—an' I see:

"If you could have known the little woman you'd of felt more like marryin' her boy."

It was out. I meant to of waited a little while 'till she knew me more, an' not jump at her like that, 'fore she'd hardly learnt to spot me in a crowd. But it was that little soft touch that made me do it. An' now I'm waitin' with my heart in my mouth. An' I take a tighter grab on her hand for fear she's goin' to get up an' run away from me. But she don't make any move. Her eyes is lookin' straight out to sea, but a blush has come up in her face. I watch her a minute. Then I see again, sort o' choked, a count o' my heart doln' such jumpin' stunts:

"I know I'm a good deal premacho in askin' this, an' I hope you ain't takin' me for a freshy. But do you think you could ever care for me 'nough to marry me, Myrtle?"

Still she ain't sayin' anything, an' I go on, more serious an' urg'in':

"I ain't askin' you to sign with any bum outfit that's like to go broke any minute, an' have to close to reorganize. I've got money in the bank," I say, "an' I've got a show that's good for a hundred plunks a week over an' above expenses. I'll buy you a home right here in Santa Cruz, if you say the word. An' I'll be good to you, little girl—you bet I'll be good to you."

But she ain't seemin' to hear me, for she breaks in sudden—sort o' dreamy an' shy like:

"You said we can find Heaven here—now; that it's love—"

I set up quick.

"Do you believe it?" I say.

"Yes," she say, low like, an' drops her eyes.

An' say! Well, what happens the next minute ain't nobody's business but our own. I want you to know, though, that it's the solemnist as well as the happiest minute of my life.

"Father'll object," she say, after we come down to earth an' get talkin' again.

"I think he'll be all right," I say, after he sees the La Petite Theatre, an' finds out I ain't no fly-by-nighter."

"It's the theatre he'll object to," she say.

"The theatre!" I repeat. "What does he want—a circus? Well, I'll have a circus if he'll jes' give me time enough. But we'll have to be on the road with a circus, an' I'm kinder stuck on havin' a home."

But after awhile she gets it through my nut that ole Asbestos is objectin' to shows of every sort whatever; thinks they're makin' the same play somehow long with tidal waves an' earth-

quakes in the wrath o' God. An' I'll be figgered if she don't tell me that that whole camp-meetin' outfit wants to b'lieve in all that wrath o' God scare. They want to b'lieve it! They contend, too, that everybody on earth is damned, an' can't git into Heaven 'less they b'lieve jes' what they—this camp-meetin' outfit—believes. They don't seem like that sort o' folks to me. They seem kind an' pleasant 'nough. But of course if that's their 'pinion there ain't no use passin' remarks. I could hand 'em out a few more pointers, though, on Heaven, jes' 'bout this time.

"But I'm goin' to marry you anyhow," she say, "even if father does object."

I know what she means—she'll run away an' marry me. I don't say anything for a minute, though I give her hand a tighter squeeze. But I'm thinkin' o' the little woman, an' how she used to git spells o' longin' for her folks, who was mad at her an' had threw her off 'cause she run away an' married my ole man. A woman's folks is her folks, no matter what bug nations they've got 'bout some things, an' I see, finally:

"No, little girl, I ain't goin' to make no trouble 'twixn you'n your folks. We got to bring them to our way o' thinkin', that's all. I'm goin' to marry you right in your father's house, an' it's up to him to give away the bride. Then you an' him can visit back an' forth much as you want to; an' there'll be a corner by our little ole fireside whenever he's a mind to fill it."

An' so I begin to scheme out some fake that'll ketch Ole Asbestos, an' warm him up to me for a son-in-law.

Of course I ain't callin' him Ole Asbestos to Myrtle. Not on your tintype. I put embroidery on the way I speak of him to her, y'n bet. For, as I see, she thinks a good deal o' him. She's wise to good points in him that other folks ain't seen. An' he's all right, only his human nature's got frosn over so's his glad smile can't work. He needs thawin' out, that's all. An' it's up to me to give him a southern exposure. An' at last I hit on somethin' that I think'll do the business.

To carry out my plans I have to make a trip to 'Frisco that takes me away from Myrtle for two whole days. But she meets me at the train when I come back, an' that makes up for havin' to leave her. It gives me the feelin' that Santa Cruz is home an' Heaven for sure. Then I'm dead stuck on my scheme, now, an' crasy to throw the limelight on it. I tell Myrtle somethin' 'bout it, but not all. A woman can't always see things like a man, an' it's best not to put her on too wise.

To make my scheme work I've got to decoy Ole Asbestos down to the La Petite Theatre; an' that's a proposition that takes some tall figgerin' 'fore I hit it jes' right.

I figger that the first play for me to make is to call on the ole gent, put him onto my intentions to marry his daughter, an' ask his consent. I ain't seen' him fall on my neck for joy—not right at first—but I'm primed for any objections he's likely to raise.

I find him alone in his tent. Aunt Jane, who's his sister an' keeps house for him an' Myrtle, has gone out. ————— of the neighbors. An' Myrtle, she's doin' what I tell her to, an' keepin' herself scarce. I put it to him straight without no flourishes. I low she ain't knew me long, but I'm willin' to wait 'till there can be a better acquaintance. In the meantime I refer him to such authority as Ringling Brothers, an' some others that's knew

me since I was a kid, an' can vouch for me bein' able to deliver the goods.

At first Asbestos gives me the frozen stare again. Then, quick's he can git his wind he lets loose on several things, but the show business in particular. He ass the hell amusement outfit is damned to everlastin' hell fire. We don't have no argyment, as I'm lettin' him do all the swearin'. For that's what it amounts to. Fer even if his language ain't cut out accordin' to Hoyle, the feelin's there jes' the same. Why, it comes to me, as I'm watchin' him, that the ole geener is swearin' in his mind conside'ble of the time; an' this is what he's fixed up to be the wrath o' God.

But there is times—I ain't denyin' it—when he's lettin' loose some o' them personal remarks that I'm feelin' purty hot under my collar-button. I never stood the same from any other duffer, an' don't you believe it. But I'm thinkin' o' Myrtle, an' him bein' her projeniter. I'm own' him conside'ble fer that.

Well, he spews himself tired after a spell, an' then I puts in my quiet spiel.

"I'm sorry," I say, "that you've got such a poor 'pinion o' the perfesh. But you better begin to change your mind some 'bout me," I say, "fer I'm goin' to marry your girl, an' you an' me has got to be friends. I'm wantin' to marry her this mornin'." I say, "but as you don't seem to be feelin' in the mood to have it done up here, right, then there ain't no place left to us but the La Petite Theatre."

With that shot I say "good-bye," an' walks out, leavin' him standin' there gaspin'. I ain't told no lie. I'm wantin' to marry Myrtle this mornin', or any mornin', at any ole time or place. But I ain't intendin', as I see before, to do nothin' but what's on the level an' for her happiness. I think this will fetch him though, an' it does. He comes tearin' down to the La Petite on the nex' car. I'm there before him, fer I make the round trip in a bus-wagon. I figgered it all out, an' I ain't runnin' no risks o' makin' the trip on the same car with him.

I'm in the theatre an' I've got everything ready for him. For it's my intentions to make that ole cold storage see a show. It's a bill that I've gone to consid'ble expense to git up special fer him. It ain't such a bill as I'd give my regular patrons. For most o' them is ladies an' children, and it ain't good business fer me to scare the kids with a show that'll give 'em nightmare, an' cause their folks to cut out my matinees. No, I always make it a point to run clean, entertainin' pictures that has plenty o' laughs in 'em, an' tells interestin' little stories with good endin's.

I've left orders an' they let Asbestos come right in where I be. The house is dark, but I have the lights full on at first, so's he can see Myrtle ain't here. He's talkin' fast an' mad. I make excuses, tell him—was only puttin' up a bluff 'bout gettin' married this mornin', that I ain't no mind to weddin' ceremonials 'till he pronounces the banns.

Then, all of a sudden, when we're both talkin' hard, I give the signal, the lights go off, the piano strikes up, an' Hank, up in the lantern box, begins turnin' the reel an' throwin' the pictures on the screen.

The ole man is dustered dumb for a minute, then begins sputterin' again. But I know he's sort o' curious, an' I gab away to keep him goin' so he won't leave. But at the same time I'm throwin' remarks up to Hank, givin' him directions 'bout the films.

"This is a new bill," I say to the ole man, "an' we're jus' rehearsin' it."

An' now there comes some lapses in the talk, an' I know he's got one eye on the pictures. Then I cut my gab some to him an' throw more of it in Hank's direction. An' fore long the ole man's two eyes is on the pictures an' his tongue is stopped. He's never see anything like it before in his life. I'm talkin' now jes' to Hank, an' seemin' to forget that Asbestos is still leavin' himself around loose.

Hank has started in with the Eruption of Ve-savious. An' the boys behind the screen is burnin' red fire. He follows that up with the Johnstown Flood; an' I have some effects of bells ringin', whistles blowin', an' shoutin' an' groanin' behind the screen. Then comes a fake thing they call "Dandy's Inferno." It shows a feller makin' a trip through hell. With that I run in a lot more groans. An' I must say the boys is doin' the groans up in great shape. After that we run on the 'Frisco Earthquake, which is a long film.

After this gets started I drop over near to the ole man, who is leavin' agin the wall an' is jes' joyously lost himself in all these here blood-curdlin'. Fore long I venture a remark or two, in an off-hand way, explainin' the pictures. But he stan's there quiet an' not movin', takin' it all in.

Then we get a picture of the kid that's got his little sister in tow down to the ferry house, where they're givin' out sandwiches to all that hungry crowd.

"The kid there," I say, "is askin' will they give one o' them sandwiches to his little sister? He say he can go 'thout any himself, if there ain't 'nough to go 'round, but his sister is starvin'."

The picture's a rattlin' good one, an' the look is that gamey little kid's face always makes me swoller hard. An' say!—will you b'lieve it?—I hear Asbestos snuff, an' the next minute he pulls out his han'kerchief an' blows his nose. My thermometer fits up sixty degrees. The southern exposure is workin' all right. The ice is crackin' on his human nature so's he's beginnin' to feel somethin'. Purty soon we git a funny film, an' he gives a queer little chilly laugh. Oh, he's comin' on, mamma dear.

It's near one o'clock when Hank shuts off the machine an' the house lights flash on. The ole man is blinkin' an' dazed, an' I see, quick an' pleasant, 'fore he has a chance to come to:

"Purty hungry, ain't you? Better come out with me an' get somethin' to eat."

He hangs back a spell, up on his dignity agin, fer he ain't more'n half thawed yet. But he's hungry as the devil, an' I know it. I've sized him up for a good feeder. An' when I urge him to come long, he finally does, though he seems to want me to know that he ain't apprevin'. But that's all right. I don't act like I'm on to his offishness. I take him up to the St. George Hotel an' blow him to the best the house affords. An' that thaws him a little more, an'—well, Myrtle an' me is married in two months, with the ole man in the ring performin' the ceremony, fer which I slip him a new, clean goy'ment rag that sports a century mark.

He ain't changed his mind none 'bout the wrath o' God. But I steer clear o' them oppions o' his, an' him an' me is tol' his good friends.

I've noticed that when two men has cried together, laughed together, an' sit together, they've somehow struck a sort o' human meetin' place where each others' oppions don't cut so much ice.

GENEVIEVE NELSON ANDREWS.



THE TEA GARDENS OF OLD LONDON

NOW, Spring Gardens, by Charing Cross, is the home of the London County Council. In 1854 Spring Gardens, having been a popular resort for, at any rate, half a century, was the scene of such outrageous revelry that Cromwell expelled the merrymakers and locked the gates. It is a quaint coincidence. Here one may note, however, that the tendency of open air amusements has been to offend authority—in the particular instances of Vauxhall, Cromorne and Highbury Barn. An aristocratic remnant of the Spring Gardeners retreated to the Mulberry Gardens; but these did not long endure, being eventually effaced by Buckingham

upon the Trees and the lesser Tribe of People that walked under their Shades I could not but look upon the Place as a kind of *Hellenic Paradise*." Sir Roger was reminded of the country, and grew sentimental "when a Masque who came up behind him gave him a gentle tap on the shoulder and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her?" But the Knight, "being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts . . . told her she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business." The friends supped on beef and ale; and angered the saucy waiter by insisting on his service of the remnants to their

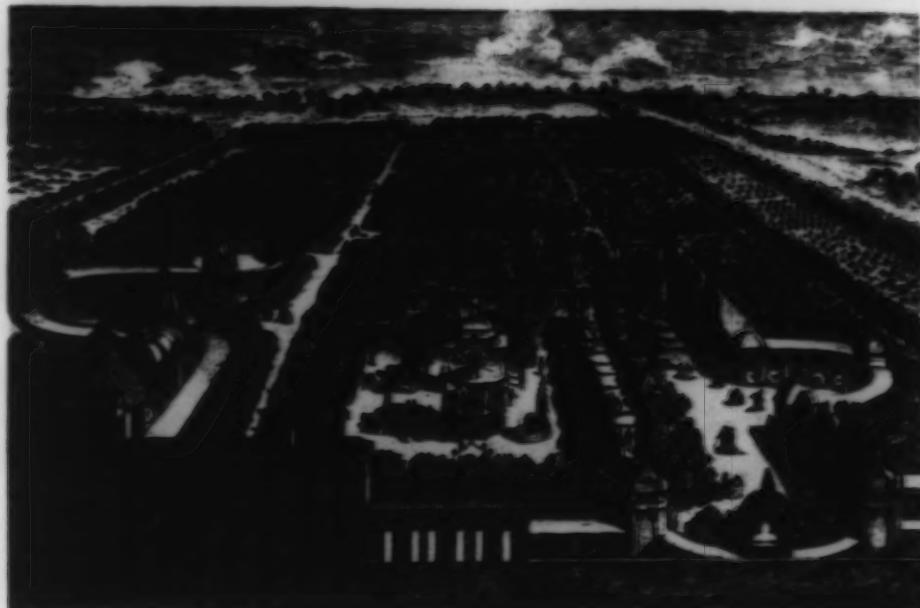
ture are the "Beautiful Duchess" of Devonshire and her sister, Lady Dunsborough. Captain Fopham surveys the distinguished crowd through his glass. Dr. Johnson sits at supper with Mrs. Thrale, Boswell and Goldsmith, a regular patron of Vauxhall, of which he has left a picture in his "Citizen of the World." "Lights everywhere glimmering through the scarcely moving trees; the full hooded concert bursting upon the stillness of the night; the natural concert of the birds in the more retired portion of the grove vieing with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed, and the table spread with various delicacies all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arbian Law-giver." The design of the Vauxhall gardeners seem to have been to command the imagination of their patrons by contrast. By dimly lighted vestibules one approached a glow of illumination—of the tiny lamps that took their name from the Gardens being utilized on occasion; and this one left for Dark Walks eventually suppressed by outraged authority.

Jonathan Tyers made a fortune and then retired to a suburban home, which he decorated in exaggeration of Vauxhall. He committed the care of the Gardens to his son Thomas—a barrister and popular song writer, the familiar "Tom" Tyers of Doctor Johnson and his friends. When old Tyers saw the approach of death he insisted on being carried to his beloved Gardens that he might gaze upon them in farewell. A poet of

rising the service that "a very of Countesses" was seen reading a chapter and picking the bones. A journalist of the occasion and the privilege of sitting up all night with the Right Honorable Richard Brinsford Sheridan, and God forgive him! says no more than that "the man was brilliant."

In 1811 Madame Saqui was the heroine of Vauxhall. She was a coarse woman, but ugly and Herculean. Only when given a vast structure of ostrich feathers on her head, she could begin the dangerous journey of her ascent rope as the clock struck midnight, passing midway, while a display of fireworks, planned to throw her figure into relief against the sky, was managed. Madame Saqui lived to extreme old age, the pensioner of Louis Napoleon. Gradually the vulgar element predominated in the Vauxhall programme. There were balloon ascents, occasionally fatal, tight blowings, sword swallowings, shadow pantomimes. Waterloo suggested a vast, spectacular reproduction of the battlefield, strengthened by Bonaparte's circus stud. Captain Ross' polar expedition, and the tale of Versailles were in like manner illustrated.

For nearly fifty years a familiar figure at Vauxhall was that of Mr. Simpson, the master of ceremonies, not effectively replaced after his death. Simpson's benefit in 1833, readily commanded the patronage of the King, for the old fellow claimed to have been a midshipman in the Royal Navy. His picture, looking like an exclamation of Mr. Pickwick, surmounts an exhortation in Simpson's



A VIEW OF VAUXHALL GARDENS

Palace. Archery butts, a tilt yard, a boxing green and a bathing pond were attractions to Spring Gardens; but, greatest of all, the good service of food and wine, especially neats-tongues and Rhenish. The Londoner of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries loved his table out of doors when the season permitted.

Many of the old tea gardens were built around natural springs, of medicinal virtue, real or imagined. But Spring Gardens took their name from a hidden fountain, which the foot of the unwary, pressing a grass plot of innocent appearance, set in motion, to his great discomfort. There was a second shortlived Spring Gardens at the foot of the Haymarket. After the Restoration the original Spring Gardens again invited to their "thickets and inclosures, their solemn groves." But meanwhile there had come into vogue a new Spring Gardens, destined, as Vauxhall, to flourish throughout two centuries. When one eyes the sordid expanse of buildings west of St. Thomas' Hospital, on the south side of the Thames, he can hardly believe the words of many writers describing with rapture the natural and bestowed beauties of Vauxhall Gardens—dense groves, vast open spaces, many palaces; panoramas of English gayety from generation to generation. The student of popular recreation finds his inquiry leading always toward the Church. The vast estate bestowed by King John upon his favorite Fulke de Breaute was long time owned by the Archibishopric of Canterbury, specifically reserved from the confiscation of Church property by Henry VIII. Eventually the Princes of Wales enjoyed manorial rights of Fulke Hall, sometimes Foxhall, finally Vauxhall. The novelists, diarists and historians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries teem with references to a resort popular with great folk and small. In May, 1667, Mr. Pepys, having sent madame with her maid to Dulwich to lie there overnight and in the early morning gather dew for a face wash, proceeded by water to Foxhall, and there walked in Spring Gardens. "It is very pleasant and cheap," he writes, "for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing all as one." This time Mr. Pepys found the nightingales, the fiddles and the joyous promenades sufficiently "diverting." When next he visited Vauxhall he fell in with Harry Killigrew and young Newport, "very rogues," whose lewd talk and wicked freedom with women made his heart ache. Nevertheless, he supped with them in an arbor; comforting himself with the reflection that a man should be in such company for once, "to know the nature of it." I am afraid Samuel stands confessed of returning to Vauxhall again and again—if again and again to deplore "the vice and confidence of the age" as rampant there.

Half a century did not reform Vauxhall. In the Spring of 1712 Mr. Spectator was persuaded by Sir Roger to an evening of gaiety. They went by water—Westminster Bridge was not yet built; and he who would cross the river at this point must use a ferry barge maintained by the proprietor of the gardens. "When," says the Spectator, "I considered the fragrance of the Walks and Bowers, with the Chorus of Birds that sung

waterman, a maimed veteran of La Hogue. "As we were going out of the garden," says the Spectator, "my old friend, thinking himself obliged as a member of the Quorum to anoint and rebuke the morals of a place, told the mistress of the house, who sat in the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets."

When Jonathan Tyers got the gardens in 1732, he procured the patronage of the Prince of Wales—eventually George IV—for his inaugural Bal Masque on June 7, 1733. Four hundred persons paid a guinea each for the privilege of attending. At the outset Tyers does not seem to have prospered greatly, and had even to be reproached for talk of suicide by his friend Hogarth, who advised and actively assisted in the decoration of the Gardens, once rich in art treasures of a kind. Hogarth painted several pictures for his friend—in the Sigismunda style. They were eventually sold in a dilapidated condition. But collectors greatly prize the silver season tickets which Hogarth designed for the patrons of Vauxhall, himself enjoying a gold ticket, admitting six persons for all time. The usual charge for admission to Vauxhall was one shilling, occasionally increased. The price of the season tickets, guaranteed to have a metal value of three shillings, admitting two persons during three months, was twenty-five shillings. But if it cost one little to enter, he paid heavily for such creature comforts as he should desire. The transparency of a "Vauxhall slice" became a proverb—it was the boast of a certain carver that he could cover the eleven acres of the Gardens by the shaving of a single ham; and we have the

period—every lamp of Vauxhall seemed to light an attic in Grub Street—penned this eulogy: Here sleeps the master builder of delight, Who charmed to truth and taste the ear and sight; Who wrought at home, to spread his fame abroad, And made the astounded foreigner applaud; Who drew, by his craft, the attentive throng, And bade his minstrels sing to victory song; Who still the reader of the canvas calls, As British glory beams upon his walls. If then the sealot of his country's cause Friend of her king, and pupil of her laws If such an Englishman in peace should be Weep not—tis immortality to die.

Throughout the reign of the Tyers, musical performances, often of distinction were the most important factor of the programmes. Dr. Arne was the assistant of the elder Charles Ingleton, who walked like a sailor, talked like a sailor, and sang like an angel, was a favorite of the younger Tyers.

Fireworks began, in 1708, the decadent half century of Vauxhall, shortly to be followed by

habitual style of speech and writing: "To the most illustrious Princes and Princesses of the British Empire. To their excellencies the most noble and eminent Princes and other illustrious ambassadors of the foreign states now residing in London and their truly noble and accomplished ladies; and also to all the other respectable classes of distinguished visitors that so kindly honor and grace the Royal Gardens every season with their distinguished presence and their amiable and lovely ladies." To all those truly illustrious noble and distinguished visitors of the Royal Gardens Vauxhall, their truly humble and very devoted servant, C. H. Simpson commands that "unprecedented occurrence" his benefit; and does so "with all due and humble submission; and filled with the most dutiful and sincere expressions of heartfelt attachment and all becoming awe." When Simpson desired a notice in the Times he "entreated" the editor, "to be pleased to permit one of his gentlemen" to attend the Gardens. When he got the desired notice he wrote: "Highly esteemed and most eminent sir! I again most dutifully and respectfully return you, my most eminent Sir, my most heartfelt thanks for that most magnificent piece of composition which you, eminent Sir, was so graciously pleased to insert in praise of my humble person."

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Why, "Twould make the Pope dance
If his Holiness could see
Mr. Davel on the rope
And the balance on his knee.

Then—that long established
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languid and whose
Then, Durrow's unrivaled
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Jumping through a dozen
on hoops.

Then—Herr Joel's imitation
Sets the birds on every stem
In a regular illustration
For they think he's mocking them.

A dragoon-tailed masquerade provoked a picture in Punch, by Leech, of a strayed reveller in police custody, and some verses:

Know ye the aeron where the clerks and the tailors
Are decked out in costume, both dirty and fine,
Now sleep down to beer, now stand up to wine.



VAUXHALL GARDEN ON A FASHIONABLE EVENING. BY ROWLANDSON

picture of a frugal citizen pricing each mouthful of his meal. A journalist with the reputation of a *bon vivant* has preserved the recipe for "Vauxhall Nectar," much affected in the Summer time. The ingredients are rum, syrup and benzal acid! Rowlandson keeps Vauxhall vivid in a print dated 1785. Tyers' constant supporter, the Prince of Wales, is present, in attendance on Mrs. Robinson—his ill-used Perdita. In the center of the pic-

ture are the "Beautiful Duchess" of Devonshire and her sister, Lady Dunsborough. Captain Fopham surveys the distinguished crowd through his glass. Dr. Johnson sits at supper with Mrs. Thrale, Boswell and Goldsmith, a regular patron of Vauxhall, of which he has left a picture in his "Citizen of the World." "Lights everywhere glimmering through the scarcely moving trees; the full hooded concert bursting upon the stillness of the night; the natural concert of the birds in the more retired portion of the grove vieing with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed, and the table spread with various delicacies all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arbian Law-giver." The design of the Vauxhall gardeners seem to have been to command the imagination of their patrons by contrast. By dimly lighted vestibules one approached a glow of illumination—of the tiny lamps that took their name from the Gardens being utilized on occasion; and this one left for Dark Walks eventually suppressed by outraged authority.

Jonathan Tyers made a fortune and then retired to a suburban home, which he decorated in exaggeration of Vauxhall. He committed the care of the Gardens to his son Thomas—a barrister and popular song writer, the familiar "Tom" Tyers of Doctor Johnson and his friends. When old Tyers saw the approach of death he insisted on being carried to his beloved Gardens that he might gaze upon them in farewell. A poet of

the period—every lamp of Vauxhall seemed to light an attic in Grub Street—penned this eulogy: Here sleeps the master builder of delight, Who charmed to truth and taste the ear and sight; Who wrought at home, to spread his fame abroad, And made the astounded foreigner applaud; Who drew, by his craft, the attentive throng, And bade his minstrels sing to victory song; Who still the reader of the canvas calls, As British glory beams upon his walls. If then the sealot of his country's cause Friend of her king, and pupil of her laws If such an Englishman in peace should be Weep not—tis immortality to die.

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THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

So nearly a contemporary journalist as Edmund Yates, by way of glorifying Cromorne, recalled the latter days of Vauxhall: "With its thousand of extra lamps, and its gritty arcades, and its ghastly Italian walk, and its rickety fire-work gallery, and its midday Eve at the fountain, and José II Diavolo's terrible descent with the cracknels at his heels, and the skinny fowls and the dry ham, and the rack punch."

Vauxhall "cut its last sling" with great aplomb on Monday, July 25, 1859. There were old English dances, a concert of some distinction, circus performances, employing the celebrated Harry Crouse, "Farewell for ever" blazed against the sky; the inevitable National Anthem. A month later, on Monday, Aug. 22, one of those preposterously pathetic sales at auction wretched, for instance, "Neptune and his sea lions" must accept the insolent appraisement of the broker.

Buntings, a mile or two west of Vauxhall, on

ridotto at guinea tickets, for which you are to have supper and music." Horace did not like Ranelagh so well as Vauxhall. He had pleasant memories, doubtless, of a supper in the cedar gardens, whereat Lady Caroline Petersham mince chicken into a silver chafing dish; and whereunto after the free manner of the time, my Lord Granby came "very drunk." Robert Bloomfield has described Ranelagh in a set of verses with a refrain suggestive of perpetual perambulation:

A thousand feet nestled on moun-
tains,
A carpet that once had been green;
Men bowed with their outstretched bats,
With carcasses as fearfully thin,
Fair maidens who at home in their boudoir
Had left all clothing else but a train
Spun out the fine cloths as they passed
Thus—walked round and swept it again.

Merely to enumerate the lesser gardens would occupy a great space. Cuper's Gardens, famous in their later days for fireworks, occupied some what of the site of Waterloo Station. Lambeth

varied. It ranged from "Ach and Galath" to Egyptian pyramids as illustrated by eight acrobats "standing on the backs, arms and shoulders of each other to an astounding height." Sadie Wells, said to have been Nell Gwynne's residence once, is now located for us by Clerkenwell Police Court. At Pentonville was the particularly pastoral White Conduit house. Belgrave—which omnibus now ambles through avenues of villas—demanded a dangerous journey. To assure its passengers the management caused the patrol of Hampstead Road by "twelve stout fellows, completely armed." Sadie Wells, originally "medicinal," became a music house, a theatre and finally a "peculiar" music hall.

Many a modern Londoner can, if he will, recall Cremorne, which made one desperate effort to become *regalier*; but rain peered in through o'er the aristocratic and the demim-rép's resolute array. Chelsea Farm was the nucleus of the estate which took the name of its somewhat

balloon ascent. In 1881 H. E. Smith acquired Cremorne. Hardly any important enterprise in amusement, from Vauxhall to Her Majesty's Theatre, escaped this remarkable man—baker, newspaper proprietor, licensed victualler and what not. He endowed Cremorne with a balloon capable of accommodating 8,000 people, and "reproduced" with a certain success the Epsom Tournament. A Fire King and a Miss Fish enjoyed their hour of fame. Smith's successor was a Mr. John Baum; but a naughty reputation grew into intolerable notoriety that aroused the authorities; and finally the license of Cremorne was disgracefully declined.

Years previously the same fate befell Highbury Barn, the counterpart of Cramond in north-eastern London. Here the antiquarian locates a Roman Camp: later, the Summer retreat of the Knights of St. John. Eighteenth century Londoners would make a pleasant pilgrimage to drink new drawn milk in a veritable barn, that gave



BANQUETING HALL—CREMORNE GARDEN

INTERIOR OF RANELACH—ROTUNDA. 1751.

the north-bank of the Thames, but not at first accessible by river, endured little more than half a century, from 1742 to 1803. The Gardens were rivals, to an extent, but there was a difference. Ranelagh was more aristocratic, and more in the way of what we now curiously entitle a Winter Garden, chiefly under cover. Public breakfasts in the great Rotunda were popular—prolonged breakfasts, after which merry parties would proceed to Vauxhall. In the center of the Rotunda was an orchestra; all round, little boxes. Horace Walpole writes on May 26, 1742: "Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened at Chelsea. The prince, princesses, duke and much mob besides were there. There is a vast amphitheatre finely gilt painted and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring or crowding is admitted at twelve pence. The building and disposition of the Gardens cost sixteen thousand pounds. Twice a week there are to be

Wells, excused by a mineral water, given to the poor, but sold to the "affluent" at a penny a quart, were, in the course of time memorial-stoned by the ~~Mountain~~ Tavern. The Surrey Gardens (not to be confounded with the Surrey Theatre), near the Elephant and Castle, were nominally zoological. Vast pictorial spectacles and firework displays were, in fact, the important consideration. In the center of the grounds was a spacious building variously used for public dinners, for religious services exploiting Mr. Spurgeon, and for the relief of St. Thomas' Hospital, burnt out. Further afield were the North Woolwich, and the still existent Rosherville Gardens. In northerly London were Marylebone Gardens, where the failure of a firework display so angered Dr. Johnson that he exhorted his companions to break a few colored lamps. The entertainment which kept Marylebone Gardens popular till the eighteenth century neared its end was curiously

ant, from 1802, Viscount Cremorne. In 1830 Baron de Berenger, a city man of a certain celebrity, acquired Cremorne, and in the grounds established a gymnasium, which he called The Stadium. Then "Baron" Nicholson, better known in connection with an obscene kind of song-and-supper room entertainment, called Judge and Jury, acquired Cremorne, and definitely turned Cremorne into a tea garden. Money troubles caused him to associate Mr. Simpson of the Albion, a well-known theatrical tavern near Covent Garden in his enterprise. In time Nicholson retired, with a grievance, and Simpson remained, to make, as he admitted, £100,000 out of Cremorne. A theatre, a great platform for dancing, Franconi's Circus, and some queer little monsters known as Boje-men were among the attractions of this time. A female Blondin crossed the Thames; and fatal accidents more than once gave a horrid charm to the frequent

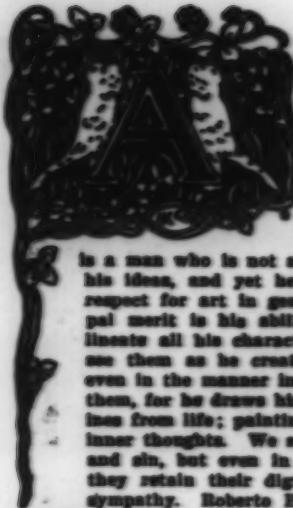
into a cake and ale house, with a bowling green, brewery and hop garden adjacent. It was a favorite resort of picnic parties, and especially of those convivial anti-papists, known, for more than a hundred years, as the Highbury Society. They used to trundle a ball from Moorfields to their destination, and drank, till 1833, to the blessed memory of William and Mary. Again we encounter E. T. Smith, who, in 1865, expanded and vulgarized the establishment, endowing it with an Alexandra Theatre, and the dancing platform long since anathema of the licensing authority. In succession to Smith came Edward Giovanelli, an enterprising artificial flower maker, who engaged Leotard, the historic hero of the flying trapeze. But in 1869 Highbury Barn was shorn of its privileges—save those pertaining to a licensed victualler, who still continues, hemmed in on every side by dingy dwellings.

Henry George Skinner



THE SONGS FROM '70 TO '07

ITALY'S MOST MODERN DRAMATIST



MONG the modern dramatists of Italy Roberto Bracco is considered the best author. Extremely talented, and gifted with fine perceptions, he is a man who is not afraid to proclaim his ideas, and yet he has the highest respect for art in general. His principal merit is his ability to clearly delineate all his characters. In fact, we see them as he creates them, perhaps even in the manner in which he studied them, for he draws his heroes and heroines from life; painting accurately their inner thoughts. We see them love, cry, and sin, but even in their degradation they retain their dignity and win our sympathy. Roberto Bracco is still, above all, an optimist; because he believes that a man does not do wrong through wickedness of his soul, but that he is a victim of circumstances; of another man's cunning and insolence; therefore, their example, instead of injuring humanity will be beneficial to the world. Roberto Bracco seems born for the theatre. He has the sentiment, the expression, the measure, the form, and his conversation is so natural, so precise, that there is never an unnecessary word, and never does he sacrifice the climax of an act for the sake of scenic effect. He is a lover of nature, and of all that is spontaneous; admits all kinds of literature, accepting and using only those forms which most appeal to his soul.

Bracco was born in Naples and has always lived there. Endowed with an artistic tempera-

under the dynasty of the Bourbons, offered very few opportunities to those who wished to follow a literary career. Moreover, there was a great deal of competition, as we all know how much cleverness exists in the South of Italy. It was, then, very remarkable that Roberto Bracco, through his merit only, was able to reach his goal and attain success early in life.

After a few months of clerkship at the Custom House he met Martino Caffaro, the editor of the *Corriere dei Mattini*, the best newspaper man of the time. The young clerk made such a favorable impression on Caffaro that he did not only encourage his work, but placed him as reporter on another paper, *Il Piccolo*. He was then only eighteen years old and began to write under the pseudonym of "Baby." Immediately he came into prominence for daring to write against spiritualism, which was then the question of the hour. These articles, written so humorously

young author's career. It would have been easier if he had abandoned Naples and gone to reside in Milan, which is the Mecca of all important Italian playwrights; but he wished to remain faithful to his native town and therefore had many a struggle before the public of the Northern part of Italy recognized his talent. There was, and still is, a strong feeling there against the Southerners. He stood alone in the fight, and he owes it to his perseverance, courage and ambition if to-day all Italy considers him her best dramatist. Up to the present time he has written twenty-one plays. Those who are studying his theatre will no doubt notice, as I do, a great change of ideas in his later dramas; his thoughts are deeper, his observations so exactly true. He may be called a realist, if you wish, but, above all, an idealist. In all his dramas he paints *La vie future*, and seems to understand so well the inner thoughts of women, and draws

his spare time is spent at his old sick father's bedside, and the devotion he has for his mother amounts to adoration, and he often speaks of her unwittingly in his works.

Roberto Bracco has been the first modern Italian dramatist to find a place in the American importation to the United States, and of course he often speaks in a very grateful way. He has much respect and admiration for Shakespeare, is well informed about our stage, and he is a man



BRACCO IN HIS STUDY IN NAPLES

and yet so convincingly, brought him into notice. Outside of journalistic circles he soon became known as a writer of short stories. At nineteen he published a first volume of them called "Baby's Prattle." One can always recognize at once a story of his, even if it does not bear any signature, for it has always a physiognomy of its own. His style is not a dense minute narration with much coloring, but it has strokes of subtle lines, with few outlines and nothing else; therefore extremely clear, so that the reader penetrates without difficulty into the character and the situation. In Bracco's writings every little line has a great importance—it always determines a moment and explains "why!"

His devotion to his master, Martino Caffaro, was something extraordinary. The latter became blind, but his young pupil was his inseparable companion. Caffaro died in 1887, mourned by the whole artistic circle of Italy, and after his death Bracco went to another paper and became a dramatic critic. But journalism was not his goal, the drama was attracting him, and one day he made up his mind to face the difficult experiment of producing a play.

Ermete Novelli, who was then already known as a comedian, asked Roberto Bracco to write for him a "lever de rideau." He wrote two or three one-act comedies full of humor and very clever. The public encouraged him at once, and the young author passed immediately from the "lever de rideau" to the social comedy, then to the psychological drama. He wrote *A Woman*, which was produced by Due in Italy four years after it had been written. His next play was *Infidele* (*Comtesse Coquette*), which was last spring given in New York by Madame Nasimova. Afterwards he wrote *The Triumph*, which is one of his favorites. It is a powerful drama, full of thought and sentiment, capable of arousing the coldest audience. The subject is so simple yet so human, and the play is remarkably well constructed and extremely interesting to the very last. This drama was much commanded for its originality, and for its new form which had nothing in common with the old methods, and since then a new school called "Bracco's School" has arisen in Italy, and to-day counts many followers.

He wrote, also, a socialistic play, in three acts, *Il Diritto di Vivere*, then a one-act powerful drama called *The Sins of the Fathers*, which is perfect in its construction. The principal part was created by the famous Italian actor, Ernesto Zucconi. This play brought much fame to the

them with all their virtues and faults, but above all they always retain their poetry. The keynote of one of his latest dramas called *The Hidden Spring* is this: The humblest woman may be indispensable to the proudest man. The author shows how a woman is undoubtedly a man's inspiration. His last play, *Phantasma*, was produced last winter in Naples, and brought to the dramatist much success. The protagonist is once more a woman, who is faithful to the extreme. It is a powerful psychological drama, which many consider his best. More and more Bracco's wish is to break with all the old rules of playwriting, and in this last work, we find after the second act, a new drama starting, and it is only at the end of the play that we find again a relationship with the first part, cleverly "divided," which explains the author's ideas. He does not believe that a playwright should work only by crescendo, and that all the strength of the drama should be based on the last act; that is, when the curtain falls. No, he is convinced that in real life—as all his works are based on truth—we may at a certain period reach a critical moment, which leads us to a determination, and the consequences are either the cause of a happy ending or a crash, which would emphasize the first climax.

This author is an indefatigable worker; for several years he was the editor of the *Corriere di Napoli*, but he has given up newspaper work so as to devote himself to playwriting. This summer he was engaged upon a new volume of stories, which will be published some time this winter, and at present he is writing a new drama. At first view, on seeing Roberto Bracco, one would think him happy and contented, because he has always a kind and encouraging word for everyone he meets; but in reality he is very melancholy, and that is caused by his extreme sensitiveness and also by his artistic temperament. Whatever kindness he receives he never forgets; if a wrong is done him he feels it very deeply, but bears no grudge. Those who come closely in contact with him can fully appreciate the depth of his character, but very few of his intimate friends have enjoyed the privilege of knowing his ideas about the drama, as he always avoids speaking of himself, or of his work, and of his future plans. Sometimes it happens that the world knows only a few days before that Bracco is producing a new play.

For a man who is sought everywhere and as much liked as he is one could never believe that Bracco leads the simplest life imaginable. All

day to visit this country. In my association with this Italian author I was able to make many interesting observations about his method of working out a play, for instance: If a thought or a sentence inspires him he will build up on that. In *Contessa Coquette* the comedy is based upon: "I swore to you that the day you really accused me I should make up my mind to decide you;" and in the *Sins of the Fathers* the two verses of the *Trovatore*:

"Sconto col sangue mio
L'amore che posi in te
Non ti scordar di me."

Of course he works only on inspiration, and there are times, especially when he gets discouraged, that he can write absolutely nothing. But if a happy thought comes to him he isolates himself, and he generally goes out into the country, near Sorrento or Castellamare. He then becomes so much absorbed in his work that often he lets his meal time pass and spends many sleepless nights. Not always can he write fast; a drama like *Phantasma*, for instance, took him a year, but he told me many of his works were composed in the space of a week or a month. Often he will spend more than a week studying a sentence, which he feels is not exactly true to life. He is very fond of writing about the poor class of Naples, and in order to make a realistic study he will look for a good subject in the streets of Naples, and when he has found it will try to associate with him and study him to the smallest detail. I asked him once if the subjects of his short stories were taken from real life. Here is his answer:

"Art is always based on truth, and is always based on fantasy. The union between fantasy and truth produces art. In truth there is the element of art. But the fantasy takes it, cuts it, enlarges it, reproduces it, rebuilds it. But generally in all my short stories I have the intention to see truth through my imagination. I am by nature very impressionable, and impressionable is like a lens, which in only an instant reveals to the eye many things and many delicate details. Hence the synthetic form of my novels, the multiplicity of visions, the frivolous, the tragic, the gay, the gloomy, and also art without literature, or better yet, that kind of literature which is composed of words."

"I wished to create a new form of drama, and though I think Ibsen is the greatest writer of our time, yet I cannot say I tried to imitate him. Besides, one should not forget that my temperament, which is at the bottom Southern, could not totally follow his Northern school; but the greatest of all, the one who was able to write any form, any style, the one who has been our master for centuries, and who will continue to be so, is William Shakespeare."

In fact, Mr. Bracco has much admiration for the famous English writer, and he is fond of quoting him at every opportunity.

This interesting Italian author is also a good stage manager. He has a way of his own to inspire the whole company during rehearsals, and always attends every play he produces, being particular that the smallest detail should not be forgotten. But he is ready though, to accept, from those who are interpreting his play, any intelligent suggestion; therefore, he is much sought by the managers to assist at the rehearsals of his plays.

Roberto Bracco is still young and ambitious. Working seriously as he does, and not for the mercenary side, we are convinced that his best work has not yet been achieved, and that he will advance more and more to attain his ideal in the modern drama.

Dance Sr. Cira.

THE THEATROFONE OF THREE CENTURIES AGO

MON have been the prophecies uttered on the stage in the past, but I never in my life came across a more realistic foretelling of the modern theatre telephone (or theatrofone) than in the old play of *Albumazar* (1606). Here is the excerpt intact:

BONKA.

The great *Albumazar*, by wondrous art, Hath framed an instrument that magnifies Objects of hearing, as this doth of seeing. That you may know each whisper of Prester John, Against the wind, as fresh as 'twere delivered Through a trunk, or Gloucester's list'ning wall.

PANDOLFO.

And may I see it, sir? Bless me, once more.

BONKA.

'Tis something ceremonious, but you shall try it. Stand thus. What hear you?

PANDOLFO (takes instrument).

Nothing.

BONKA.

Set your hands thus, That the vortex of the organ may perpendicularly Point out our zenith. What hear you now?

PANDOLFO (listening).

A humming noise of laughter.

BONKA.

Why, that's the court And university that now are merry With an old gentleman in a comedy. And what now?

PANDOLFO (intently listening).

Celestial music, but it seems far off.

List, list! 'Tis nearer now.

BONKA.

'Tis music 'twixt the acts. What now?

PANDOLFO.

Nothing.

BONKA.

And now?

PANDOLFO.

Music again, and strangely delicate.

O most angelic! they sing.

BONKA.

And now?

PANDOLFO (still listening, hears —):

Sing sweetly, that our notes may cause The heavenly orbs themselves to pause. And at our music stand as still As at Joyce's amorous will. So now release them as before: Th' have waited long enough, no more.

'Tis gone! Give me 't again. O do not so!

BONKA.

What hear you now?

PANDOLFO.

No more than a dead oyster.

Oh, let me see this wondrous instrument.

BONKA.

Sir, this is called an *otakustikon*.

PANDOLFO.

A 'kustikon! Why, 'tis a pair of asses' ears—and large ones!

BONKA.

True, for such a form the great *Albumazar* Hath framed it purposely, as fitst receives Of sounds—as spectacles like eyes for sight.

PANDOLFO.

What gold will buy it?

BONKA.

I'll sell it you when 'tis finished. As yet the epiglottis is imperfect.

PANDOLFO.

This remarkable prophecy telephones, which, best of all value, something that can Pandolfo's eager inquiry.

THE PALACE OF PACTOLUS

THE night, not many weeks ago, a brilliant gathering took place in a superb palace on Lake Lugano, where the boundary line separates the mild-mannered Swiss peasant from the seemingly more puissant people of the macaroni-eating nation.

The occasion was a trial performance of a new grand opera called *Erminia*, the composer of which was leading his own orchestra of forty-five artists picked from the La Scala in Italy and from the great theatres of Paris.

The audience was assembled from every part of the globe. It was seated in great expectancy in the beautiful little theatre that opened into a magnificent atrium, where could be seen the splashing of a fountain amid a forest of marble

their wives; Mr. Dickenson, vice-president, Carnegie Trust Company; Madame Louis Cognard of New York, who taught Little Brown and many other beautiful beings how to sing; Mr. and Mrs. Hartman, New York, and artists and maestros from all the leading opera houses of Europe.

Was not this a distinguished gathering? Was it not something to be the host and director on such an extraordinary event as this?

Who, then, was the person whom they called "The Little man from America," who owned this famous old palace, the Chateau Treves, whose head was full of music, his soul with divine fire, and in whose pockets ran the coins of Pactolus?

I will tell you.

Twenty years ago, in the town of Utica, N. Y., was a small "musical institute," or conservatory, that was attended by a number of young men and women who did well in their work because they were carried along by a dominating spirit and a pulsating accompaniment. One day one of the pupils of the conservatory said to his preceptor: "Monsieur, one could not help doing well with you to teach him—you ought to be a very rich man; you have such an indomitable will, and so much perseverance!"

The little music master thought this over seriously. Yes, he had perseverance, he knew that, and he ought to be a rich man. The domination of his pupil was like the act of a *préteur*. That night he peered over the "Wall Street news" very seriously, for the music master had more than one string to his fiddle. He had studied the great question of finance long in secret. He knew all the leading and misleading stocks of the market. "You should have been a tailor," a friend said to him facetiously, "because you seem to be always measuring tape!"

Indeed, not a day passed by that the little music master did not steal away from his conservatory to read the tape in the ticker of the Hotel Buggs.

Meanwhile he saved nearly every penny he earned. He became so miserly he almost starved. Finally he accumulated the sum of \$3,000, and bidding good-bye to his beloved pupil, closed the door of his establishment. The next morning while sitting in my office in New York I was presented with the following card:

LOUIS LOMBARD,
Conservatory of Music.
DIRECTOR.

His name was familiar to me through editorial correspondence. He told me of his plans for the future. I advised him against it. He said:

"Why not? Do I not stand as good a chance as anyone else? You shall not see me again, my dear boy, until you visit me at my castle in Spain! An oasis!"

Astoria; that he had a collection of one hundred servants! There was no doubt about it; this was my old friend, the director of the conservatory.

I stepped off the train at Lugano and went to



People at a social gathering in a grand hall.

Looked and liked, looking upon their open

columns. The people in the auditorium were mostly famous in arts and letters and in finance, and many of them were speculators in the successes of others, and some were working in the fields of diplomacy, and all came to applaud and to be seen—at the expense of their host, who now stood before them as the director who was to command both the musicians and the performance on the stage. He was diminutive in stature although of perfect form, of coralling personality, and with a glance that was either hypnotic or dynamic. It was plain that he was born to command. "The very devil is in him—see how he galvanizes everyone!" said Jules Bois to me, and which he repeated subsequently in his "Gil Blas."

When he raised his baton everyone caught the sparkle of his eye. Mlle. Celine Mercier, the celebrated actress from the théâtre des Invalides, turned to the Marquis of Daux and said: "They say his money is like the sands of Pactolus streaming from the mouth of a cornucopia that has no beginning!"

It was a great night; a wonderful night. Let me tell you of a few people who were there. First I saw Leoncavallo, the composer of "Pagliacci," who told me he wrote that immortal opera with his heart's blood. Then there was sitting, very near the conductor's box, Dr. Cesare Lombroso, the philosopher from Turin; Mlle. Barbieri, Dr. Voschide of Paris; the Comte Visconti di Modrone of Milan, the Minister of the Interior; R. R. Strauss of Paris; Judge and Mme. Soldati, president of the Swiss Federal Tribune; Robert David, chief of the Algerian government; Count Pali, Italian Consul-General, and from the United States were H. H. Morgan, Consul to Amsterdam; Mr. Keene, Consul to Geneva; Mr. Mansfield, Consul to Lucerne, and



Louis Lombard's Castle Treves

WHEN JULIET WAS DEAD

Romeo and Juliet was one of the first theatrical performances ever given on a certain island possession of England, and the Governor of the island announced his intention of being present. The police magistrate took the very necessary precaution of surrounding the house with a double row of constables, to secure the performance proceeding to a straightforward close without that prolific garnishing of con-

vulsive hiccoughings, sentimental sighs, high-hos, fainting fits and other significant tokens of a spiritual overpowering which had on a previous occasion prolonged the performance to a very late hour. Things glided on most smoothly until the last scene, where the pensive Romeo was seen staggering toward the tomb of his dear Juliet, vociferating her name in a manner which too evidently showed how he was affected.

To his repeated tender exclamations of "Juliet! Juliet!" not even a sigh was returned. The audience became impatient, but their murmurs of impatience were converted into one universal shudder of horror on Romeo exclaiming, with a wild shriek, "She is dead!" which was quite apparent to the whole auditory, perceiving her heels sticking up out of the tomb. The fond Romeo passionately seized the protruding mem-

bers and dragged her feebly forth from her resting place, making at the same time such a display of her charms in the chivalrous attempt as forced the lady visitors to a hasty flight from the "too theatric" sight. All eyes were now riveted to this tragic spectacle of youth and beauty, and "Dead! Dead!" burst in one unbroken exclamation from every part of the house. "Yes," sighed Romeo, "dead drunk."



WE STOOD
DURING THE

MER COLLINS



PEARL EVANS



LOUISE LE BARON



J. LEWIS UNGERER as BLACK HAWK

Photo by Smith, Buffalo

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE

The Children's Educational Theatre, which holds forth at Jefferson Street and East Broadway, in New York City, has been attracting much attention in the metropolis and elsewhere in the past few weeks. The purpose of this institution and the scope of its work is of a nature different from any undertaking of its kind in America, and perhaps in the world.

A representative of the Minnow recently spent an afternoon at the theatre, witnessing a regular Sunday afternoon performance. The afternoon was largely spent in the company of Alice Minnie Hertz, under whose direction the work is being carried on. Miss Hertz is a woman of unusual intellectual powers, a charming conversationalist, and what is possessed of a beautiful personality: which accounts for the high esteem in which the Minnow representative found she was held by all the children.

children who are at present turned away from our doors, and who find less inspiring entertainment elsewhere.

These children are to become the future citizens of this great American city. Take care that the children are saved and no fears need be entertained for the future welfare of the American republic."

Miss Hertz, in expressing the above sentiment, sounded the keynote which makes for the progress of civilization, and her work, as exemplified in the Children's Educational Theatre, is getting at the truth as expressed therein more forcibly than any other work of a like nature in America to-day.

The supplying of this need of a large theatre furnishes an opportunity for some philanthropist to do a service to his fellow man the value of which cannot be estimated in words.

While witnessing the performance the Minnow representative was surprised to overhear two little fellows, about nine years of age, anticipating the actors in the reading of their lines. Upon inquiry it was learned that this particular case was not an isolated one, but that the whole audience, which was practically the same at every performance, knew the lines, after the third or fourth performance of a play, as well as the actors appearing in them, such was their interest.

So, besides furnishing edifying entertainment for the audience, and developing in the child-actors and actresses personalities unknown to them, the theatre fulfills a third mission. It is the mission of uplifting the stage. Nothing but refined classic plays are given, and, as a result, a

added, in almost the same breath. "I have had my share of training and now I take care of the costumes. That's a responsibility, and it's an inspiration to know that others have faith in you."

them he is equipped with a knowledge of human nature, and is better able to take up the burden of life in his chosen vocation, whatever it may be."

When the time comes—and it eventually will—when every large city in the United States is



THE LITTLE PRINCESS

The theatre has grown in importance to such proportions that it has been found necessary to conduct it as a separate institution from the Educational Alliance, of which it was originally only a branch. As it exists to-day it is the result of an inspiration of Miss Hertz, and had its origin in an endeavor to provide proper entertainment for the poor children of the East Side of New York City.

"Originally our players were furnished by some of the amateur theatrical schools in New York City," said Miss Hertz to the Minnow representative, "and occasionally, professional players would lend their services. These players could not be relied upon, as engagements with travelling companies would take them out of the city at inopportune times, and as the theatre could not afford to hire players we experienced some trouble in giving performances."

"I began to look for a way to overcome this difficulty," continued Miss Hertz, "and I realized that a greater interest in the performances would be cultivated in the children by letting them take part in the production of the plays themselves. Realizing this, no further time was lost with professionals, and the children were called in to give the performances. We found that those who could not take part in the plays were interested to a greater extent, by seeing their companions take part in them. And then, different casts were selected for different plays, and in this way an unusually large number of children were brought under the uplifting tendency of the institution."

"And what is this uplifting tendency?" asked the Minnow representative; a question which is the first to present itself to almost everyone who in any way becomes interested in the subject.

"You must understand," replied Miss Hertz, "that the children who are directly benefited are those whose parents are not capable of inspiring in them high ideals in life. A way must be found to awaken in these neglected children these ideals. In what way is this to be done? How is the dwarfed or undeveloped personality of a child to be lifted into the ideal personality of a Prospero? In what other way than that which our institution affords could the narrow, cramped existence of these East Side children be taught to know of a higher existence than that which they live? There is no other way; and when he shows that he understands the part in which he has been placed, he has accomplished his task; he has learned that there is another individuality in the world besides that of his own nature; he has broadened himself to that extent."

"With our limited means and in our present quarters we are prepared to give only one performance each week. Our seating capacity provides for only 680 persons, and more than twice that number are turned away from each performance. In the course of the year we give instruction to about 300 children. In the new theatre, which we hope to have, we will be able to give a performance every day. This, you see, will enable us, during the year to train and educate about 2,100 children, besides enabling us to provide entertainment for the vast number of



INGOMAR

Mrs. Emma Sheridan Fry is the dramatic instructor of the theatre.

"When a child shows that he understands one character," said Mrs. Fry, "he is not allowed to continue in that part. We do not go on teaching

some form or other, has its Children's Educational Theatre, Miss Hertz may have passed away. But her name will not be forgotten. She will take her place in the ranks of those whose lives have made the world better. The story of her



SNOW-WHITE

ing him the technicalities of acting. Excellence in dramatic art is not our purpose. I place him in another character—a king, a general, or an Orlando, for instance, and teach him to know those natures, and when he shows a knowledge of

life will always be a symbol of hope and inspiration to a struggling world; for her work has proved that, while individuals may degenerate, the human race ever goes marching on in triumph.



TWO THOUSAND CHILDREN UNABLE TO FIND SEATS

BURT & NICOLAI PRESENT
BEULAH POYNTER
AND HER EXTRAORDINARY COMPANY



FRANK BURT



EMMA BUTLER



SYLVIA STARR



SAM D. MERRILL



J. IRVING WHITE



TED V. ARMOND



SAM J. BURTON



BEULAH POYNTER



MARIE DAY



NETTIE LOUDEN



WILLIAM HECK



GEORGIANA WILSON



L.J. LORING



BURTON NIXON

PLAYING
LENA JOHN REUBEN RIVERS
Direction- BURTON NIXON



ARTHUR H. WINDISH

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE THEATRE ORCHESTRA



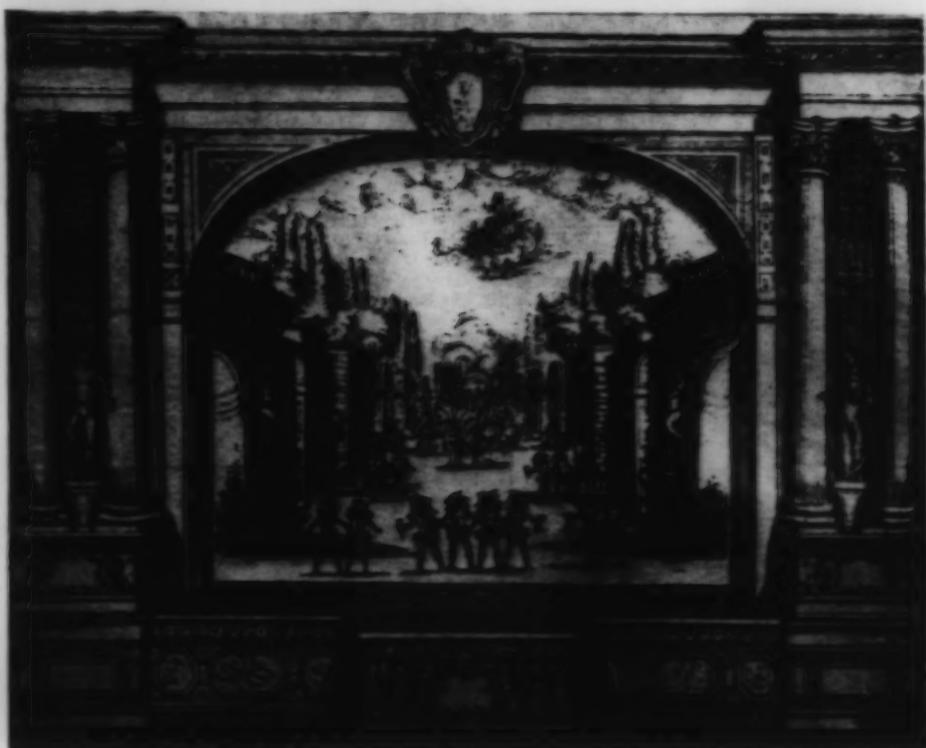
ALTHOUGH the seasoned playgoer likes as a rule to see the musicians in their normal position, there can be little doubt that the fastidiousness which either prompts their complete suppression, or leads to their storage underneath the stage behind curtains or greenery, has logic on its side. So far from being of organic growth in the theatre, the orchestra qua orchestra is merely parasitic. It owes its origin to the upspringing of opera, whence it was grafted onto the dramatic trunk. The very term "orchestra" is a misnomer. In the original Greek it signifies, not a body of musicians, but "the dancing place"; and its modern use was suggested by the intermediate position eventually attained by the band, a position analogous to that occupied by the ancient Greek chorus. That the word derived its popular misinterpretation in this way is shown by the fact that although musicians were employed in the theatre for dramatic and other purposes long before they assumed their now well-recognized position, they failed to become known as "the orchestra" till they had occupied for long the place indicated by the term.

Italian in origin, the modern orchestra was consistently evolved by the impulsion of opera. In the beginning, when the *Euridice* of Rinuccini was performed at Florence in 1600, the musicians were all grouped together behind the scenes, and the instruments used were six in number—a harpsichord, a large guitar, a viol, a large lute, a flute and a triple flute. During the succeeding half-century, opera progressed more rapidly along the spectacular, than the musical, plane. Stage mechanists vied with each other in perfecting methods of swiftly changing scenery and in inventing ingenious flying effects. The vogue of mythological themes pandered to these floridities; the whole atmosphere was one of magic and surprises. Under these conditions one can readily divine that even so small a number as half a dozen musicians would prove a serious embarrassment behind the scenes, and that their transference elsewhere became a pressing necessity. No definite evidence exists on the point, but it

is played, but the back of the stage was hung, advised to infer from this circumstance that the front are flambeaux arranged as footlights. On either side is a curtained entrance way for the players, the one on the spectators' left surmounted by a balcony, in which the musicians are to be seen standing. This arrangement, born of special circumstances, was rarely, if ever, repeated. In the routine theatrical performances in France, one finds that when the employment

of Rhodes, at Rutiend House, in 1646, says "it has been often whilst I have been here we have oblig'd our selves to the analogy of some Countries according to the Art of Drama, and the Conventions made for that, and not been content to have seven foot in height, and a room above, and so occupying the place of scenes, because it is not fit for it; it would appear that the musicians in those days were stationed at the back of the stage, and the scenery. Leon, in his *Art of the Stage*, in *Cruelty of the Spaniard*, in 1646, in his performance at the Cockpit Theatre in London, two years later, there seems to have been no resort to the prevailing Italian practice. In a copy of this primitive opera indicates that toward the end of First Entry (or Act) the Chief Officer waved his wand "towards the Room where the Musicks are place'd behind a Curtain, and then a song is sung." This "room" can hardly have been within stage regions, nor can it have occupied the position of the orchestra as we now know it. Apparently it was one of the boxes of the auditorium.

With the dawn of the Restoration properly constituted theatres, built on continental principles and affording provision for the employment



SCENE FROM THE OPERA BALLET, I PERMESTRA, FLORENCE, 1658

of the resuscitated chorus (as a means of marking the act divisions) fell into disuse, about the year 1620, instrumental music was resorted to to fulfil the same purpose. At first the executants were hidden away in the wings, then they were transferred to the auditorium and placed at the back of the *troisennes loges*, only to be removed a little later to the back of the second row. From this a final transition was made, under Italian influence, to the orchestra. In the court performances the musicians were slower still in attaining a conventionalized position, and Meneustier, in writing in 1683 of musical representations of this order, has a chapter entitled "La maniere dont on place les Musiciens sur des Niches, dans des Balcons, et des Loges de Palais, sur divers animaux, dans des Grottes, dans des Vaineaux, sur des Chars, et sur leurs habits bizarre, et la forme de leurs instruments que l'on digne quelquefois pour les faire parroire ridicules." It will be noted from this that at the French court, as in the English masques, the musicians frequently fulfilled a double office and participated in the spectacle as fantastically arrayed auxiliaries. When, however, *Les Plaids de l'Isle Hochantie* was performed at Versailles in May, 1664, in an open-air theatre, the musicians were ranged along the front of the stage in the new Italian style. One knows not whether this disposition proved distracting by its novelty, but it is to be remarked that when the opera of *Alceste* was given in the marble court of the same palace, on July 4, 1674, the musicians, instead of being placed in front, were divided into two bodies and ranged along the two sides of the auditorium. Small wonder that orchestration in Lulli's time was ill-considered, that the violins, violas and bass violins did little more than follow the voice!

In France, where the profession of player was long deemed infamous and frowned upon by the Church, it was difficult to get vocalists to appear on the stage. Thus, when *Andromede* was per-

formed with the closing lines of each act, so that they may know when to begin the symphony "when waiting for the cry of 'Play!' so often heard." In the little known public museum of the Grand Opera in Paris is to be found an authoritative model of the interior of the *Theatre Francais* in 1689. The orchestra in front is clearly indicated, and one is safe in assuming that from this time onwards the musicians regularly occupied their now familiar position. When the Italian comedians produced *Arlequin Phaeton*, in 1692, some railing was indulged in at the expense of the opera in the scene in the third act where Momus extenuates Arlequin as to his choice of a profession. "Je pense à une chose," says Doris, "s'il se faisoit Violon, il entrerait à l'Opera." To which Phaeton significantly replies, "Violon, moy, suis-je fait pour être envoi dans une orchestra, Je voudrois briller sur le Théâtre."

One important point remains to be commented upon in connection with the early orchestra of the *Comédie Française*. Not all the raised off portion at the beginning of the eighteenth century was occupied by the musicians. To their use was devoted a small central inclosure of ovoid form, which was flanked on either side by rows of seats for spectators. In those days of a standing pit the new arrangement was a boon, and so great was the demand for orchestra seats that they were added to bit by bit and year after year, until the pit finally shrivelled up into the meagrest proportions. Hence the origin of the stalls. By an irony of circumstances, the orchestra, after having brought out this momentous revolution, fell into disfavor at the *Comédie Française*, and was abolished by M. Perrin in 1774.

The position assigned to the musicians in the London theatres in Shakespeare's time is not very definitely assured, but investigation tends to prove that they occupied an elevated box at the back of the non-scenic stage. This box was com-



From the *Scientific American*.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, NEW YORK

of scenery and stage mechanism, were first introduced into England. With them came the principle of "the orchestra," but it is difficult to arrive at an opinion as to when the new disposition of the musicians was first resorted to, how long it remained in vogue at the outset, and when it was universally and permanently adopted. In this matter, England, like France, refused for long to create any conventionalism, with the result that throughout the latter half of the seventeenth century no fixed rule held sway. There are sound reasons for believing that "the orchestra" was first introduced into London with the opening of the first *Theatre Royal* in Drury Lane. We do not find Pepys recording, after a visit to the new house on May 8, 1663, that "the music being below, and most of it sounding under the very stage, there is no hearing of the basses at all, nor very well of the trebles, which sure must be mended." Great attention came now to be paid to the claims of instrumental music, and Killigrew boasted to the grand piping distrist in 1667 that within a few years he had increased the number of soldiers from three to nine or ten, although receiving little encouragement from the public, whose taste was yet in abeyance. It is curious to compare this pronouncement with the opinion of Count Magliotti, who came to London in 1669 in the Grand Duke of Tuscany's train, and found England supreme in the matter of instrumental music. He speaks of the delightful symphonies played in the theatre before the rising of the curtain, and avers that people went to the house long before the hour of performance merely to hear the music. There is in this an amazing error, the fact being that in those days, when it was impossible to book seats in advance, playgoers had to be early afoot if they desired all-vantageous positions, and the preliminary music was provided merely to beguile the tedium of the wait. Three pieces were invariably played before the rising of the curtain—a grand and longwinded custom. One finds the principle of "First, Second and Third Music" still in vogue in Dublin toward the close of the first half of the eighteenth century.

As the main office of the musicians in the Restoration theatre was to mitigate the tedium of the long initial wait, and fill in the void spaces of the intervals with sounds of sweet sounds, it mattered little in what part of the house they were situated. When a song had to be sung on the stage it was an easy matter for the accompanists to station themselves in the

SCENE FROM THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO, DUKE'S THEATRE, 1673.

would seem that the musicians took their now generally accepted position in front when the first Italian opera house—the Teatro San Cassiano—was opened in 1637. A view of the emblematic picture, certain and highly ornate proscenium of the same theatre in Florence, issued exactly twenty years later, shows an elaborately decorated coffer-like enclosure fronting the stage, apparently for the use of the musicians. Another view of the same theatre in 1658 reveals to us the stage with the curtain raised, and the *Dance of Furies* proceeding in the opera-ballet of *I Permestra*. Again we note the same odd high enclosure, occupying about a third of the extent of the stage front, but, as in the former case, devoid of executants. It may be, of course, that the musicians are hidden from sight, as the three sides of the perily decorated enclosure are equally as high as the stage front. Piffards and vocalists, however, in those days in very close touch: a dozen and a half were to stage are the conductor and his baton materialized.

Austria derived her inspiration in theatre building from Italy, and with it the conventionalization of the modern orchestra. In the elaborate *folio* proscenium issued in Dresden in 1678, in commemoration of the magnificent *Ballet of the Seven Planets*, one finds a folding plan of the impending stage front in which the same small, chest-like inclosure is plainly in evidence. There is also extant an engraving of the *Ducal Theatre* of Heidelberg in 1684, showing a proscenium of Corinthian columns with central arca, upborne by the *Palatine Lions*. Reliefs representing Truth and History adorn niches at the sides, and in front is to be seen the usual severely inclosed musicians' box.

Although the French theatre pressed into service lute and viola players long before it yielded to the seductions of the Italian orchestra, they were allotted no conventionalized position until that event took place. Among the Harleian collections in the British Museum is to be found a curious illuminated manuscript conveying the text of a *Festoral* represented in the cloisters of the Collegiate Church of Mortain, on February 27, 1671, in celebration of a recent victory over the Germans. One of the many interesting sketches in color gives a view of the stage and of the crowded auditorium. No orchestra was ever



STAGE FRONT OF PERGOLESE THEATRE, FLORENCE, 1657

formed in 1656, the actual singers were hidden behind latticed boxes, although provided on the boards with dummy doubles. This absurd practice was not without its measure of gratefulness, for it permitted vocalists and musicians to be in the closest possible touch: but Moliere abolished it in 1671 by making the chorus in *Psyché* appear *corum populo*. For the court performance of this tragic-ballet he had also employed an orchestra of a dozen violins, but it would be ill-

monly known as the "musick room," a term one finds applied to the orchestra some time after the musicians had regularly entered upon their now familiar position. Although Sir William D'Avant made some modest experiments toward the introduction of opera during the *Prute* tour, it cannot be gleaned that the new Italian system of placing the musicians in front was then introduced. In his "Address to the Reader," D'Avant, referring to the performance of *The Siege*

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

wings. Apparently the experiment of introducing "the orchestra" at Drury Lane in 1663 had not proved successful; Pepys, in the passage already cited, affords us a clue to the defects of the installation. Since the music sounded so ill below, what wonder that Killigrew and D'Avenant set their faces against the new system, and reverted as closely as possible to the old Elizabethan principle by giving the performers an elevated position? On Nov. 7, 1667, when Pepys went to the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields to see Dryden and D'Avenant's painful sophistication of *The Tempest*, he found the house so crowded owing to the King's presence and the lateness of his arrival, that he was forced "to sit in the side balcony over against the music room." Apparently "the music room" at the Duke's was a box in the auditorium situated close to the stage. That "orchestra" at the first Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, had been abolished within a few years of its introduction, and the musicians placed somewhere at a considerable elevation, is shown by a curious ballad setting forth how the house was destroyed by fire on Jan. 25, 1672. No sooner was the play finished, we learn:

But on a sudden a fierce fire 'gan rage
In several scenes, and overspread the app-
artments, leaving this dismal sight.
The flames 'gan' rise to th' life to set a Fright.
The Boxes were splendours us'd to surprise
From constellations of bright ladies' eyes.
A different blazing lustre now is found,
And th' music-room with whistling flames doth sound.
Then catching hold o' th' roof, it does display,
Consuming fiery trophies every way.

From this description, beginning below and gradually working upwards, one can very well see that "the music room" at old Drury was near the ceiling of the building. Might it not have been situated immediately above the proscenium arch? Even in our day the position is not an impossible one. When M. Hostein designed the ill-fated Théâtre Historique for the elder Dumaine, in 1848, he placed the musicians in a gallery over the proscenium; and the idea was borrowed in 1850 by Steele Mackaye, when he came to build the Madison Square Theatre, New York. We shall see later that a view exists of the interior of a noted Restoration theatre, in which a large box is clearly to be seen over the proscenium. If this was not mere ornament, what use could it have been put to save as a "musick room," in the old sense of the term?

When the second Theatre Royal in Drury Lane first opened its doors early in 1674, with the French opera of *Ariadne* as a lure, it too, like its predecessor in its closing years, had no orchestra, in the specialized sense of the term. A valuable view of the scene of the Prologue, given as frontispiece to the book of the opera, shows that the rounded front of the stage jutted out beyond the proscenium and had an appropriate emblematic decoration. This grouping of masks and musical instruments on the base clearly indicates that no orchestra was placed between audience and stage. Possibly in this instance the musicians were placed behind the scenes. As orchestration was as yet in its infancy and did little beyond echoing the voice, position mattered little.

But while New Drury Lane was content to pursue the reactionary policy of its predecessor, even in association with matters operatic, the gorgeous Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens, now some two years built, had determined upon progress. When Shadwell's operatic version of the Dryden D'Avenant *Tempest* was brought out at the latter house, in the Spring of 1674, the hand, by way of novelty, was placed temporarily in the orchestra. In the printed copy of this production, issued anonymously and misleadingly by Herringman in the same year, one finds an initial description beginning with "the front of the stage is open'd and the Band of 24 Violins with the Harpsichord and Theoribus, which accompany the voices, are plac'd between the Pit and the Stage. While the Overture is playing the Curtain rises, and discovers a new Frontispiece, joyn'd to the great Pylasters, on each side of the Stage." In this case the position of the band was conditioned by the number of executants and the magnitude of some of the instruments. Possibly no such body of musicians had been seen publicly in England before. That their resort to the orchestra was unwanted is shown by the very existence of this description, which would have been superfluous had the position been normal. Doubtless a return to this intermediate location was made again and again as opera grew more and more popular, until finally the orchestra came to be a recognized institution. But there are cogent reasons for believing that even at the Duke's Theatre in 1674 and thereafter, the musicians employed during the ordinary dramatic performances, being much fewer in number, occupied a different and far less conspicuous position. A curious view of the interior of the Dorset Garden's house, published

in 1673 with Settle's sensational play *The Empress of Morocco*, shows an immense box over the projecting soffit of the proscenium. This was open on the three sides, doubtless to emit sound, and can hardly have been utilized for any purpose save as a "music room." The superficial resemblance of the whole to the music gallery in the Madison Square Theatre, New York, is very striking. To accept this position as the one usually occupied by the musicians during the routine dramatic performances of the later Restoration theatres, as the place where the long preliminary selections and the inter-act music were rendered, is to explain a puzzling passage in "The Dublin Scuffle" of Dunton, the itinerant bookseller. Dunton was at least a quarter of a century behind London in the adoption of opera, and it is in the Irish capital that one looks naturally for evidence of the belated employment of the elevated music room. That quest is not disappointing. While in Ireland in 1698, Dunton paid a visit to the Smock Alley Theatre to see The Squire of Alatia, and found "the Dublin playhouse to be a place very contrary to its owners: for they on their outsides make the best show; but this is very ordinary in its outward appearance, but looks much better inside, with its stage, pit, boxes, two galleries, lattices and music loft, etc." Nothing could be well more expressive in this connection than the term "music loft,"

the experience of the anonymous English lady who visited Parma in 1771, and went to that great show-place, the vast and gloomy Teatro Farnese. There was no orchestra, so far as she could perceive, "but the place," she writes in her "Travels," "where it should be is occupied by a long leaden trough, reaching the whole breadth of the Proscenium; from which are pipes or shoots so contrived as to enable them to fill the trough with water, intended for the representation of a naumachia or sea-fight. I imagine this trough was to serve the double purpose of an orchestra and an artificial sea; but when it so happened that a naumachia was to be represented, what became of the poor musicians? They surely were not to remain in the trough; that would be a symphony *al fresco* indeed."

In one important respect England followed the lead of France, although not with a similar result. From about the period of the erection of the First Covent Garden Theatre in 1732 a few favored members of the audience were permitted to occupy seats in the orchestra. The privilege was much esteemed by men of fame who happened to be hard of hearing or short of sight. Even the great theatrical managers did not disdain to sit there on occasion. Murphy relates that John Rich placed himself in the orchestra on the first night of *The Suspicious Husband*, in February, 1747, and that when Mrs. Pritchard

sit in the orchestra. A hum of excitement went through the house when Fox, Erskine or Lord Holland was to be seen entering among the musicians. Boden relates that Sir Joshua Reynolds was frequently among those who occupied this cogn of vantage during the height of the Sibbons fever. Not excomium but convenience urged him to take advantage of the renewed privilege. He was so deaf that he had to use an ear trumpet—and thereby hangs a tale. On one occasion when he was in his favorite seat, "all gaze, all wonder," during the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*, a consequential young sailor in the front row of the pit began to explain the various musical instruments to a loutish comrade, calling them, as it happened, mostly by the wrong names. When the nautical Sir Oracle had almost exhausted the list the greenhorn suddenly espied Sir Joshua, seated in the extreme right hand corner, and pointing to him, asked what instrument was that. "Oh, that," said the confident tar, "why that's a newly invented trumpet blown by the ear!"

Like the Illusion-marching practice of sitting on the stage, which had obtained at an earlier period, orchestra haunting died hard. When Edmund Kean first played Othello at Drury Lane in 1814, Michael Kelly, by right of his official position as Director of the Music, occupied a seat in the orchestra. Next to him sat Lord Byron, who turned round after Kean's great third act and said, "Mr. Kelly, depend upon it, this is a man of genius."

No sooner had the orchestra become a recognized feature in the theatre than its moulding influence became apparent. It inspired new genres in dramatic art, gave rise to the vaudeville or ballad opera, and led to ultimate and abuse of theatrical expedients in suggesting the abnormalities of melodrama. One wonders that under the circumstances any departure from the conventional position in front of the stage could have been possible in the latter half of the eighteenth century. A remarkable example is, however, on record. Judging from an inventory of the effects of the Crown Street Theatre in Dublin, made in June, 1776, that capacious house had formerly possessed a normal orchestra, with the usual row of spikes in front, terminated on each side with iron scroll work reaching to the stage boxes. Audiences were notoriously riotous in those days, and these precautions were taken at most theatres to prevent the more audacious from climbing over the stage. Allied with later corroborative evidence, the fact that the "Women's Wardrobe No. 9" in this inventory contained such items as "Iron spikes round the orchestra, two of them wanting," and "two pieces of iron scroll work, from the boxes to the stage," goes to show that the musicians at Crown Street had ceased to occupy their old position. Confirmation of this is afforded the inquirer by a description in *Saunders' Dublin Newsletter*, for Jan. 30, 1798, of the elaborate alterations and improvements just made in the old theatre by Frederick Jones, the new patentee. The old orchestra, we are told, had been thrown into the pit, "deepening the house the size of a box on each side." This means, if it means anything, that the musicians in Daly's time had been ranged along the two sides of the pit, after the system employed at Versailles in the performance of *Alceste* in 1674. Certain French architects still advocated the claims of this odd disposition under restricted conditions. In his important work, published in Paris in 1772 entitled "Suite de Projets détaillés de Salles de Spectacles Particulières, avec des Principes de Construction," G. P. M. Dumont demonstrates the method of constructing a small private theatre in the attic of a mansion, in a design inscribed "coupe d'une salle de Comédie au droit de l'avant scène, et des Orchestres placés sur les cotes, pour laisser en Vue libre aux Spectateurs." One must remember that in the eighteenth century the view from the pit in most public theatres was seriously obstructed by a row of ugly, smoking footlights, with obtrusive tin reflectors. The presence of the musicians in the orchestra accentuated this evil. That possibly was the main reason for their removal to the sides in Dublin, although the change in a theatre that was not simply a "salle de Comédie," but gave many semi-operatic performances, indicated how little individuality the orchestra yet possessed. True, a nominal conductor presided at the harpsichord or pianoforte, and the first violin led the band; but simultaneous control over singer and player was still lacking, and consequently the music could do little more than follow the voice. The genius of a Berlioz or a Wagner would have been paralyzed under such conditions; scientific orchestration was only rendered possible by the coming of the conductor with his wonder-working baton, in the second decade of the nineteenth century.

W. J. LAWRENCE.



THE FRENCH OPERA, ARIADNE, DRURY LANE, 1674

and as Dunton uses it without comment, we may assume that the thing indicated was lacking in the merit of uniqueness.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century, mainly owing to the growing popularity of opera, the principle of "the orchestra" had become firmly established in London, and only in rare instances (such as the performances of oratorios in the theatres) were departures from the rule made. An exception occurred when Eccles' non-scenic masque, *The Judgment of Paris*, was performed at the Dorset Garden's Theatre in March, 1701, and when the eighty odd executants were seated on the stage. In a letter describing this performance, Congreve, who had supplied the libretto, wrote: "The place where formerly the music used to play, between the pit and the stage, was turned into White's chocolate house, the whole family being transplanted thither with chocolate, cooled drinks, ratafia, portico, etc., which everybody that would call for, the entire expense being defrayed by the subscribers." One remarks that Congreve fights shy here of using the word "orchestra," which apparently did not begin to receive its modern accepted sense in England until Gay so used it in 1720, and Swift a few years later in "Martin Scriblerus." The temporary debasement of the locality at Dorset Gardens in 1701 into a refreshment stall recalls

came to say "the manager is an owl," in delivering Garrick's fable epilogue, the famous Harlequin turned to a friend and whispered: "He means me." Little Davy himself soon came to follow Rich's example; an "Ode to Garrick," published in *The London Magazine* for June, 1749, alludes to his habit of "sitting in the Musick-box" at the play. According to Park, Roscius not only retained his own private box at Drury Lane after his retirement, but still went on occasion to his old seat among the musicians. "When his own afterpiece," we are told, "called The Jubilee was acted, in which there was a pointed allusion to himself, he invariably sat in the orchestra. As soon as Garrick appeared there all eyes were directed toward him, the actors being for a while forgotten. While the compliment to himself was delivering, the little man, with much apparent modesty, bent forwards, held his head a little down, and smiled, saying, as it were, 'Oh, this is too much,' though he had written it himself; and when the gaze and admiration of the audience had subsided, he coolly retired to his box for the remainder of the evening." It is said that when Mrs. Siddons blossomed into fame at Drury Lane in 1782, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the manager, contrived to give a slip to her attractions by making it fashionable for persons of distinction of both sexes to



Photo by Paul, N. Y.
MAY STEWART



A BUSY NEIGHBORHOOD

This photograph, taken by Fred Schrader, of Belasco's press staff, shows L. J. Anhalt, business-manager for David Belasco; W. G. Smyth, booking agent for David Belasco; Charles Breck, dramatic editor of the *Pittsburgh Gazette*; Charles Emerson Cook, general press representative for David Belasco; Brandon Tyman and

Tom Kirk, manager of the Nixon Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa. The subjects were posed in front of the stage entrance to the Belasco Theatre, immediately adjacent to the stage entrance to Hammerstein's Victoria. The Vanderbilt bill in the upper right corner refers to the programme at Mr. Hammerstein's house, not at the Belasco.



Photo White, N. Y.
BERTHA BLANCHARD

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR



Photo by Bangs, N. Y.

HARRY GILLESPIE BATES.

Harry Gillespie Bates, whose picture appears elsewhere, is thirty-four years old, and has been a character actor since his fifteenth year. If he has a favorite character it is the "coon part," and, as he is a native of Knoxville, Tenn., he has had opportunity to study the characteristics of the negro from his earliest days. He has played in stock, concertoratorio, minstrel and sung in comic opera. His work of recent years has been with the Spooner Stock company, Portland (Maine). Stock companies: Hearts of the Blue Ridge, Lover's Lane, The Fatal Wedding, in the Land of Cotton, Sam Houston, and, of course, The Volunteer Organist. Last summer he was in Birmingham with the Armory Stock company, and this summer he is under the management of the Kirk La Salle company in The Virginian, now playing in the South.

FRANK COOMBS AND MURIEL STONE.

Frank Coombs and Muriel Stone, in The Last of the Tramps, although comparatively new to vaudeville, have created much favorable comment by the excellent character of their offering and their work in it. Probably the most attractive feature of the act is the unusual tenor voice of Mr. Coombs, the sweet and sympathetic qualities of which are displayed to advantage in several high-class songs.

J. PALMER COLLINS.

A cut of J. Palmer Collins appears in this issue. The wonderful success Mr. Collins has made in the part of Lachlan Campbell made famous by J. H. Bernard is another instance of how patient, earnest effort, years of close study, and unceasing application to a profession which is often disengaging, will bring a rich reward in time. Mr. Collins always knows as an actor of ability, who may be said to have awoke one morning to find himself famous when Mr. Studdart was taken sick in Galt, Ont., with several weeks of his season yet to be played. Mr. Collins, who was then playing Mr. Clure, jumped in and saved the day. The season was continued, and Mr. Collins not only found his opportunity, but earned the gratitude of his managers as well. He has remained at the head of The Bonnie Brier Bush ever since, and his name, particularly through Canada, is

now well known. Morris, Shipman and Calvin, who are managing Mr. Collins, are now negotiating for a play to star Mr. Collins in when The Bonnie Brier Bush is no longer a drawing card.

KELLAR AND THURSTON.

Kellar, famed the world over as one of the most remarkable magicians of any age, is now making his farewell tour, and will retire permanently from the stage at the end of his present season. Keller has been on the stage for forty-seven years, during which time he has had phenomenal and unparalleled success. He has now arrived at the time in life when he sees fit to dictate his terms, and is introducing to the world Howard Thurston as his successor. The tour is being made over a route including the principal American cities, and Keller and Thurston are each experiencing the most enthusiastic receptions of their lives; this, notwithstanding the depression in the financial world. They are giving the most sensational performances ever presented by them, augmented with European and Oriental creations. The company is under the direction of Dudley Meadow, with Stair and Havlin, 2441 Broadway, New York city.

LITTLE GEORGE EDWARDS

"Little" George Edwards is in his second season as Mose in Nixon and Zimmerman's Simple Simon Simple. The hit of the comedy is said to be made by diminutive George Edwards in this character.

MCMAHON AND CHAPPELLE.

Tim McMahon and Edythe Chappelle have been enjoying a very successful season with their Pullman Act. Mrs. Chappelle singing in the leading vaudeville houses, incidental to the act. McMahon and Chappelle introduce their original and amazing sketch Why Biddy Missed the Train, in which only the most up-to-date jokes are used. They are assisted by eight girls, all of whom have been carefully trained by Mr. McMahon in pleasing songs, dances and marches. The turn has been characterized as "the biggest, gayest,



ED VAN VECHTEN

funniest, costliest, girl Novelty in vaudeville." Special scenery of a very elaborate nature is carried, and the act is under Mr. McMahon's constant supervision. Another novelty, called McMahon's Pumpkin Party, is in preparation, and bids fair to rival, if not excel, his previous efforts.

ED. VAN VECHTEN.

Ed. Van Vechten finds time between rehearsals and performances to pose for Remington, Keller, and other artists. Mr. Keller's paintings of "David, King of the Jews," for which Mr. Van Vechten posed are reproduced in the Christmas number of "Munsey's Magazine."

WILLIAM HAYWARD CLAIRE.

William Hayward Claire, a promising young leading man whose picture occupies the title page, is an actor

who has a brilliant future. He is tall, of commanding appearance, graceful bearing, a charming personality and an abundance of magnetism, a combination of qualities rarely found in the young actor today. The "Cleveland Plain Dealer" in a recent criticism of his work, writes of his having "the softest Southern voice in the world." Mr. Claire has been very successful in the dramatic field, having been connected with the Belasco, Frohman and Savage productions, and is now contemplating a tour in vaudeville. Cecilia de Mille, the well-known young writer, has written a sketch called Brothers at Arms, which Mr. Claire will produce next season. He may be addressed care of Wales Winter, suite 11, Empire Theatre Building.

WILLIAM STUART AND ANNA HOLINGER.

William Stuart and Anna Hollinger are two capable and well-known young players who have had much excellent experience with the leading stars and leading attractions. For several years they have associated with the best stock companies in this country, and are now on their fourth tour with the Charles E. Blaney Amusement Company. Miss Hollinger has originated a variety of leading roles, and Mr. Stuart is especially known for his eccentric comedy work.

THE DAVID BELASCO INTERESTS.

The season of 1907-1908 has been another highly successful one for David Belasco. Mr. Belasco has opened to the public the Stuyvesant Theatre, one of the finest, the most comfortable and most modernly equipped theatres in America. The theatre in its detailed construction is highly characteristic of the man that built it. It is needless to say that the house has been a complete success. The house opened with David Warfield in A Grand Army Man, which attraction is still holding forth there, and which will continue to do so as long as David War-



CONKLIN AND ROSS

field chooses to play in it. Blanche Bates is making her farewell appearances in The Girl of the Golden West. Frances Starr is on tour with The Rose of the Ranch. The Warwicks of Virginia, with Charlotte Walker and Frank Kavan, is playing at the Belasco Theatre.

ESTELLE WORDETTE.

Estelle Wordette is still playing her original sketches A Honeymoon in the Catskills and When a Cat's Away. They are both made for laughing purposes only, and judging by the way Miss Wordette and her company are in demand by managers they must certainly fill the bill. For the past two years the Wordette co. has been playing continuously and they are still on it. Miss Wordette is working on a new sketch for herself and is also considering one from a well-known author. She is in receipt of a flattering offer for a starring tour under the management of Julius Hurtig, and is giving the matter serious consideration.



GRACE HAZARD

"Five Feet of Comic Opera."

To all my friends, both far and near,
I wish a happy, prosperous year.

JOHN F. FERNLOCK AND NINA CARLETON.

John F. Fernlock, who has made himself prominent playing heavies and characters in various companies, is now playing the part of Lieutenant Brightly in the Eastern Flaming Arrow company, under the management of Lincoln J. Carter. Mr. Fernlock is on the lookout for a good offer for next season. Nina Carlton (Mrs. John F. Fernlock) is at present in vaudeville with Louis Muller and company. Miss Carlton has played leads in vaudeville for some time and has made a name for herself. She likewise invites offers for next season.

PEARL EVANS.

Pearl Evans, after several seasons of stock and vaudeville, is playing the ingenue role of Miss Gladys in Diamond and Gladys' Phantom Detective company this season. She is introducing a singing and talking specialty, meeting with much success, particularly in her "I Tag Along" number, which is filled with original "business" and which never fails to gain many roars. Miss Evans has been aptly christened the "Singing Ingenue," which title is very appropriate, as the young lady has a remarkable singing voice.

A. H. WOODS' PRODUCTIONS.

A. H. Woods this season is living up to his reputation for having in his bookings all that's good in melodrama. Stair and Havlin are the booking directors for the A. H. Woods' productions, and they have already announced that they now have in preparation fourteen big melodramas for next season; and if they are equal to those which are now on the road under their management, there is no reason why the new season in the future should not be as successful as they have been in the past, and it is safe to say that they undoubtedly will.



Photo Bell, N. Y.

FRANK COOMBS AND MURIEL STONE



ESTELLE WORDETTE.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

CONKLIN AND ROSS.

Robert E. Conklin and Gladys E. Ross have joined hands in forming a singing and dancing team, and invite others to play small parts and do their specialty. Good or reportable managers looking for responsible people at a reasonable salary would do well to communicate with R. E. Conklin, 110 Hardenbrook Avenue, Jamaica, N. Y.

W. B. PATTON.

W. B. Patton, known as the Peculiar Comedian, is pictured on this page, as he will appear next season in his new play, "The Blackhead." The character of Professor Steele is unique and original, and the play, a comedy drama, entirely out of the ordinary. This agrees with Mr. Patton's appearing in his Western play.

Anne in "Anne and the Archduke," Eva in "The Wedding of Eva," Hilda in "An American Geisha," the Girl in "The Girl in Waiting," and the leads in "A Society Fellowship" and "The Girl in the Garden." In this way Miss Head came directly under the observation of the Shuberts, who were so impressed with her work that they offered her the position of leading woman with E. H. Sothern. She received several other excellent offers, but decided to sign with Mr. Sothern, in order to receive the benefit of the classical training.

HELEN WHITMAN.

Helen Whitman is this season with Digby Bell in "Shore Acres," playing the part of Ann Berry, the woman whom Uncle Nat has silently loved all his life. Her work in the role is excellent, meeting with



Photo by Hall, N. Y.

PAULINE FLETCHER.

Pauline Fletcher, now with "The Street Singer," is a young actress of considerable experience, having played leading business in stock companies in Philadelphia, Chicago, and New Orleans. Very few young actresses can claim to have played a longer list of difficult roles. Miss Fletcher has been noticed favorably by the press for her elaborate gowns, artistic impersonations and tall, graceful appearance. She is negotiating for a starring engagement next year.

HORACE RUSHBY.

Horace Rushby, whose characteristic picture as Cy Prime in "The Old Homestead," appears in this number, is another living proof that the minstrelsy of the old days was indeed a thorough school. Mr. Rushby was a favorite tenor in the great minstrel companies of the past, and was a member of the famed "Mastodons." Some of the best character work of Mr. Rushby is his personation of the Judge



CHARLES R. HANFORD

The "Slow Poke," which is even exceeding its success of last year. He still continues under the management of J. M. Stout, with whom he has been connected for the past seven years. The firm of MacKey and Patton has taken attractions on the road this season. The Shubert's "The Slow Poke," and W. H. MacKey in "When We Were Friends."

TERESA MILLER.

Teresa Miller is playing as Blessing Hopkins and Ned Brown, a dual role, in W. F. Mann's production of "Shadowed by Three." She is winning much praise from the press and public for her work in

the commendation of press and public everywhere. Miss Whitman's versatility is remarkable, and her range of roles runs from the clinging weeping heroine and effervescent ingenue to the勇敢的 adventures, lovable matron and tragic queen.

LOUISE LE BARON.

Louise Le Baron is filling a prime donna position with the Stock Opera company at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston. She has been an immense favorite for the several months she has been in that city, and last month, owing to a general request, she was tendered a testimonial benefit, which served to bring



CHARLOTTE HUNTINGTON

artistically received wherever they go. Their recent engagement at the Broadway and other New York theatres in the Rogers Brothers in Panama made them many new friends.

CHARLOTTE HUNTINGTON.

Charlotte Huntington has made rapid progress in the short time she has been in the profession. She is petite and dainty, and her work shows rare versatility combined with dramatic power. The last two seasons she has been with Western drama. She has shown herself to be no less strong and convincing in the portrayal of the natural abandon of the modern girl than in the delineation of such an intensely human and sympathetic character as Anna in "Way Down East."



CLARA MATHES.

As usual, the portrait of Clara Matthes appears in the Christmas number of *The Mirror*. During the present season this popular actress is, as she expresses it: "Taking the rest role in one play." She will accept a stock engagement for next summer. Miss Matthes began her theatrical career in Berlin, where her mother was a dramatic leading woman. Some of her best known successes are *Nell Gwynne*, *Juliet*, *Lucretia Borgia*, and *Camille*. In several recent successes she has been very favorably noticed.

LOW'S STEAMSHIP AGENCY.

Edwin H. Low's Steamship Agency issues a "List of Sailings" monthly, which will be sent free upon application. The agency was established in 1888.

SANFORD DODGE.

Sanford Dodge, whose illusions appear in this issue, is now enjoying a very successful season in Shakespearean and classical tragedies and comedies. His reputation in all the cities he has visited this season has been most flattering from an artistic, as well as a financial, standpoint. Some of his favorite characters are: Hamlet, D'Artagnan, Shylock, Don Caesar De Bassa, Macbeth, Romeo, Virgilius, Lucretia, Petruchio, the Gladiator, Moretta, Richard III, Damon, and many of the other classic and romantic parts. Mr. Dodge hopes to visit New York soon.



HORACE RUSHBY

In Richard Golden's "Old Joe Prenty and his Cy Prime" in Deacon Thompson's "The Old Homestead," in which character he is at present, and has been for some time appearing.

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE.

This well-known brand of whiskey has stood the test for years. It is a blend of straight rye whiskies absolutely pure and guaranteed under the national pure food law.

WALDO WHIPPLE.

"Gone right out in one and sings, talks and makes 'em laugh, and dances, too. I swear, when I seen him set out that com and tramp I reckoned he'd make a good Yankee cut up." That's what they say about Waldo Whipple, who plays Hiram Swanson in Nixon and Zimmerman's "Simple Simon Simple company."

ARTHUR CHATTERDON.

Arthur Chatterdon is a young Western actor, who has recently come to the front as a stock leading man. At the Indiana Theatre, Marion, Ind., Mr. Chatterdon played a successful ten weeks engagement during the Summer. He has received good offers for the coming season. He is at present under the Popular Amusement Company's management.



Photo Young and Carl



TERESA MILLER

three parts, and has been re-engaged for season 1898-1899, to originate the leading role in "Meadow Brook Farm," under direction of W. F. Mann.

FLORENCE REED.

Florence Reed, whose picture appears in this issue, is one of the most promising actresses on the stage to-day. She is now in her fifth season in the profession, having made her debut after the death of her father, the late Roland Reed. Her training has been received solely in the stock company school, under the excellent direction of Malcolm Williams, in whose company she was leading woman for three years. Last season Miss Reed originated the leading roles in eight new plays that were being tried out for the Shuberts. Among these parts were:

together one of the largest audiences ever seen inside the Castle Square Theatre. Miss Le Baron possesses the talent which eventually lands an artist on the topmost rung of the ladder.

J. LOUIS UNGERER: THE INDIAN.

J. Louis Ungerer, the popular portrayer of Indian characters, is this season under the management of the J. L. Verones Amusement Company, successfully playing the part of Black Hawk in Lillian Merton's new play of "Bucco in Arizona."

GUS AND MAX ROGERS.

Gus and Max Rogers are playing a successful engagement this year in "Merry Brothers in Panama." These two well-known comedians are always entitled

Photo Young and Carl

ARTHUR CHATTERDON



Photo Young and Carl

SANFORD DODGE

WHEN ACTORS PLAY

THE performance of an actor upon the stage all others call play. He calls it work. He acts, he performs, he portrays, he renders a scene, but on the stage he never plays. The word as applied to his art of a mine he considers as inept as a recipe for bread-making would be for the criticism of a poem.

How players play, how they react from the strain of the week or the season; what is the counter irritant which they choose for the professional life which seems so easy and is so hard, entertains those who are close to their lives and interests those who are afar off.

Blanche Bates resembles Maude Adams in her hank for the smell of the earth and the new life that may be imbibed from sunshine and unadulterated ozone. Every Saturday night when Miss Bates is playing in New York, she drives straight to the Grand Central Station and catches the midnight train for Ossining. Ossining is a village chiefly known because there the prison of Sing Sing raises its gray walled challenge to offenders against the law. Miss Bates' farmer—she has no coachman, she doesn't want any—meets her at the station, and they drive in an old "buggy" through sleet or snow, or rain or wind, whatever the nine reason.

of the elements, past Sing Sing's high, gray turnera, and plunge into the open country, and Miss Bates always laughs her greeting to the boundary line of town and country.

"To-morrow I shall rest," she says. The guest who fancies that rest means a kimono, a novel and perhaps a cigarette, marvels next morning at the hostess's appearance in a Norfolk suit of storm serge, the brevity of whose skirt would appall Anthony Comstock, being quite long enough to meet her high-topped, rubber-soled wading boots.

"Want to see my cows?" she demands, and the determined gleam of her eye forbids the loungers by her fireside to confess a distaste for kine.

Miss Bates shows him not only the cows and horses, but introduces him to the pigs, and he is expected to show a due regard for fowl in the barnyard as well as on the table. And how Blanche Bates can walk in those high boots and that skirt that no Comstock ever designed! Having reached the highest hill within a radius of ten miles about Ossining, the visitor sees his hostess "take her deep breathing exercise." When she has "inhalation—count eight—hold the breath, count eight, exhale, count eight" at least twenty times, she

admits being "as tired as though I had worked all day." But no furtive glance of the visitors discloses any waiting car or trap, and they walk back again. And after the midday country dinner they walk again, and when they are eligible for a physician's certificate that he or she could walk no more for a week, their hostess relents and they drive for the rest of the day. So tired are they all that the Plymouth Rocks and the Cochin Chinas and Brahmas on Miss Bates' hen

roosts have scarcely put their heads under their wings before her tired guests have placed their heads upon their pillows.

That is the reason that persons whose names are blazon in letters of electric light above theatres on Broadway say "it's an good for you to go to Blanche Bates' farm as to Muldoon's, and as hard on you."

Less strenuous is a day spent with Maude Adams at her farm at Roskronkoma, L. I., or her Adirondack lodge at Oteoela Park. Miss Adams dislikes walking. She rides and drives and swims, all admirably, but walks as little as possible, "because I don't like to," is her

"Sandy Garth," her farm, is set with a fine back drop of the young walnut trees she planted four years ago, and has countless horses and dogs as "supernumeraries."

When not at play in the out-of-doors Miss Adams recreates in her library, or at her piano, for she is an admirable amateur musician. One further recreation is an expensive one. She has a fad for architecture, and gratifies it in the form of tearing down and rebuilding her homes. To build a new wing on a house is to Maude Adams the *summum bonum* of human enjoyment.

Francis Wilson by way of genuine recreation writes a book of memoirs. Dustin Farnum says the happiest moments of his life are spent lying in the bottom of a boat at Bucksport, Me.—lying there on his back all of a

Summer day, reading Marie Coroll's

Maclyn Arbuckle spends Winter and Summer vacations alike in a quaint, rambling house on the New York side of the St. Lawrence River, going out on snowshoes for a ten-miles' walk before breakfast in the winter, or dreaming, and sometimes snoring, the long Summer hours away in the guise of fishing. He draws good pictures and occasionally writes a play.

Henry Miller's pleasure is the development of his "Sky Meadow's" farm near Stamford, Conn.,

where he lives literally upon the heights, a jagged rock on the highest point of the place seeming to tear a rent in the sky.

William Gillette finds his greatest joy in his house-boat, *Folly*, which floats about the Sound on calm days as serenely as a fairy boat among lotus blooms. The strenuous world of dry land and long contracts never intrudes itself except in the person of Charles Frohman, as an occasional guest.

Rose Stahl rests by reading and answering letters. As with Ellen Terry, she always personally answers letters. The pleasantest of these letters she says, and since she receives so many her suitcase bulges with them.

Margaret Anglin's pleasures are not strenuous ones. "My favorite recreation—I wish I had more time to indulge in it"—she says, "is to lie on my back for an hour and think that I have nothing to do."

Julia Marlowe likes best to tramp, short-skirted, through the woods of her place in the Adirondacks with a couple of dogs at her heels, and next in the category of her pleasures is the hour alone every day with a book.

May Robson finds her pleasantest recreation in needlework. Between acts and during waits she can usually be found with some wobbly stuff in hand, and lap that will shortly evolve into something of beauty for household or personal adornment. Frances Star has a girlish enthusiasm for taxidermy and matinees.

Lillian Russell's fad is the buying of porcelain, an art on which she could write a book, if she chose. And she feels that a part of the joy of life has passed her by if she misses the season's races.

Virginia Harned's preferred pleasures are "evenings with clever people." Usually she gives these evenings herself—informal dinners from which she may have to slip quietly away to the theatre, or after-theatre suppers at her home near Central Park. At these functions no guest is wittier nor more brilliant than their charming hostess.

Ethel Barrymore believes that the best form of rest is to lie abed late. The chief pleasure she finds at her piano, alternately playing and dreaming of her girlish ambition, to become the world's greatest female pianist.

Her cousin, Georgie Drew Mendum, forgets the fatigues and the frivolities of life in reading the philosophy of India.

Blanche Walsh hurries to her country home

when it is from the town where she is playing even unreasonably accessible. There she forgets the theatre in the task of looking over household linens and having windows washed and in solemn adjurations to the caretaker. So congenial are these tasks that when she leaves the silence of her country place to go back to the city's roar there are tears of regret in her eyes. Miss Walsh has said, "The *Lilacs*," at Great Neck, L. I., and bought a handsome place at Wood's Holl, with Martha's Vineyard for a front and Bunnard's Bay

for a back yard.

Fritz Scheff is frankly fond of society. She likes to whirl from a luncheon to a tea and thence to a bridge-whist party and an early dinner.

Maxine Elliott relaxes from stage cares by dipping into smart society in London.

Billie Burke is by her frank admission a motor fiend. Billie Fisher belongs also to the guild who try to be content with flying on the ground until they can fly through the air. Billie can take apart and put together the little whir-cart that takes her back and forth to her cottage on Long Island.

Carlotta Nilon takes seriously her pleasures. If she has a fortnight unfilled she crosses to Paris to see Jane Hading act.

Amelia Summerville says her greatest fun is giving lectures on new beauty fads.

Willie Collier says the world never seems more than a mist kind of a planet except in those times when he is arranging a match game between the Willie Collier nine and some lesser three times three. It was DeWolf Hopper's fame as a baseball "fan" that caused some one to hand him the copy of "Casey at the Bat" the night he first recited it.

E. H. Sothern plays where he tolls—in his library.

Wilton Lackaye likes to exercise his constructive faculty in the building of strange, incongruous edifices in the backyards of his divers dwellings. The neighbors say that his language when the hammer goes astray, failing unintentionally and without malice and quite by mistake upon portions of his body, is such that they consider compelling him to apologize to the hammer. When these amusements or the hammer's vagaries have wearied him he goes back to the house and writes a poem.

Otis Skinner, to "get the poison of the theatre out of his system," takes long walks. The Lambs have equal odds up as to whether Otis Skinner or David Warfield be the better poisoner.



MARIE BATES



Photo, Otto Sarony, N. Y.

man. Mr. Warfield always walks to and from the theatre, be he three blocks or three miles from it.

"Take a long walk," he advises a friend, whether the friend be considering bankruptcy, matrimony or any other imprudence. It is his panacea for every ill, running the gamut of human ills, from toothache to spurned affection.

Robert Lorraine rides as assiduously as David Warfield walks.

Robert Edeson is an amateur carpenter, a better and more composed than Wilton Lackaye.

Bridge whist is the beginning and end and middle of all recreations for J. R. Dodson. He declares that it is the queen of pleasures.

Robert Mantell wishes that hay grew the year round, so that he might make hay every year as he does in July on his farm at Atlantic Highlands.

Louis James thinks no pleasure is comparable to sitting in a rocking chair on the back veranda, facing the Atlantic Ocean, of his home, "Liberty Hall," at Monmouth Beach. "A smoke, a stroll and a chat," is William Faverham's recipe for recreation.

CIBBER'S OPINIONS.

COLLEY CIBBER, in his *Dissertations*, says of Garrick: "Though I have as quick a perception of the merits of this actor as his greatest admirers, and have not less pleasure from his performance, when he condescends to pursue simple nature, yet I am not therefore to be blind to his studied tricks, his overindulgence for extravagant attitudes, frequent affected starts, convulsions, twitches, jolts of the body, sprawling of the fingers, snapping of the breast and pockets, his pantomimical manner of acting every word in a sentence, with a set of mechanical motions in constant use, the caricatures of gesture.

"If I may be allowed a conjecture concerning things before my own time, it shall be that the pantomimical excellencies of Rich gave rise to those extravagances. Garrick was undoubtedly a most diligent student of his art, and attended with severe assiduity both to the beauties and defects of his youthful contemporaries. Rich was then in his meridian, and a wonderful mimic:

atrical exhibitions. Men of genius have mostly been discovered in new plays. Auditors are so far from being capable of making a cool and dispassionate comparison between a young and an old performer that they constantly go, and especially to comedy, not with a picture in their minds how a character should be represented, but of the manner in which the same part has been performed by some celebrated actor. This is carried by the ignorant part of the audience to such excess that an actor who came out in the part of Mingo at Covent Garden was execrated because the garter, which hung down as a token of drunkenness, was on the wrong leg; that is, it was on the contrary leg to that on which Mr. Dibdin was accustomed to wear it, and consequently wrong. Original character, then, must in general establish the fame of players. It was his performance of *Lord Ogilby* which convinced everybody that Mr. King was an actor of great genius. Mr. Garrick and Mr. Colman were sensible of his merit before, or they would not have entrusted their play in his hands. On the performance of *Lord Ogilby*, the play of *The Clanchan*:

TO A MOLE.

O, mole on her lip,
Say, why don't you slip
Just half-an-inch downward, so slyly to slip
The honey that hangs on her pungent
mouth?
Such beauty were well worth a short journey
south!

Or, why don't you slide
Just a bit to one side,
Where, deep in a gloom, you're able to hide;
Or climb up the smooth, soft mount of her
cheek—
Like a rose-tinted glacier—extinction to seek
In the depths of her eye,
Where swift shadows lie,
Like mountain lake mirroring clouds in the sky?
The reason is not
That you are a blot—
No money could buy such a real "beauty spot"—
Your oddity fairly enhances the grace
And piety, too, of her beautiful face;
But, still, on my soul,
You're an impudent mole,
And when I behold you I scarce can control
The pressing temptation—(that's too good to
miss)—
Of trying to brush you away with a kiss.

WILLARD HOLCOMBE.

AN EARLY PRIMA DONNA.

THE first Italian woman vocalist in England appeared as far back as 1692, according to an advertisement in the *London Gazette* of that year. She sang at the concert given at York Buildings. The first concert, made up principally of Italian music, was given in 1693 by Signor Teal, the author of a treatise on singing which was much valued in the fashionable world, for even then Italian singing was in great repute. The "Italian lady" announced in 1692 as being so famous for her singing, was Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, the first Italian singer of any note who appeared in England. She went to England with a German musician of the name of Greber, and hence we find her in some of the musical squibs of the day called "Greber's Peg." She sang in the Italian operas and at concerts and other musical entertainments until the year 1718, when she retired and married the celebrated Dr. Pepusch. She was an excellent musician, being not only an accomplished singer, but an extraordinary performer on the harpsichord. She was so swarthy and ill-favored that her husband used to call her Hecate, a name to which she answered with perfect good humor; but her want of personal charms did not prevent her from enjoying the uninterrupted favor of the public. By her marriage with Dr. Pepusch she brought him a fortune of £10,000, a sum which, by relieving him from the daily cares and toils of his profession, enabled him to follow his favorite pursuit of learned researches into the history and antiquities of his art. The lady was much esteemed for her virtues as well as for her talents. Her sister came to England, and the ladies are mentioned in Swift's journal to Stella, "August 6, 1711. We have a music meeting in our town (Windsor) to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margherita and her sister, and another dish, and a parcel of soldiers. I was weary and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly."

GALLIC SUBMISSION.

AFTER the performance of *Hamlet* at the Théâtre Français in December, 1834, the audience called for Talma and Madame Duchesnois. For nearly half an hour no one appeared upon the stage; the clamor was deafening. At length Talma came forward, bowed and made his exit, like Banquo's ghost. This did not satisfy the audience, and they again began with cries for Duchesnois. The row was at its height when a little man with a blue snuff entered one of the boxes. In an instant all was hushed; the audience suspended its breath. The man was a comical figure of police. "In future," said the little man, "no actor will be suffered to comply with those calls of the audience, after the performance shall have terminated." The parterre was astounded. "Talma appeared," said one. "He did wrong," replied the little man; "the authorities have commanded as I have informed you, and if you wish to hear the afterpiece you will be silent." The chop-fallen audience sat down; the little man took snuff; and the entertainment proceeded without further interruption.

A POPULAR SONG.

ACCORDING to a learned writer on music, the origin of that well-known but rarely well-sung melody, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," is a greater mystery than the source of the Nile. Its age is certainly venerable, for when Napoleon's army was in Egypt in 1799, and the band struck up this tune, its effect on the Redouans was electrical. They leaped and shouted and embraced one another deliriously. They averred they were listening to the oldest and most popular tune of their people. It is thought that the melody was brought to Europe from the Dark Continent in the seventh century by the Crusaders. Although the tune has become associated in this country with that rebellious spirit which strong liquors engender, it is possible that it was intended to fulfill quite a different purpose. The jerkiness of the rhythm and the note of irresponsibility which are the salient characteristics of the melody, however, hardly warrant one belief that the song was originally an Egyptian funeral march.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

DREAM on, O dreamer of that mystic world
Where rainbow-tinted tears of Sorrow
glisten,
And Joy's rare gifts, and Passion's col-
ored fire
Soft mingle in the glamour of Love's dream.
Sing on, O sweetest singer of that realm
Where Music's lips touch Pity's, all alive—
Thy songs, thy drama, and rich imaginations
Shall lure us to thy Land of Soul's Desire.
L. G. MCCLUNG.

FLORENCE REED

"Nothing makes me so happy or rests me so much as acting," says Rose Stahl. "I've been so physically tired, so mentally harassed, that just to drive to the theatre and get ready for a part has been absolute torture; but once on the stage, everything and everybody is forgotten—swept away by the delicious wave of magnetic harmony on which a player's mind and soul seem to float out to an audience, receiving in return such a wondrous amount of sympathy that mind and body are rejuvenated and refreshed."

Robert Mantell takes most pleasure in his farm at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., where he divides the summer between studying Shakespearean roles and boating over in his favorite field.

James O'Neill, who would have been a priest had he not been an actor, amuses himself by visiting the parish houses where his priest friends reside and advising them as to their pastoral duties. "If I had been as my family intended me to be—Father O'Neill instead of James O'Neill—I should have done thus," he says to the brothers, who listen to his words with respectful attention.

Edwin Bruce likes best to play golf, and to sail into the teeth of a northern gale off a rough coast.

that Garrick, before his taste was mature, should think the expressive dumb show of Rich might be introduced with effect in stage dialogue is not surprising. Woodward, who had not Garrick's powers of pleasing without those adventitious trappings of false ornament, was unwilling to forego any means of obtaining applause; though his judgment might condemn his practice, as I have reason to suppose it did, for he was a man of strong sense and did not want motives. King, though not Woodward's equal as Harlequin, was his superior as an actor; for he obtained as much applause in a more correct and masterly style. He has likewise proved himself capable of more variety. Woodward was confined to fops, valets, or characters out of or beyond nature; in these latter, perhaps, he never had his peer; but King has gone a greater round—the sparkling wit, the sprightly rascal, the gay gentleman, the choleric and surly father, the worn out debaucher, the canting hypocrite, the arch valet and the impudent coxcomb, have successfully delighted the town when personated by Mr. King. I need but mention Witwoud, Ranger, Sir Anthony Absolute, etc., to recall a train of pleasing messes into the minds of all who have been accustomed to the

destine Marriage depended; for which reason Mr. Garrick, who wrote the character, intended to have played it himself, but being taken ill while it was in rehearsal, it was given to Mr. King; and though Mr. Garrick recovered soon enough to have resumed his part, he was so struck when he beheld Mr. King's conception and execution of it at rehearsal, that he owned he did not think he could perform it in so masterly a manner. Indeed, Mr. King's performance of that character has always been regarded as perfection itself by every judge of life, of manners and of the human heart. There is another species of character in which he is always behold with infinite pleasure. The benevolent misanthrope, when personated by him, is a most respectability, though apparently contradictory, being; and his performance stuns him with such reality that even those whose sphere of life has never brought them acquainted with such people, for they seldom exist but among the higher and refined ranks of society, are convinced of the fallacy and identity of the portrait.

The gentle Colley was a thorough critic of his contemporaries, praising their good and condemning their bad qualities unreservedly.

THE MATINEE GIRL

DON'T like people who don't like Christmas. I hear the charms of dissent, the "You don't mean it." But I do mean it. Mark that I did not say I don't like the people who dread Christmas. We all dread it to some extent in our particularities, even though not in our hearts. It has become the Old Man of the Sea of the holidays. The biggest purse in the world, crammed with the ugly new gold pieces fresh from the hideous pattern in the United States Mint cannot stretch over the vast territory of our fancied needs at Christmas. For at the great annual heartwarming we want to "remember" every one, especially those to whom we have seemed to be ourselves throughout the year. Perhaps this fact in itself is a valuable hint for next year. A little more consideration the next twelvemonths, and there will be less need of costly simulation on the Christmas of 1908.

It is the only season at which the number of our friends appalls us. Ninety-five friends and twenty-five dollars for gift money is a hard problem in mathematics. That it is which introduces the element of dread into our anticipation of the merry day. But to that problem as to all others we must bring as aids our courage and resolution. Memory is the kernel of the nut of Christmas. A wee card with a sprig of engraved holly and a "God bless you" on it has brought me more pleasure than an unexpectedly and unwarrantably expensive Christmas offering. "Remember" as many of your friends as possible, but let taste and self-restraint be the watchwords in your Christmas shopping. They are the only weapons to drive out "the dread of Christmas."

My dislike is for those persons who dislike Christmas.

To dislike Christmas argues that we have allowed the embers of human interests and affections to go out on the hearthstones of our lives. What if this twenty-fifth of December is duller and emptier for us than the last? We are tiny atoms in the swirl of the human universe, and if we can find no amusement within we can find much in looking out at the evolutions of the other atoms. If by any of the mischances of life there be a temporary ache in our own hearts this Natal Day we should not pass farther the undesirable gift. It is the day of all days when we should break down the walls of our prison of self. My best Christmas wish is that there be a general jail delivery from this worst of prisons.

More and more we are recognising that Christmas is the holiday of children, but it is the day on which we should all be children. We should approach it with the light and carefree heart of childhood, glad that the shop windows are more beautiful than ever, glad that in the sense of sight and the faculty of enjoyment all those wonderful sights are ours, glad that somewhere busy fingers and loving hearts are weaving and planning gifts, glad that every one is thinking not of himself, but of other selves on this day.

If there be no money in our purses there may be good wishes for all the big world in our hearts. If our own lives be lonely we should be great enough to be glad that there are many lives that have not known loneliness. And out of the deep well of brother or sister love for humanity will splash some drops of human love and kindness upon us.

"But it is different with us," mutters Mr. or Miss Mummer. "We have had a bad season. The management has not been appreciative. Seven weeks of one-night stands have broken our spirits and our hearts."

"We will be playing in a barn on Christmas Eve. On Christmas morning we will be up at four for an early jump. We will eat our Christmas dinner at midday at a twenty minutes' eating station. There will be no Christmas gifts from home because they will have been lost somewhere since the New York office changed our route."

A drear Christmas this, certainly. But will it not be quite as drear for every other member of the company? Have you anticipated this and tried to arrange for a some Christmas cheer for them? Is there a child in the company whom you can gladden, if only by a rag or a paper doll of your own manufacture? Was it not possible to stock the day coach with a few sprigs of holly and to sing a Christmas carol or two? Oh, there are resources outside a purse, and they dwell in a generous heart and a mind that is not wholly self-centred!

So, friends of the road, I wish you a Merry Christmas! Wherever you are I know that you can make it merry. Gilded it may not be, comfortable it may not be, but the merriment that has its source in the generous nature, the memory that is brief for griefs and long for joys, the power to adapt one's self to an environment, and to laugh at the burr-like discomforts of it, the talent for much laughter and few tears—this you have, because you are a player, and that is the reason that no matter where you are you may have a Merry Christmas.

¶

Some day there will be a special enactment that Frank Keenan shall not appear in any production that possesses a star. This provision will be made for the protection of stars, that their light may not be caused to pale into the collective radiance of a Milky Way.

It is not Mr. Keenan's fault that we are prone to forget the rightful star in following his movements about the boards. Quite unconsciously he does his work so well that the lime-light of our attention centres upon him. From that instant when his shabby gray coat flutters its challenge from the litter in which he is carried on the stage, to the moment when sitting in the shade of a realistic stage tree he half-marks at his daughter's sultry, "I don't like a hair of your head," then softens into a mood of relenting with, "But come back soon," we look only at him when he is on the stage, think only of him when he is off it.

He gets into the soul skin of the irascible, tender hearted Southern general, the lovable composite made up of equal parts of honey and red pepper, hypnotises us into an ardent affection for the man who fought as well as he loved, and who was big enough to forgive. We will remember General Warren as we remember Hand Kite and Josh Whitcomb and Lady Babbie and Harr Von Barwig, the characters we have enjoyed with the heart as much as with the brain. He is of that choice dramatic company that

forces us to laugh, though we struggle to be grave, and wrings tears from us when we would give all we possess to be cheerful.

Frank Keenan's face is clear cut, with delicate, though strong features, and an almost uncanny power of reflecting sentiment like emotions. When he played the scene with his daughter, in which he tries to compel her to give up some patches that will involve her lover, the face is so similes that it seems to hide murder. Yet in the same act it is softened by the tender feelings that dwell in the warmest chambers of a man's heart. What he can denote with his face, he denotes as well by his voice. One little instance of his surrender of his own will to his daughter's happiness, "the tag," reveals in fewer than ten dozen words, virulent hatred and fatherly affection.

There is no actor on the stage who makes fewer gestures. By him no flicker of an eyelash is wasted. His hands, small for a man, and thin, are utilized but twice for gestures in *The Warrens of Virginia*. Once their fingers work

nervously as any one who has had a stormy come in an office knows the fingers of a man who tries to repress his anger work. Again, they are flung aloft in the anguish of a bitter mood of despair.

The stamp of the rigid Belasco school of instruction is upon Charlotte Walker's acting in *The Warrens*. "Toss down, not up," we can almost hear the master adjure her. "Chin down and in. You are a woman, not a peasant." So in her acting we miss the shrill tones that we forgave her for her face. We miss, too, that exquisite line from point of chin to swell of bosom that some sculptor must have told her to preserve at the cost of all dramatic unities. Miss Walker secured it by pointing that chin toward the stars. Mr. Belasco has lowered the chin, as he has lowered the voice, to normal.

Her face bears the same bewitching resemblance to a wild rose at dew time as in the long period of her vicissitudes, when she considered going back to her Texas, because she believed it was easier to roundup a stampeding herd

than to build other than a beauty reputation on the Broadway stage. But the Belasco legend has it that she, before buying his closet to San Antonio, called upon David Belasco.

"For heaven's sake, take me!" she begged.

The result was *The Warrens of Virginia*, in which Miss Walker achieves the illusion of the actress, which is not to charm, but to make us feel.

To C. D. Waldrup, a youth of stalwart good looks, fell the heavy task of acting without the aid of speech. The young man has scarcely a "side" of lines. His aids in the difficult scenes in which he is forced to play the spy, a role at which his youthful heart of a hero relishes, are mainly posturing, and a pair of eyes, larger than the eyes of most men, and which he makes a whole vocabulary of woe.

For the doldrums you cannot do better than take a dose of Mrs. Charles G. Craig's *Sophie*. No trouble is strong enough to stand against fat, black Sophie's laugh.

THE MATINEE GIRL.

ART IN GREASE PAINTS

SOME of the unusual colors in the paintings of the old masters that have long been a mystery to the artists of modern times may have had their origin in a way not unlike that which has produced the rare and unusual coloring in the pictures made by a Broadway actor.

Maclyn Arbuckle is the actor in question, and he is interesting in more ways than as the star in *The Round Up*. He makes a grease-paint picture that cannot be surpassed for richness in coloring. For a long time Mr. Arbuckle kept the method of coloring his pictures a secret, and such artists as Frederick Remington and Harrison Fisher grew green with envy. His secret was at last explained and the mystery becomes the basis of an interesting story.

About seven or eight years ago Mr. Arbuckle was traveling with an attraction through the West. His company had arrived in a Western town that was alive with Indians and it was an easy matter to come in contact with one almost anywhere. Along about dusk in the afternoon Mr. Arbuckle wandered into a saloon to have a drink and talk with the bartender. The only other inhabitant of the saloon was an Indian, to Mr. Arbuckle one of the most interesting Indians he had ever seen. The Indian was sick and in a surly mood. To a person who has lived in the West it is not necessary to explain that an Indian very much dislikes having his picture drawn. To draw this Indian's picture, therefore, was a perilous undertaking.

"To me," said Mr. Arbuckle, "the spectacle that Indian made, huddled up in that chair, with the surly look on his face, was a too tempting sight, so I took a piece of paper out of my pocket and began to draw. The Indian scowled and reached for his gun. The bartender, giving me an anxious look, said, 'Say, pard, you'll have to cut that out.' I understood, and crumpled the paper in my hands. But I was determined to have that picture. A newspaper was lying on the bar and I saw I could draw him with my back turned by looking in the mirror. Turning to the bartender I acquainted him with my design. The bartender, by way of distracting attention, kept up a conversation while I got the outlines of that Indian's make-up. His many colored garb made such an impression upon my mind that I sought a coloring, after I returned to my dressing-room, in my grease-paints. The grease-paints answered the purpose all right, but one hot day the grease ran, and my picture was spoiled.

"Shortly afterwards I received a shirt from a laundry with a cardboard in it, placed there to hold it in shape. That Indian was so impressed upon my mind that I tried him again—this time on the cardboard. The next day when I looked at the picture I found the colors had changed into deeper hues. The paint had sunk in the cardboard leaving behind colors no artist's blends could develop. Now I do all my pictures on cardboard, and the effect is marvelous. That's how I came to draw grease-paint pictures."

Not the least interesting is the manner in which these pictures are painted. Mr. Arbuckle no longer uses an outline made by a pencil, but smears a stick of grease-paint on the cardboard and works it out with his fingers. No brush is used. To see him working one might think his object was a mud pie, but the result is quite a different thing. In the case of the Indian head, reproduced here, a stick of black grease-paint was smeared upon the cardboard. From the face the black was wiped away and other colors added to give the proper texture to the skin. The blanket and other parts were likewise treated with different colors until the desired shade was produced. The hair is a coal-black, the face a copper color and the blanket is a deep red.

On being requested to give an explanation of his method of drawing, Mr. Arbuckle said:

"How do I do it? With my fingers—a separate finger for each color. First I smear a stick of grease-paint on the cardboard. Sometimes it's black, sometimes red, as the subject demands. Then, with my fingers, I touch it up, with red here and yellow there, making a nose or an eye in this way, wherever necessary. The picture on cardboard is made the same way in which I would go about making up my face. I find these pictures grow richer and deeper in colors as they mature with age."

With the exception of a red bandanna handkerchief, which adorned his head, the picture shown here is a reproduction of the sick, surly Indian, as he sat in that saloon out West, several years ago.

Mr. Arbuckle lays no claim to being an artist. He has never taken a lesson in drawing in his life. But simply to divert himself at times he draws these grease-paint pictures, the coloring of which aroused the curiosity of artists wherever his work was known.

Maybe the painters of old were not so skillful in the blending of colors, which artists of the present day are unable to reproduce, but had some secret of blending, which was more the result of nature, rather than art, and might be explained in a way not unlike that which explains the coloring in the remarkable

grease-paint pictures by this well-known actor.

Maclyn Arbuckle is a Texan by birth. Much of his education was obtained in school at Glasgow, Scotland, and in Boston. It was the wish of his parents that he should become a clergyman, but such an occupation was not to his liking, and he left school and returned home.

The elder Arbuckle then placed his son in line to become a physician, by securing for him a position in a local drug store. He mixed wrong syrups and broke so many bottles that he was thought more aptly employed in a hardware store. One week settled the hardware business, after which he was employed by his father as manager of a stock farm. This work suited him, but his father had higher aims for him and he was placed in a banking house in Dallas. This work he could not endure, and he went to Texarkana, where he entered a law office and began to study law. He was admitted to the bar and a few years later ran for justice of the peace. He was defeated, and it was then that he began to look to the stage as his natural field of endeavor. He had long been a student of Shakespeare, and when Peter Baker, the German comedian, came his way he joined his forces. And this was the beginning of the theatrical career of this versatile actor, who can do many things besides act and make grease-paint pictures.



THE SICK INDIAN

Grease Paint Sketch by Maclyn Arbuckle

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

ition. Mr. Warfield always walks to and from the theatre, be he three blocks or three miles from it.

"Take a long walk," he advises a friend, whether the friend be considering bankruptcy, matrimony or any other imprudence. It is his panacea for every ill, running the gamut of human ills, from toothache to spurned affection.

Robert Loraine rides as audiously as David Warfield walks.

Robert Edeson is an amateur carpenter, a better and more composed than Wilton Lockhart.

Bridge-whist is the beginning and end and middle of all recreations for J. B. Dodson. He declares that it is the queen of pleasures.

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Louis James thinks no pleasure is comparable to sitting in a rocking chair on the back veranda, facing the Atlantic Ocean, of his home, "Liberty Hall," at Monmouth Beach. "A smoke, a stroll and a chat," is William Faversham's recipe for recreation.

CIBBER'S OPINIONS.

COLLEY CIBBER, in his *Discourses*, says of Garrick, "Though I have as quick a perception of the merits of this actor as his greatest admirer, and have not less pleasure from his performance, when he condescends to pursue simple nature, yet I am not so far from being capable of making a cool and dispassionate comparison between a young and an old performer that they constantly go, and especially to comedy, not with a picture in their minds how a character should be represented, but of the manner in which the same part has been performed by some celebrated actor. This is carried by the ignorant part of the audience to such excess that an actor who came out in the part of Mingo at Covent Garden was execrated because the garter, which hung down as a token of drumbeaten, was on the wrong leg; that is, it was on the contrary leg to that on which Mr. Dibdin was accustomed to wear it, and consequently wrong. Original characters, then, must in general establish the fame of players. It was his performance of *Lord Ogilby* which convinced everybody that Mr. King was an actor of great genius. Mr. Garrick and Mr. Colman were sensible of his merit before, or they would not have entrusted their play in his hands. On the performance of *Lord Ogilby*, the play of *The Cland-*

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TO A MOLE.

One mole on her lip,
Say, why don't you slip
Just half-an-inch downward, as slyly as slip
The honey that hangs on her pomegranate
month?

Such beauty were well worth a short journey south!

Or, why don't you slide
Just a bit to one side,
Where, deep in a crevice, you're safe to hide;
Or climb up the smooth, satin mount of her cheek—

Like a rose-tinted gladiolus—ascension to seek
In the depths of her eye,
Where swift shadows lie,
Like mountains lake mirroring clouds in the sky?

The reason is not
That you are a blot—
No money could buy such a real "beauty spot"—
Your oddity fairly enhances the grace
And pliancy, too, of her beautiful face;
But, still, on my soul,
You're an impudent mole,
And when I behold you I scarce can control
The pressing temptation—(that's too good to
miss)—
Of trying to brush you away with a kiss.

WILLARD HOLCOMBE.

AN EARLY PRIMA DONNA.

THE first Italian woman vocalist in England appeared as far back as 1692, according to an advertisement in the *London Gazette* of that year. She sang at the concerts given at York Buildings. The first concert, made up principally of Italian music, was given in 1693 by Signor Tos, the author of a treatise on singing which was much valued in the fashionable world, for even then Italian singing was in great repute. The "Italian lady" announced in 1692 as being so famous for her singing, was Francesca Margherita de l'Espine, the first Italian singer of any note who appeared in England. She went to England with a German musician of the name of Gruber, and hence we find her in some of the musical squibs of the day called "Gruber's Peg." She sang in the Italian operas and at concerts and other musical entertainments until the year 1718, when she retired and married the celebrated Dr. Pepusch. She was an excellent musician, being not only an accomplished singer, but an extraordinary performer on the harpsichord. She was so swarthy and ill-favored that her husband used to call her Hecate, a name to which she answered with perfect good humor; but her want of personal charms did not prevent her from enjoying the uninterrupted favor of the public. By her marriage with Dr. Pepusch she brought him a fortune of £10,000, a sum which, by removing him from the daily cares and toils of his profession, enabled him to follow his favorite pursuit of learned researches into the history and antiquities of his art. The lady was much esteemed for her virtues as well as for her talents. Her sister came to England, and the ladies are mentioned in Swift's *Journal to Stella*, "August 6, 1711. We have a music meeting in our town (Windsor) to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margherita and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers. I was weary and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly."

GALLIC SUBMISSION.

AFTER the performance of *Hamlet* at the Théâtre Français in December, 1824, the audience called for Talma and Madame Duchesnois. For nearly half an hour no one appeared upon the stage; the clamor was deafening. At length Talma came forward, bowed and made his exit, like Banquo's ghost. This did not satisfy the audience, and they again began with cries for Duchesnois. The row was at its height when a little man with a blue sash entered one of the boxes. In an instant all was hushed; the audience suspended its breath. The man was a comical figure of police. "In future," said the little man, "no actor will be suffered to comply with those calls of the audience, after the performance shall have terminated." The parterre was aghast. "Talma appeared," said one. "He did wrong," replied the little man; "the authorities have commanded as I have informed you, and if you wish to hear the afterpiece you will be silent." The chop-fallen audience sat down; the little man took snuff; and the entertainment proceeded without further interruption.

A POPULAR SONG.

ACCORDING to a learned writer on music, the origin of that well-known but rarely well-sung melody, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," is a greater mystery than the source of the Nile. Its age is certainly venerable, for when Napoleon's army was in Egypt in 1798, and the band struck up this tune, its effect on the Bedouins was electrical. They leaped and shouted and embraced one another delightedly. They swerved they were listening to the oldest and most popular tune of their people. It is thought that the melody was brought to Europe from the Dark Continent in the seventh century by the Crusaders. Although the tune has become associated in this country with that rebellious spirit which strong liquors engender, it is possible that it was intended to fulfill quite a different purpose. The jerkiness of the rhythm and the note of irresponsibility which are the salient characteristics of the melody, however, hardly warrant one belief that the song was originally an Egyptian funeral march.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

DREAM on, O dreamer of that mystic world
Where rainbow-tinted tears of Sorrow
glisten,
And Joy's rare gifts, and Passion's col-
oured fire
Soft mingle in the glamour of Love's dream.
Sing on, O sweetest singer of that realm
Where Music's lips touch Pity's, all aires—
Thy songs, thy dreams, and rich imaginations
Shall lure us to thy Land of Soul's Desire.

L. G. McCLELLAN.

FLORENCE REED

"Nothing makes me so happy or rests me so much as acting," says Rose Stahl. "I've been so physically tired, so mentally harassed, that just to drive to the theatre and get ready for a part has been absolute torture; but once on the stage, everything and everybody is forgotten—swept away by the delicious wave of magnetic harmony on which a player's mind and soul seem to float out to an audience, receiving in return such a wondrous amount of sympathy that mind and body are rejuvenated and refreshed."

Robert Mantell takes most pleasure in his farm at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., where he divides the summer between studying Shakespearean roles and hoing corn in his favorite field.

James O'Neill, who would have been a priest had he not been an actor, amuses himself by visiting the parish houses where his priest friends reside and advising them as to their parochial duties. "If I had been as my family intended me to be—Father O'Neill instead of James O'Neill—I should have done thus," he says to the brothers, who listen to his words with respectful attention.

Edwin Booth likes best to play golf, and to sail into the teeth of a northern gale off a rough coast.

ADA PATTERSON.

that Garrick, before his taste was mature, should think the expressive dumb show of Rich might be introduced with effect in stage dialogue is not surprising. Woodward, who had not Garrick's powers of pleasing without those adventitious trappings of false ornament, was unwilling to forgo any means of obtaining applause; though his judgment might condemn his practice, as I have reason to suppose it did, for he was a man of strong sense and did not want monitors. King, though not Woodward's equal as Harlequin, was his superior as an actor; for he obtained as much applause in a more correct and masterly style. He has likewise proved himself capable of more variety. Woodward was confined to fops, valets or characters out of or beyond nature; in these latter, perhaps, he never had his peer; but King has gone a greater round—the sparkling wit, the sprightly ruse, the gay gentleman, the choleric and surly father, the worn out debauchee, the canting hypocrite, the arch valet and the impudent coxcomb, have successfully delighted the town when personated by Mr. King. I need but mention Witwoud, Hanger, Sir Anthony Almofit, etc., to recall a train of pleasing ideas into the minds of all who have been accustomed to the

destine Marriage depended; for which reason Mr. Garrick, who wrote the character, intended to have played it himself, but being taken ill while it was in rehearsal, it was given to Mr. King; and though Mr. Garrick recovered soon enough to have resumed his part, he was so struck when he beheld Mr. King's conception and execution of it at rehearsal, that he owned he did not think he could perform it in so masterly a manner. Indeed, Mr. King's performances of that character has always been regarded as perfection itself by every judge of life, of manners and of the human heart. There is another species of character in which he is always beheld with infinite pleasure. The benevolent misanthrope, when personated by him, is a most respectable, though apparently contradictory, being; and his performance stuns him with such reality that even those whose sphere of life has never brought them acquainted with such people, for they seldom exist but among the higher and refined ranks of society, are convinced of the fidelity and identity of the portrait.

The gentle Colley was a thorough critic of his contemporaries, praising their good and condemning their bad qualities unreservedly.

THE MATINEE GIRL

DON'T like people who don't like Christmas. I hear the chorus of dissent, the "You don't mean it." But I do mean it. Mark that I did not say I don't like the people who dread Christmas. We all dread it to some extent in our pocketbooks, even though not in our hearts. It has become the Old Man of the Sea of the holidays. The biggest pence in the world, crammed with the ugly new gold pieces fresh from the hideous pattern in the United States Mint cannot stretch over the vast territory of our fancied needs at Christmas. Yet at the great annual heartwarming we want to "remember" every one, especially those to whom we have seemed to be careless throughout the year. Perhaps this fact in itself is a valuable hint for next year. A little more consideration the next twelvemonths, and there will be less need of costly abolution on the Christmas of 1908.

It is the only season at which the number of our friends appeals us. Ninety-five friends and twenty-five dollars for gift money is a hard problem in mathematics. That it is which introduces the element of dread into our anticipation of the merry day. But to that problem as to all others we must bring an aids our courage and resolution. Memory is the kernel of the nut of Christmas. A wee card with a sprig of engraved holly and a "God bless you" on it has brought me more pleasure than an unexpectedly and unwarrantably expensive Christmas offering. "Remember" as many of your friends as possible, but let taste and self-restraint be the watchwords in your Christmas shopping. They are the only weapons to drive out "the dread of Christmas."

My dislike is for those persons who dislike Christmas.

To dislike Christmas argues that we have allowed the embers of human interests and affections to go out on the hearthstones of our lives. What if this twenty-fifth of December is duller and emptier for us than the last? We are tiny atoms in the swirl of the human universe, and if we can find no amusement within we can find much in looking out at the evolutions of the other atoms. If by any of the mischances of life there be a temporary ache in our own hearts this Natal Day we should not pass farther the undesirable gift. It is the day of all days when we should break down the walls of our prison of self. My best Christmas wish is that there be a general jail delivery from this worst of prisons.

More and more we are recognizing that Christmas is the holiday of children, but it is the day on which we should all be children. We should approach it with the light and careless heart of childhood, glad that the shop windows are more beautiful than ever, glad that in the sense of sight and the faculty of enjoyment all those wonderful sights are ours, glad that somewhere busy fingers and loving hearts are weaving and planning gifts, glad that every one is thinking not of himself, but of other selves on this day.

If there be no money in our purses there may be good wishes for all the big world in our hearts. If our own lives be lonely we should be great enough to be glad that there are many lives that have not known loneliness. And out of the deep well of brother or sister love for humanity will splash some drops of human love and kindness upon us.

"But it is different with us," mutters Mr. or Miss Mummer. "We have had a bad season. The management has not been appreciative. Seven weeks of one-night stands have broken our spirits and our hearts.

"We will be playing in a barn on Christmas Eve. On Christmas morning we will be up at four for an early jump. We will eat our Christmas dinner at midday at a twenty minutes' eating station. There will be no Christmas gifts from home because they will have been lost somewhere since the New York office changed our route."

A drear Christmas this, certainly. But will it not be quite as drear for every other member of the company? Have you anticipated this and tried to arrange for a some Christmas cheer for them? Is there a child in the company whom you can gladden, if only by a rag or a paper doll of your own manufacture? Was it not possible to stock the day coach with a few sprigs of holly and to sing a Christmas carol or two? Oh, there are resources outside a purse, and they dwell in a generous heart and a mind that is not wholly self-centred!

So, friends of the road, I wish you a Merry Christmas! Wherever you are I know that you can make it merry. Gladdened it may not be, comfortable it may not be, but the merriment that has its source in the generous nature, the memory that is brief for griefs and long for joys, the power to adapt one's self to an environment, and to laugh at the burr-like discomforts of it, the talent for much laughter and few tears—this you have, because you are a player, and that is the reason that no matter where you are you may have a Merry Christmas.

•

Some day there will be a special enactment that Frank Keenan shall not appear in any production that possesses a star. This provision will be made for the protection of stars, that their light may not be caused to pale into the collective refuge of a Milky Way.

It is not Mr. Keenan's fault that we are prone to forget the rightful star in following his movements about the boards. Quite unconsciously he does his work so well that the lime-light of our attention centres upon him. From that instant when his shabby gray coat flutters its challenge from the litter in which he is carried on the stage, to the moment when sitting in the shade of a realistic stage tree he half-smiles at his daughter's suitor, "I don't like a hair of your head," then softens into a mood of relenting with, "But come back soon," we look only at him when he is on the stage, think only of him when he is off it.

He gets into the soul skin of the irascible, tender-hearted Southern general, the lovable composite made up of equal parts of honey and red pepper, hypnotizes us into an ardent affection for the man who fought as well as he loved, and who was big enough to forgive. We will remember General Warren as we remember Haas Kirk and Josh Whitcomb and Lady Babbie and Herr Von Barwig, the characters we have enjoyed with the heart as much as with the brain. He is of that choice dramatic company that

forces us to laugh, though we struggle to be grave, and wrings tears from us when we would give all we possess to be cheerful.

Frank Keenan's face is clear cut, with delicate, though strong features, and an almost uncanny power of reflecting similar like emotions. When he played the scene with his daughter, in which he tries to compel her to give up some patches that will involve her lover, the face is so sinister that it seems to hide murder. Yet in the same act it is enlivened by the tenderest feelings that dwell in the warmest chambers of a man's heart. What he can denote with his face, he denotes as well by his voice. One little instance of his surrender of his own will to his daughter's happiness, "the tag," reveals in fewer than ten dozen words, virulent hatred and fatherly affection.

There is no actor on the stage who makes fewer gestures. By him no flicker of an eye, inch is wasted. His hands, small for a man, and thin, are utilized but twice for gestures in *The Warrens of Virginia*. Once their fingers work

nervously as any one who has had a stormy scene in an office knows the fingers of a man who tries to repress his anger work. Again, they are flung aloft in the anguish of a bitter mood of despair.

The stamp of the rigid *Balasco* school of instruction is upon Charlotte Walker's acting in *The Warrens*. "Tone down, not up," we can almost hear the master advise her. "Chin down and in. You are a woman, not a prima." So in her acting we miss the shrill tones that we forgive her for her face. We miss, too, that exquisite line from point of chin to swell of bosom that some sculptor must have told her to preserve at the cost of all dramatic unitis. Miss Walker secured it by pointing that chin toward the stars. Mr. Balasco has lowered the chin, as he has lowered the voice, to normal.

Her face bears the same bewitching resemblance to a wild rose at dew time as in the long period of her vicissitudes, when she considered going back to her Texas, because she believed it was easier to roundup a stampeding herd

than to build other than a beauty reputation or the Broadway stage. But the *Balasco* legend has it that she, before buying her ticket to San Antonio, called upon David Belasco.

"For heaven's sake take me!" she begged.

The result was *The Warrens of Virginia*, in which Miss Walker achieves the mission of the actress, which is not to charm, but to make us feel.

To C. D. Waldron, a youth of stalwart good looks, fell the heavy task of acting without the aid of speech. The young man has scarcely a "side" of lines. His aids in the difficult scenes in which he is forced to play the spy, a role at which his youthful heart of a hero reigns, are manly posturing, and a pair of eyes, larger than the eyes of most men, and which he makes a whole vocabulary of woe.

For the doldrums you cannot do better than take a dose of Mrs. Charles G. Craig's *Sapho*. No trouble is strong enough to stand against fat, black *Sapho's* laugh.

THE MATINEE GIRL.

ART IN GREASE PAINTS

OME of the unusual colors in the paintings of the old masters that have long been a mystery to the artists of modern times may have had their origin in a way not unlike that which has produced the rare and unusual coloring in the pictures made by a Broadway actor.

Maclyn Arbuckle is the actor in question, and he is interesting in more ways than as the star in *The Round Up*. He makes a grease-paint picture that cannot be surpassed for richness in coloring. For a long time Mr. Arbuckle kept the method of coloring his pictures a secret, and such artists as Frederick Remington and Harrison Fisher grew green with envy. His secret was at last explained and the mystery becomes the basis of an interesting story.

About seven or eight years ago Mr. Arbuckle was traveling with an attraction through the West. His company had arrived in a Western town that was alive with Indians and it was an easy matter to come in contact with one almost anywhere. Along about dusk in the afternoon Mr. Arbuckle wandered into a saloon to have a drink and talk with the bartender. The only other inhabitant of the saloon was an Indian, to Mr. Arbuckle one of the most interesting Indians he had ever seen. The Indian was sick and in a surly mood. To a person who has lived in the West it is not necessary to explain that an Indian very much dislikes having his picture drawn. To draw this Indian's picture, therefore, was a perilous undertaking.

"To me," said Mr. Arbuckle, "the spectacle that Indian made, huddled up in that chair, with the surly look on his face, was a too tempting sight, so I took a piece of paper out of my pocket and began to draw. The Indian scowled and reached for his gun. The bartender, giving me an anxious look, said, 'Say, pard, you'll have to cut that out.' I understood, and crumpled the paper in my hands. But I was determined to have that picture. A newspaper was lying on the bar and I saw I could draw him with my back turned by looking in the mirror. Turning to the bartender I acquainted him with my design. The bartender, by way of distracting attention, kept up a conversation while I got the outline of that Indian's make-up. His many colored garb made such an impression upon my mind that I sought a coloring, after I returned to my dressing-room, in my grease-paints. The grease-paints answered the purpose all right, but one hot day the grease ran, and my picture was spoiled.

"Shortly afterwards I received a shirt from a laundry with a cardboard in it, placed there to hold it in shape. That Indian was so impressed upon my mind that I tried him again—this time on the cardboard. The next day when I looked at the picture I found the colors had changed into deeper hues. The paint had sunk in the cardboard leaving behind colors no artist's blends could develop. Now I do all my pictures on cardboard, and the effect is marvelous. That's how I came to draw grease-paint pictures."

Not the least interesting is the manner in which these pictures are painted. Mr. Arbuckle no longer uses an outline made by a pencil, but smears a stick of grease-paint on the cardboard and works it out with his fingers. No brush is used. To see him working one might think his object was a mud pie, but the result is quite a different thing. In the case of the Indian head reproduced here, a stick of black grease-paint was smeared upon the cardboard. From the face the black was wiped away and other colors added to give the proper texture to the skin. The blanket and other parts were likewise treated with different colors until the desired shade was produced. The hair is a coal-black, the face a copper color and the blanket is a deep red.

grease-paint pictures by this well-known actor.

Maclyn Arbuckle is a Texan by birth. Much of his education was obtained in school at Glasgow, Scotland, and in Boston. It was the wish of his parents that he should become a clergyman, but such an occupation was not to his liking, and he left school and returned home.

The elder Arbuckle then placed his son in line to become a physician, by securing for him a position in a local drug store. He mixed wrong syrups and broke so many bottles that he was thought more aptly employed in a hardware business, after which he was employed by his father as manager of a stock farm. This work suited him, but his father had higher aims for him and he was placed in a banking house in Dallas. This work he could not endure, and he went to Texarkana, where he entered a law office and began to study law. He was admitted to the bar and a few years later ran for justice of the peace. He was defeated, and it was then that he began to look to the stage as his natural field of endeavor. He had long been a student of Shakespeare, and when Peter Baker, the German comedian, came his way he joined his forces. And this was the beginning of the theatrical career of this versatile actor, who can do many things besides act and make grease-paint pictures.



THE SICK INDIAN

Grease Paint Sketch by Maclyn Arbuckle

telan. Mr. Warfield always walks to and from the theatre, he be three blocks or three miles from it.

"Take a long walk," he advises a friend, whether the friend be considering bankruptcy, matrimony or any other impediment. It is like panacea for every ill, running the gauntlet of human ill, from toothache to operated affection.

Robert Loraine rides as amidously as David Warfield walks.

Robert Edison is an amateur carpenter, a better and more composed than Wilton Ladysay.

Bridge whist is the beginning, end and middle of all recreations for J. H. Weston. He declares that it is the queen of pleasure.

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Louis James thinks no pleasure is comparable to sitting in a rocking chair on the back veranda, facing the Atlantic Ocean, of his home, "Liberty Hall," at Monmouth Beach. "A smoke, a stroll and a chat," is William Farnham's recipe for recreation.

CISNER'S OPINIONS.

COLLEY CISNER, in his *Observations*, says of Garrick, "Though I have as yet a poor opinion of the merits of this actor as the greatest actress, and have not had pleasure from his performances, when I am enabled to know about actors, yet I am not disposed to be blind to his studied talents. His overreliance for external effects, frequent affected starts, overdone actions, jerks of the body, quivering of the fingers, drooping of the head and shoulders, his mechanical manner of acting every word in a manner, with a set of mechanical motions in constant use, the antithesis of gesture.

"If I may be allowed a judgment concerning things before my own time, I shall say that the professional conditions of Rich gave rise to those entertainments. Garrick was undoubtedly a most sincere student of his art, and endowed with more elasticity both to the human and divine parts of his youthful contemporaries. Rich was then in his condition, and a wonderful mimic:

still amateur. Men of genius have mostly been discovered in new plays. Authors are as far from being capable of making a bad and disapproving estimation between a young and an old performer that they constantly go, and especially to comedy, not with a picture in their minds how a character should be represented, but of the manner in which the same part has been performed by some celebrated actor. This is started by the ignorant part of the audience to such extent that an actor who comes out in the part of Shango at Covent Garden was accused before the master, which hung down as a token of disfellowship, was on the wrong leg; that is, it was on the contrary leg to that on which Mr. Garrick was accustomed to wear it, and consequently wrong. Original characters, then, must in general constitute the sense of pleasure. It was his performance of Lord Ogilvy which convinced everybody that Mr. King was an actor of great genius. Mr. Garrick and Mr. Colman were aware of his merits before, or they would not have entrusted their play in his hands. On the performance of Lord Ogilvy, the play of The Clandestine.

TO A MOLE.

One on her lip,
Say, why don't you slip
Just half-an-inch downward, as slip to slip
The honey that hangs on her pomegranate
month?

Such honey was well worth a short journey south!

Or, why don't you slide
Just a bit to one side,
Where, deep in a crevice, you're safe to hide;
Or climb up the smooth, earth mound of her cheek—

Like a roosted glacier—easier to seek
In the depths of her eye,

Where swift shadows lie,

Like mountain lake mirroring clouds in the sky?

The reason is not
That you are a blot—
No money could buy such a real "beauty spot"—
Your oddity fairly enhances the grace
And piety, too, of her beautiful face;
But, still, on my soul,
You're an impudent mole,
And when I behold you I scarce can control
The pressing temptation—that's too good to
miss)—
Of trying to brush you away with a kiss.

WILLARD Holcom.

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THE first Italian woman vocalist in England appeared as far back as 1692, according to an advertisement in the *London Gazette* of that year. She sang at the concerts given at York Buildings. The first concert, made up principally of Italian music, was given in 1693 by Signor Tosi, the author of a treatise on singing which was much valued in the fashionable world, for even then Italian singing was in great repute. The "Italian lady" announced in 1692 as being so famous for her singing, was Margherita de l'Espine, the first Italian singer of any note who appeared in England. She went to England with a German musician of the name of Greber, and hence we find her in some of the musical squibs of the day called "Greber's Fag." She sang in the Italian operas and at concerts and other musical entertainments until the year 1718, when she retired and married the celebrated Dr. Pepusch. She was an excellent musician, being not only an accomplished singer, but an extraordinary performer on the harpsichord. She was so swarthy and ill-favored that her husband used to call her Hecate, a name to which she answered with perfect good humor; but her want of personal charms did not prevent her from enjoying the uninterrupted favor of the public. By her marriage with Dr. Pepusch she brought him a fortune of \$10,000, a sum which, by removing him from the daily care and toil of his profession, enabled him to follow his favorite pursuit of learned researches into the history and antiquities of his art. The lady was much esteemed for her virtues as well as for her talents. Her sister came to England, and the ladies are mentioned in Swift's *Journal to Stella*, "August 6, 1711. We have a music meeting in our town (Windsor) to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margherita and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers. I was weary and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly."

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DEAM on, O dreamer of that mystic world
Where rainbow-tinted tears of sorrow
gleam,
And Joy's rare gifts, and Passion's col-
oured fire
Soft musing in the glamour of Love's dream.
Sing on, O sweetest singer of that realm
Where Music's lips touch Fly's, all a-
sing,
Thy song, thy dream, and rich imaginings
Shall lure us to thy Land of Soul's Desire.

L. G. McCLELLAN.

FLORENCE REED

"Nothing makes me so happy or rests me so much as acting," says Rose Stahl. "I've been so physically tired, so mentally harassed, that just to drive to the theatre and get ready for a part has been absolute torture; but once on the stage, everything and everybody is forgotten—swept away by the delicious wave of magnetic harmony on which a player's mind and soul seem to float out to an audience, receiving in return such a wonderful amount of sympathy that mind and body are rejuvenated and refreshed."

Robert Mantell takes most pleasure in his farm at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., where he divides the summer between studying Shakespearean roles and hoeing corn in his favorite field.

James O'Neill, who would have been a priest had he not been an actor, amuses himself by visiting the parish houses where his priest friends reside and advising them as to their parochial duties. "If I had been as my family intended me to be—Father O'Neill instead of James O'Neill—I should have done thus," he says to the brothers, who listen to his words with respectful attention.

Edwin Bruce likes best to play golf, and to sail into the teeth of a northern gale off a rough coast.

ADA PATTERSON.

Garrick, before his taste was mature, should think the expressive dumb show of Rich might be introduced with effect in stage dialogue is not surprising. Woodward, who had not Garrick's powers of pleasing without those adventitious trappings of false ornament, was unwilling to forego any means of obtaining applause; though his judgment might condemn his practice, as I have reason to suppose it did, for he was a man of strong sense and did not want motives. King, though not Woodward's equal as Harlequin, was his superior as an actor; for he obtained as much applause in a more correct and masterly style. He has likewise proved himself capable of more variety. Woodward was confined to fops, valets or characters out of or beyond nature; in these latter, perhaps, he never had his peer; but King has gone a greater round—the sparkling wit, the sprightly ruse, the gay gentleman, the choleric and surly father, the worn out debauchee, the canting hypocrite, the arch valet and the impudent coxcomb, have successfully delighted the town when personated by Mr. King. I need but mention Witwold, Ranger, Sir Anthony Absolute, etc., to recall a train of pleasing ideas into the minds of all who have been accustomed to the

destine Marriage depended; for which reason Mr. Garrick, who wrote the character, intended to have played it himself, but being taken ill while it was in rehearsal, it was given to Mr. King; and though Mr. Garrick recovered soon enough to have resumed his part, he was so struck when he beheld Mr. King's conception and execution of it at rehearsal, that he owned he did not think he could perform it in as masterly a manner. Indeed, Mr. King's performance of that character has always been regarded as perfection itself by every judge of life, of manners and of the human heart. There is another species of character in which he is always behold with infinite pleasure. The benevolent misanthrope, when personated by him, is a most respectable, though apparently contradictory, being; and his performance stamps him with such reality that even those whose sphere of life has never brought them acquainted with such people, for they seldom exist but among the higher and refined ranks of society, are convinced of the fallacy and identity of the portrait.

The gentle Colley was a thorough critic of his contemporaries, praising their good and condemning their bad qualities unreservedly.

THE MATINEE GIRL

DON'T like people who don't like Christmas. I hear the charms of dinner, the "You don't mean it." But I do mean it. Much that I did not say I don't like the people who dread Christmas. We all dread it to some extent in our positions, even though not in our hearts. It has become the Old Man of the Sun of the holidays. The biggest power in the world, crammed with the ugly new gold pieces fresh from the hideous pockets in the United States Mint cannot stretch over the vast territory of our fondest needs at Christmas. For at the great annual heart-breaking we want to "remember" every one, especially those to whom we have seemed to be careless throughout the year. Perhaps this fact in itself is a valuable hint for next year. A little more consideration the next two months, and there will be less need of costly statistics on the Christmas of 1900.

It is the only season at which the number of our friends appeals us. Ninety-five friends and twenty-five dollars for gift money is a hard problem in mathematics. That it is which introduces the element of dread into our anticipation of the merry day. But to that problem as to all others we must bring as side our courage and resolution. Memory is the bane of the not of Christmas. A was card with a sprig of engraved holly and a "God Bless you" on it has brought me more pleasure than an unseasonably and unwarrantably expensive Christmas offering. "Remember" as many of your friends as possible, but let taste and self-restraint be the watchwords in your Christmas shopping. They are the only weapons to drive out "the dread of Christmas."

My dislike is for those persons who dislike Christmas.

To dislike Christmas argues that we have allowed the embers of human interests and affections to go out on the hearthstones of our lives. What if this twenty-fifth of December is duller and emptier for us than the last? We are tiny atoms in the swirl of the human universe, and if we can find no amusement within we can find much in looking out at the evolutions of the other atoms. If by any of the mishances of life there be a temporary ache in our own hearts this Natal Day we should not pass farther the undesirable gift. It is the day of all days when we should break down the walls of our prison of self. My best Christmas wish is that there be a general jail delivery from this worst of prisons.

More and more we are recognising that Christmas is the holiday of children, but it is the day on which we should all be children. We should approach it with the light and carefree heart of childhood, glad that the shop windows are more beautiful than ever, glad that in the sense of sight and the faculty of enjoyment all those wonderful sights are ours, glad that somewhere busy fingers and loving hearts are weaving and planning gifts, glad that every one is thinking not of himself, but of other selves on this day.

If there be no money in our purses there may be good wishes for all the big world in our hearts. If our own lives be lonely we should be great enough to be glad that there are many lives that have not known loneliness. And out of the deep well of brother or sister love for humanity will splash some drops of human love and kindness upon us.

"But it is different with us," mutters Mr. or Miss Mummer. "We have had a bad season. The management has not been appreciative. Seven weeks of one-night stands have broken our spirits and our hearts.

"We will be playing in a barn on Christmas Eve. On Christmas morning we will be up at four for an early jump. We will sit our Christmas dinner at midday at a twenty minutes' eating station. There will be no Christmas gifts from home because they will have been lost somewhere since the New York office changed our route."

A dear Christmas this, certainly. But will it not be quite as dear for every other member of the company? Have you anticipated this and tried to arrange for a some Christmas cheer for them? Is there a child in the company whom you can gladden, if only by a rag or a paper doll of your own manufacture? Was it not possible to stock the day coach with a few sprigs of holly and to sing a Christmas carol or two? Oh, there are resources outside a purse, and they dwell in a generous heart and a mind that is not wholly self-centred!

So, friends of the road, I wish you a Merry Christmas! Wherever you are I know that you can make it merry. Glided it may not be, comfortable it may not be, but the merriment that has its source in the generous nature, the memory that is brief for griefs and long for joys, the power to adapt one's self to an environment, and to laugh at the burr-like discomforts of it, the talent for much laughter and few tears—this you have, because you are a player, and that is the reason that no matter where you are you may have a Merry Christmas.

¶

Some day there will be a special enactment that Frank Keenan shall not appear in any production that possesses a star. This provision will be made for the protection of stars, that their light may not be caused to pale into the collective radiance of a Milky Way.

It is not Mr. Keenan's fault that we are prone to forget the rightful star in following his movements about the boards. Quite unconsciously he does his work so well that the lime-light of our attention centres upon him. From that instant when his shabby gray coat flings its challenge from the litter in which he is carried on the stage, to the moment when sitting in the shade of a realistic stage tree he half-smiles at his daughter's suitor, "I don't like a hair of your head," then softens into a mood of relenting with, "But come back soon," we look only at him when he is on the stage, think only of him when he is off it.

He gets into the soul skin of the irascible, tender hearted Southern general, the lovable composite made up of equal parts of honey and red pepper, hypnotising us into an ardent affection for the man who fought as well as he loved, and who was big enough to forgive. We will remember General Warren as we remember Hazel Kirke and Josh Whitcomb and Lady Babbie and Herr Von Barwig, the characters we have enjoyed with the heart as much as with the brain. He is of that choice dramatic company that

causes us to laugh, though we struggle to be grave, and wrings tears from us when we would give all we possess to be cheerful.

Frank Keenan's face is clear cut, with delicate, though strong features, and an almost unerring power of reflecting subtler like emotions. When he played the case with his daughter, in which he tries to compel her to give up some dispatches that will involve her lover, the face is so sinister that it seems to hide murder. Yet in the same act it is softened by the tenderest feelings that dwell in the warmest chambers of a man's heart. What he can denote with his face, he denotes as well by his voice. One little sentence of his surrender of his love will to his daughter's happiness, "the tag," reveals in fewer than ten dozen words, virulent hatred and fatherly affection.

There is no actor on the stage who makes fewer gestures. By his no finer of an eye-lash is wanted. His hands, small for a man, and thin, are utilized but twice for gestures in *The Warrems of Virginia*. Once their fingers work

nervously as any one who has had a stormy scene in an office knows the fingers of a man who tries to repress his anger work. Again, they are flung aloft in the anguish of a bitter mood of despair.

The stamp of the rigid Belasco school of instruction is upon Charlotte Walker's acting in *The Warrems*. "Tone down, not up," we can almost hear the master advise her. "Chin down and in. You are a woman, not a paladin." So in her acting we miss the shrill tones that we forgive her for her face. We miss, too, that exquisite line from point of chin to swell of bosom that some actress must have told her to preserve at the cost of all dramatic unit. Miss Walker secured it by pointing that chin toward the stars. Mr. Belasco has lowered the chin, as he has lowered the voice, to normal.

Her face bears the same bewitching resemblance to a wild rose at dew time as in the long period of her vicissitudes, when she considered going back to her Texas, because she believed it was easier to round up a stampeding herd

than to build other than a beauty reputation on the Broadway stage. But the Belasco legend has it that she, before buying her ticket to San Antonio, called upon David Belasco.

"For heaven's sake take me!" she begged.

The result was *The Warrems of Virginia*, in which Miss Walker achieves the mission of the actress, which is not to charm, but to make us feel.

To C. D. Waldron, a youth of stalwart good looks, fell the heavy task of acting without the aid of speech. The young man has scarcely a "side" of lines. His wife in the difficult scenes in which he is forced to play the spy, a role at which his youthful heart of a hero relishes, are mainly posturing, and a pair of eyes, larger than the eyes of most men, and which he makes a whole vocabulary of woe.

For the doldrums you cannot do better than take a dose of Mrs. Charles G. Craig's *Ship*. No trouble is strong enough to stand against fat, black Rapho's laugh.

THE MATINEE GIRL.

ART IN GREASE PAINTS

SOME of the unusual colors in the paintings of the old masters that have long been a mystery to the artists of modern times may have had their origin in a way not unlike that which has produced the rare and unusual coloring in the pictures made by a Broadway actor.

Maclyn Arbuckle is the actor in question, and he is interesting in more ways than as the star in *The Round Up*. He makes a grease-paint picture that cannot be surpassed for richness in coloring. For a long time Mr. Arbuckle kept the method of coloring his pictures a secret, and such artists as Frederick Remington and Harrison Fisher grew green with envy. His secret was at last explained and the mystery becomes the basis of an interesting story.

About seven or eight years ago Mr. Arbuckle was traveling with an attraction through the West. His company had arrived in a Western town that was alive with Indians and it was an easy matter to come in contact with one almost anywhere. Along about dusk in the afternoon Mr. Arbuckle wandered into a saloon to have a drink and talk with the bartender. The only other inhabitant of the saloon was an Indian, to Mr. Arbuckle one of the most interesting Indians he had ever seen. The Indian was sick and in a surly mood. To a person who has lived in the West it is not necessary to explain that an Indian very much dislikes having his picture drawn. To draw this Indian's picture, therefore, was a perilous undertaking.

"To me," said Mr. Arbuckle, "the spectacle that Indian made, huddled up in that chair, with the surly look on his face, was a too tempting sight, so I took a piece of paper out of my pocket and began to draw. The Indian scowled and reached for his gun. The bartender, giving me an anxious look, said, 'Say, pard, you'll have to cut that out.' I understood, and crumpled the paper in my hands. But I was determined to have that picture. A newspaper was lying on the bar and I saw I could draw him with my back turned by looking in the mirror. Turning to the bartender I acquainted him with my design. The bartender, by way of distracting attention, kept up a conversation while I got the outlines of that Indian's make-up. His many colored gurh made such an impression upon my mind that I sought a coloring, after I returned to my dressing-room, in my grease-paints. The grease-paints answered the purpose all right, but one hot day the grease ran, and my picture was spoiled.

"Shortly afterwards I received a shirt from a laundry with a cardboard in it, placed there to hold it in shape. That Indian was so impressed upon my mind that I tried him again—this time on the cardboard. The next day when I looked at the picture I found the colors had changed into deeper hues. The paint had sunk in the cardboard leaving behind colors no artist's blends could develop. Now I do all my pictures on cardboard, and the effect is marvelous. That's how I came to draw grease-paint pictures."

Not the least interesting is the manner in which these pictures are painted. Mr. Arbuckle no longer uses an outline made by a pencil, but smears a stick of grease-paint on the cardboard and works it out with his fingers. No brush is used. To see him working one might think his object was a mud pie, but the result is quite a different thing. In the case of the Indian head reproduced here, a stick of black grease-paint was smeared upon the cardboard. From the face the black was wiped away and other colors added to give the proper texture to the skin. The blanket and other parts were likewise treated with different colors until the desired shade was produced. The hair is a coal-black, the face a copper color and the blanket is a deep red.



THE SICK INDIAN

Grease Paint Sketch by Maclyn Arbuckle

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VARIOUS VIEWS.

As readers well know, the question of Sunday amusements is not confined to New York. It is a live issue in various cities, among them being several places in the West in which regular dramatic performances on Sunday long have been given, apparently to public approval. There seems at the moment to be a common movement either to suppress Sunday amusements or to more clearly define those amusements that are permissible on that day.

As New York is the American centre of life and activity, the movement here against Sunday amusements naturally attracts much more attention than such a movement confined to quieter cities would draw. The situation here, too, is different, in that New York is the most cosmopolitan city in the world and numbers among its heterogeneous mass great bodies of persons whose religious faith does not lead them to respect Sunday more than a secular day, with others of foreign habit and training that look to Sunday as a legitimate day for recreation.

It is interesting in the present aspect of affairs to note the views of those who represent sentiment in various places both with respect to the situation here and its influence on other cities. The metropolitan press generally has spoken for a repeal of laws based on ancient sentiment and habit, and for enactments at least somewhat in line with present conditions of life and the complexion of population. An editorial in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, a journal which, while metropolitan, still has an immediate field more homogeneous than Manhattan, after stating the condition of affairs here and noting the widespread local protest against Blue Law enforcement, says:

From all this a considerable state of excitement is bound to result. The people of New York will never endure the sort of wholistic ruling now being adopted. Their protest will be loud and strong. That protest will go to the Legislature, to meet in three weeks. There is grave danger that the effect of the local legislation will be to push the legal pendulum to the other extreme. Instead of a law closing all entertainments we are in danger of getting a law which will license all. That would put the New York Sunday on the same plane as that of New Orleans, St. Louis or Chicago, a step greatly to be deplored.

The way to avoid such a reaction is to secure

an agreement here in New York as to what the new law shall be. The conservative men on both sides should unite in a movement of this kind for a law which will permit harmless Sunday entertainment while it excludes the immoral and the pernicious. If we should, unfortunately, come to a contest between all Sunday shows and no Sunday shows New York would be for the wide open Sunday and the wide open Sunday would win. The men who wish to preserve the distinctive character of our Sunday should unite with the managers who wish to give creditable and clean entertainments for a new law which can be passed, enforced and respected. The line is not hard to draw, provided fair-minded men set out to ascertain it. It should be drawn in a spirit of fairness and common sense and with a frank recognition of the fact that this is the twentieth century and not the eighteenth.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Union* believes that there will be a modification of the Sunday laws in this State, "as there seems to be a considerable amount of sentiment in favor of Sunday amusements," though it thinks such a modification will be difficult, basing its opinion on the doings of the Massachusetts Legislature at the last session.

Rochester has fallen in line with the banning movement. The *Herald* of that city regards the movement there as due to the growing popularity of the cheap moving picture "shows," and says that "if public sentiment favors the opening of theatres and other places of amusement on Sunday, such sentiment can only be manifested legally by amending the penal code of the State," without committing itself one way or the other.

In Kansas City, where Sunday amusements long have been permitted, readers know that strenuous means to suppress them have been taken. The *Journal* of that city notes that there is no State law in Missouri against theatre and kindred amusements on Sunday, and states that the prosecutions there have proceeded on an archaic statute defining Sunday labor and its prohibition. There, as in some other cities where the movement against Sunday amusements is active, the press intimates a sentiment in favor of something different from old-time illiberality.

The outcome here and elsewhere no doubt will be more liberal laws on this subject.

AN OPHELIA REALLY INSANE.

N Percy Fitzgerald's History of the English Stage there is an interesting story of Mrs. Verbrugge, who became insane through the treachery of her friend, the actress Santlow. One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening, and was told that it was *Hamlet*. In this play she had won one of her greatest triumphs in the character of Ophelia, and with that cunning which is usually allied to insanity, she found means to elude the care of her servants and hurried to the theatre. Here she concealed herself until the moment when Ophelia was to make her appearance in her insane state, and then, before Miss Santlow, who played the part that evening, could make her entrance, she pushed by her on to the stage and at once took up the role, giving a far more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could do. She was, in truth, Ophelia herself, and the storm of applause with which her exit was greeted dumfounded the performers and overwhelmed her rival. This last effort, however, had exhausted her vital powers, and she died while being conveyed home.

A MUSICIAN'S REPROOF.

EVEN in the days of Colley Cibber the musical genius seems often to have been subjected to the same annoying indifference and impoliteness so common in New York at the present day. Cibber himself gives this example:

"While the famous Corelli, at Rome, was playing some musical composition of his own to a select company in the private apartment of his patron Cardinal, he observed, in the height of his harmony, His Eminence was engaging in a detached conversation, upon which he suddenly stopped short and gently laid down his instrument. The Cardinal, surprised at the unexpected cessation, asked him if a string was broken. To which Corelli, in an honest consciousness of what was due to his music, replied, 'No, sir. I was only afraid I interrupted business.' His Eminence took the reproof in good part and broke off his conversation to hear the whole concerto played over again."

SOTHERN'S PRACTICAL WIT.

ALTHOUGH Laura Keene and the elder Sothern were good friends, they were continually at variance, and many amusing anecdotes are told of their little tiffs.

On one occasion Miss Keene lost her temper while they were together in the evening in the parlor of a hotel. Sothern stood the beautiful Laura's railings in silence for a few moments, then without a word ambled over to the gas jet with his best Dundreary hop, and turned down the flame.

"Wait a bit, Laura," said he, then as the room settled into darkness, "Now go ahead. I do hate to see such a pretty face in a rage!"

MACBETH'S DESCENDANTS.

CARLOTTE CUSHMAN, great actress and fine woman though she was, had a brusque way of getting at the root of things which sometimes astonished people. Her criticism, made in 1860, regarding Edwin Booth's *Macbeth* was most characteristic. Upon seeing a rehearsal of the play, she remarked to a friend: "Judging from Mr. Booth's rehearsals of *Macbeth*, he must have in mind a polished and very intellectual conception of the character, but he must remember that *Macbeth* is the grandfather of all the Bowery villains!"

THEATRICAL RETROSPECTS.

THE following by Richard Cumberland appeared in Oxberry's *Dramatic Biography*, January, 1828:

"It is of a long succession of departed favorites, eminent in their profession, that I could speak within the period of nearly seventy years. To have seen them and retain a lively recollection of their persons and performances is amongst the few gratifications which time bestows upon old age in compensation for much better comforts which he takes away.

"I can imagine that I sit and hear the deep-toned and declamatory roll of Quin's sonorous recitation; solemn, articulate, and round; dealt out with that pendantic, magisterial air as if he were a professor lecturing his pupils or catechized, and not an actor addressing his audience from the stage. I can fancy that I see him sawing the air with his unwieldy arm, whilst the line labored as he mouthed it forth. A vast full-bottom periwig, powdered a velvet coat embroidered down the seams, a long cravat, square-toed, high-heeled shoes, and rolled silk stockings clothing two sturdy legs that rivaled balustrades, were in his day the equipments of a modern tragic hero; whilst the hoop and shape (as we see it represented by Hogarth) surmounted by a high plumed helmet over the aforesaid full-bottom, denoted the Roman or Grecian chief in his ancient and appropriate costume. We saw those things without amazement then.

"Let me not, however, fail to recollect that this Atlas of the stage could stand under the enormous globe of Falstaff's paunch and carry himself through that eccentric character with consummate pleasure. When I saw him once in that part I was very young and of course very easily amused; but I was in my much riper state of judgment when I kept much more careful watch upon Henderson, in the same part, and his performance was, according to my conception of good acting, one of those instances so summed up of absolute histrionic perfection; and I class it, in my idea of excellence, with the *Lear* of Garrick, the *Lady Macbeth* of Mrs. Pritchard, the *Penruddock* of Kemble, and, I must take leave to add, with the *Jago* of Mr. Cooke.

"Quin was not a confined actor. He did not walk in a narrow path, but took a circuit in his road to fame through all the graver casts of the legitimate sententious comedy. He would not have done much for the merry dramatists of the present day, but to the writers of the middle age, Vanbrugh and Farquhar and Congreve, he was a tower of strength. I believe he was oratorical preceptor to King George III. I know that he taught Lord Halifax and some other persons of distinction, and, until the pointed, penetrating style of Garrick gave a less laborious and a quicker current to poetic measure, Quin's Atlantic swell kept its majestic roll unrivaled.

"It is no new thing to tell the world that Quin was a manierist. Every tragic performer, male or female, has been, is, and will be, a manierist, as long as the stage endures: Mrs. Cibber was decidedly such. I have her now in my mind's eye. I behold a slender, graceful form, from the wings of a wide expanded hoop petticoat (pushed sideways on the stage), 'rise like an exhalation.' As she advanced in the character of Calista, Belvidera, Monimia, she pitched her recitation in that plaintive key from which she hardly ever varied, and you felt yourself professedly at a tragedy in the first sentence that she uttered. It was sweet, but it was sweetness that sickened you: a song that wearied you; a charm that unnerved: a perfume that stifled you. You would have thanked Mr. Fawcett or any other saw grinder to have broken the spell. There was no bearing the pathetic prolongation of one silver tone, although melodious as Apollo's harp. Neither is there any reason why metrical recitation should copy the mechanical correctness of a

I sincerely wish her to dismiss it. Every picture must have light and shade; the eye enjoys the change of seasons; so does the ear, of sounds. The tragic performer should be aware that the passions must not be wearied by continual solicitation; the strong appeal must be reserved for great occasion. No hearer can sit through five long acts of continual lamentation; the finest feelings are the most fugacious; they can only be arrested by a master hand, and they can be held but for a certain time: a tedious petition destroys its own purpose, and a loquacious pleader is not calculated to excite compassion.

"Mrs. Cibber was extremely elegant and alluring in her action; her very frame was fashioned to engage your pity, for it seemed wasted with sorrow and sensibility; the cheek was hollow and the eye was joyless; there was neither youth, nor health, nor beauty; yet, perhaps, in the representation of many of her characters she became more impressive by the privation of those charms than she would have been in the possession of them. I have heard some who remembered her contend that as an actress she has never been equaled. I am not of that opinion. Her style and manner harmonized with Barry's, as Mrs. Pritchard's did with Garrick's. Barry was the Mark Antony and Romeo of the stage; Garrick would have played Macbeth and Abel Dragger in the same night, and Mrs. Pritchard would have played with him as Lady Macbeth and Doll Common. Foote said that Garrick would have rehearsed Richard the Third before a kitchen fire in July to amuse the boy that turned the spit. I do not know that Mrs. Pritchard would have done quite as much, but she was so little fastidious about her cast of parts that she took first, second or third, as they fell to her lot; and as Nature was her guide, she always appeared to be the very character she assumed. Whilst she could display the finest powers in the loftiest parts, I have seen her play the bumble confidante to Mrs. Cibber's heroine and never give elevation to a single line above its pitch and station in the drama. I remember her coming out in the part of Clarinda, in *The Suspicious Husband*, whilst Garrick acted Ranger. The unfitness of her age and person only added to the triumph of her talents. As Garrick's genius could dilate his stature, so could her excellence give grace and juvenility to her person. In short, he might have played a giant, and she a fairy, if Shakespeare would have written parts for them. On the first night of *The Jealous Wife*, at which I was present, she rescued Garrick from his embarrassment and the audience from its languor, when she broke out and feigned a fit that electrified the theatre and saved the play."

EXCEPTIONS.

WHEN Lord Orrery and David Garrick were discussing upon theatrical subjects, the peer took occasion to mention Monop as the greatest tragedian of the age, excepting Garrick himself. "By no means," said the player, "as it is well known that his voice is coarse and unharmonious."

"Well, but excepting his voice, you'll allow him to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"

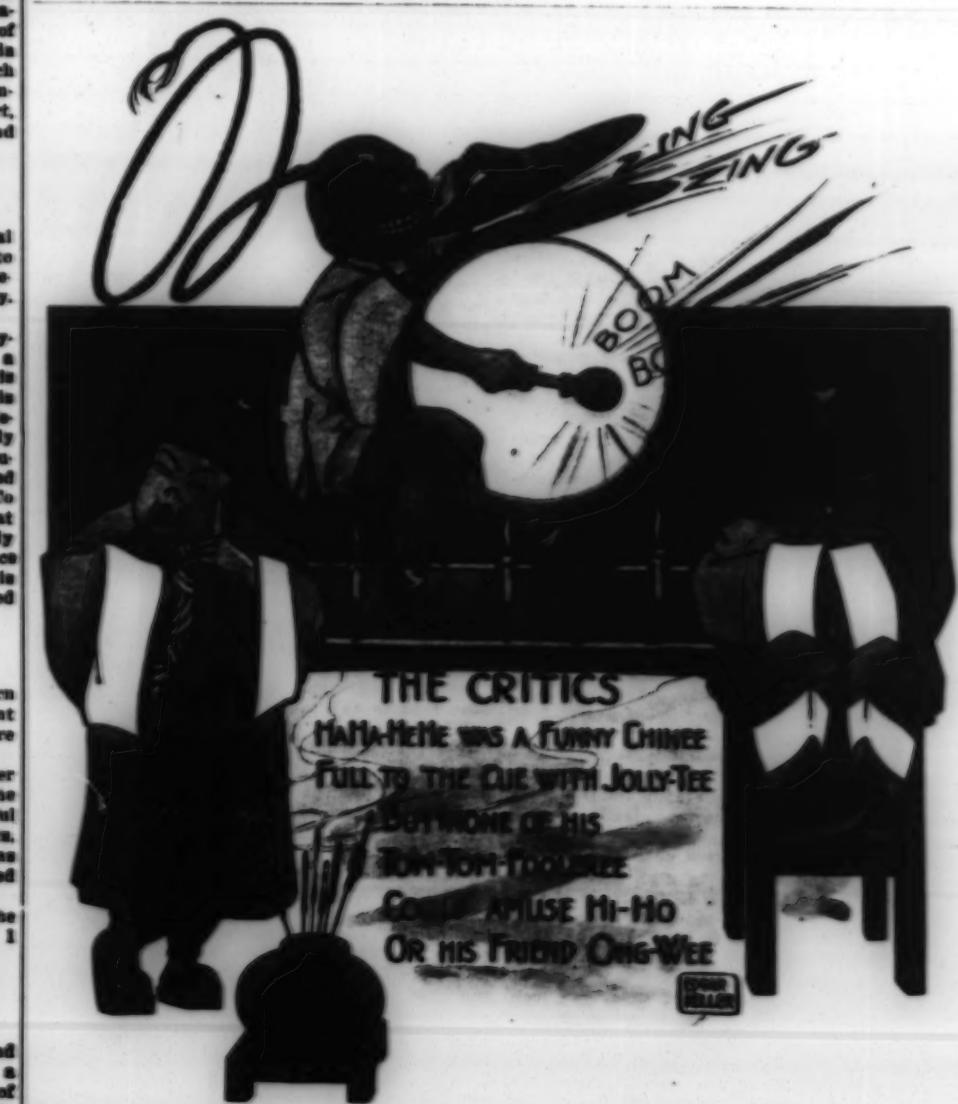
"No, his action has a feature of sameness in it that most ever destroy the necessary delusion of the scene."

"Well, but Garrick, excepting his voice and action, you'll allow him to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"

"No, his conceptions are not governed by truth."

"Well, well, but Garrick, excepting his voice, action and conception, you'll allow him, I hope, to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"

"No, his person is to the last degree ungraceful."



steam engine; because heroic lines are of the same length, it does not imply that they must all be set to the same tune and sung in the same time. Let the heroine who wishes to have mourners at her death, recollect that the swan only sings when she is dying. Whilst I am writing this I have Mrs. Henry Siddons in my thoughts; and as this is the one only instance in which she shares the feelings of her prototype,

"Well, well, my friend Davy, to be sure I don't understand these matters so well as you, but the devil's in it if you won't allow, excepting his voice, action, conception and person, that he has all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"

"Yes, you, my lord, allow me these four trifling impediments, and I will give you full credit for your opinion on Monop."

THE USHER



In Kansas City an ordinance to place a censorship on the theatre is pending. Apparently it is intended that this censorship shall rest in the police authorities, and that in cases of arrest on the judgment exercised a trial in police court will follow, a defendant having the privilege of appeal to a higher court dealing with crime and misdemeanor.

"It is no disparagement to the officials who might thus be empowered to make arrests or impose penalties to say that, take them as they come, many of them would not be good judges as to what should be permitted and what should be prohibited in the theatres," says the Kansas City *Star* editorially. "Undoubtedly the safest and best plan would be to have an official or a commission with arbitrary powers such as are exercised by the fire warden or the inspector of buildings, whose judgment would be final, provided such an official or commission would always be chosen with strict regard for personal fitness. Yet a mayor making such appointments might be either a bigoted purist or a dangerous liberal, and he might make his appointments with reference to his personal views of the theatre. Obviously, the only man who is a competent judge of what the theatre should offer is the man who is an habitual playgoer, who takes his family to the theatre, who knows the stage and understands its subtler side as well as its obvious expositions."

Confusion—or worse—must follow the placing of a power of theatre censorship in the hands of any city department of government. And even the alternative judgment suggested by the *Star*—that of the habitual playgoer—represents but a single intelligence that might through some idiosyncrasy nullify the rights to rational enjoyment of a mass of theatre-goers individually as well fitted to judge as the single person selected.

♦

New York critics gave Bernard Shaw's *Cesar and Cleopatra* very favorable "notices" last season.

The London critics have just administered to that glittering *potpourri*, which savored strongest of Shaw himself, though carrying many other ingredients, a slashing slating.

William Archer, one of Shaw's earliest adherents in London, calls *Cesar and Cleopatra* a "glittering hotchpotch of poetic-philosophic drama, fantasy, farce, travesty, topical illusion, historical imagination and wanton anachronism," and another critic declares that the piece "vindicates Shakespeare," who really, although now some years dead, does not seem to need that office.

♦

The Detroit *News Tribune*, by the way, apropos of the idea of one of the London critics that Shaw's play vindicates Shakespeare, editorially discusses the attacks upon the great bard by Shaw and Tolstoi, and as to the latter's dissection of King Lear remarks that the great Russian pessimist "makes out his case" —i. e., that "every character in the *dramatic* personae is a mere vehicle, through which the poet spouts his own personal feelings and ideas."

Yet Shaw's attack upon Shakespeare, in essence like that of Tolstoi, is based on the modern reformer's notions as to the impracticability of even great poetry from the viewpoint of modern life, which has problems to study and solve, and thus wastes time with poetic and romantic things.

The Detroit editor, however, puts his finger on the real merits in this matter, when he says:

A certain person, of some literary taste, too, of our acquaintance, was reading Tolstoi's brochure, following carefully and with compelled assent, the points made against the great poet's Lear, and—twice after midnight—found himself going asleep in his chair. He struggled to keep his eyes open, but couldn't, and, finally, throwing the great Russian aside, picked up off the table a volume of Shakespeare, turned over the leaves in a half doze to that very play, and began to read. He had not got twenty lines into the first scene before he was awake and alert, and read through the whole play with the intensest sustained interest. He found all the faults which Tolstoi pointed out, all right, but he found something else which took a grip on him which could not be shaken off until the last line was read, and even then left a thrill which lingered with continued vibrations.

Even those who will not enlist with Shaw and Tolstoi in the work of reforming the world may be willing to acknowledge the *bona fides* of such reformers; but no power of argument yet made known is for a moment effective against the pleasure and the solace that Shakespeare furnishes.

Shakespeare may be old-fashioned, but he is still—and will continue—a vital force. It

is not too much to say that he will long survive Shaw and Tolstoi, for while the influence of such men may work needed reforms, their note will disappear with the necessity for their labors. He would be a prophet crying in the wilderness who would predict that Shakespeare's fame could ever expire.

♦

Another of the very few actors of the old school that have delighted playgoers has passed away.

The death of J. H. Stoddart removes a player who, although he had lived retired for some time, had thousands of warm friends and admirers whose memories of him will long be cherished.

Mr. Stoddart had a prominent place in the best of the old stock companies that made New York famous as a centre of dramatic achievement, and after the dissolution of those organizations and the coming of new methods in the theatre he still held a place by right of ability and popularity until age drew him into the peaceful life he had earned.

Half a century or more of his eighty-one years was spent in the American theatre, the greater part of the period in New York; and throughout that time he was an ornament to the stage, while his private life was without a blemish.

The younger generation of players ill can spare such an exemplar, and the public will always associate this fine old actor with his famous associates who have long since departed.

ACTORS WHO DIED ACTING.

Montfleury, the French actor, was noted as one of the greatest players of his time for characters highly tragic. He died of the violent efforts he made in representing Orestes in the *Andromache* of Racine. The author of the "Parnasse Reforms" makes him thus express himself in the shades:

"Ah! how sincerely do I wish that tragedies had never been invented! I might then have been yet in a state capable of appearing on the stage; and if I should not have attained the glory of sustaining sublime characters, I should



Photo by Turner.

MAX L. SCHRADE.

As The Fins Kid in *A Race Across the Continent*.

at least have trifled agreeably, and have worked off my spleen in laughing. I have wasted my lungs in the violent emotions of jealousy, love and ambition. A thousand times have I been obliged to force myself to represent more passions than Le Brun ever painted or conceived. I saw myself frequently obliged to dart terrible glances; to roll my eyes furiously in my head, like a man insane; to frighten others by extravagant grimaces; to imprint on my countenance the redness of indignation and hatred; to make the paleness of fear and surprise succeed each other by turns; to express the transports of rage and despair; to cry out like a demoniac, and, consequently, to strain all the parts of my body to make them fit to accompany these different impressions. The man, then, who would know of what I died, let him not ask if it is of the fever, the dropsy, or the gout—but let him know it is of the *Andromache*!"

Bond, the tragic actor, felt so exquisitely the character of Lusignan, in *Zara*, which he personated, that Zara, when she in turn addressed the old man, found him dead in his chair.

The assumption of a variety of characters by a person of an irritable and delicate nature may have a very serious effect on the mental faculties. This remark is founded on sufficient evidence. It would not be difficult to draw up a list of actors who have fallen martyrs to their tragic characters. The reader may recollect several modern instances.

Baron, who was the French Garrick, had a most elevated notion of his profession. He used to say that tragic actors should be nursed on the laps of queens. Nor was his vanity inferior to his enthusiasm for his profession, for, according to him, the world might see once in a century a *Cesar*, but that it required a thousand years to produce a *Baron*. The French writers have preserved a variety of little anecdotes which testified the admirable talents he displayed. They have recorded one observation of his respecting actors which is not less applicable to poets and to painters. "Rules," said Baron, "may teach us not to raise the arms above the head; but if passion carries them it will be well done; passion knows more than art."

ACTORS' SOCIETY MOVES.

The Actors' Society of America moved into its new home at 123 West Forty-fifth Street last week, and the first monthly meeting was held there on Dec. 9.

NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

The London Gaiety Company—Katherine Poole—Variety News.

(Special Correspondence of *The Mirror*.)

JOHANNESBURG, S. A., Nov. 15.—The London Gaiety company has returned here with a splendid organization under a new stage manager, William Clark, who has his company well in hand. *The Beauty of Bath* is a play entirely new to Johannesburg. The play goes off without a hitch, and I think it will be a great success. Frank Greene as Lieutenant Richard Arlington has the principal part, which suits him to a T. Lottie Sargent, Mrs. Goodge; Bert Darcy, Sir Timothy Bun, and Arthur Lacy, Lord Quom, are excellent studies. Mairi Brickwell, *The Beauty of Bath*, is successful in every way. Mabel Medrow, Lady Bun; Eva Brickwell, Mrs. Arlington, and Ethel Clark, Countess of Orpington, are all good. Alice Pollard, Miss Truly St. Cyr, is splendid. Tiny Tim, Lemon Goodge, the boy in buttons, is the baby of the company and is very good.

Katherine Poole, who was married here a few years ago, is returning to the stage for a few nights by presenting *Jedbury Junior*. This pince was one of her successes when with the Miss Nelson company. This well-known actress is sure to draw big houses.

At the Empire Palace of Varieties, the management is to be congratulated upon the engagement of the well-known burlesque actress, Marie Loftus, for a six weeks' season in Johannesburg. Miss Loftus is one of the best turns that has visited South Africa, and that is saying a lot. She is encored again and again. During the past week one of her most popular items has been a series of imitations of singers, past and present, which were exceedingly good.

Among other new turns are the Alaskas comedy acrobats, who do a lot to amuse the audience; Jessie Merrilees, vocalist and comedienne, also has an excellent soprano voice that is heard to advantage; Lena Willard, Trovollo the ventriloquist, and Forde, the Soubisoff, and the bioscope complete a good bill.

F. B. DILLEY.

STAGE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

The annual Christmas festival for the children of the stage will be held at Pastor's Theatre on Sunday evening, Dec. 22, under the direction of



PHYLIS DAYE.

Here is an excellent likeness of the attractive Phyllis Daye, now being featured with Edwin Patterson's musical, *Wishes of Wall Street*, comedienne. Aside from the musical, and her own singing, dancing and dancing specialties, she is leading several of the musical numbers. This popular little fourteen-year-old girl is fast winning public favor.

Mrs. Fernandes, who will be assisted by a committee of well-known actresses. An effort is made each year to give every child just what he or she asks for, and the youngsters are invited to write to Mrs. Fernandes, mentioning their wants, which will be supplied if they are within the bounds of reason. Every child entitled to attend the festival will receive a present, and there will be the usual entertainment in Pastor's Theatre by the tots, with a general jollification afterwards in Tammany Hall.

SOCIETY SINGERS' DEBUT.

Mr. and Mrs. William James Baird sang at Mendelssohn Hall on Dec. 10 and were cordially received by an audience that was surprisingly large considering the weather. The programme comprised songs by Chamisso, Gounod, Handel, Berlin, and Rossini. The assisting artists were Ade Bassoli, harpist, and George Barrine, flutist, both of whom came in for a fair share of the afternoon's applause. Mr. and Mrs. Baird, who are well known in society in Philadelphia, where they formerly resided, have been living in Paris for several years. This was their debut on the concert stage.

IN OPERATIC FORM.

The remarkable voices of Marta of the Lowlands, in which Bertha Kalich is achieving her greatest success, under the direction of Harrison Grey Fiske, as well as the universality of its interest, is shown by the fact that it has been employed as the subject of an opera by Eugen D'Albert. This opera was produced in Berlin last month, and has since been repeated at the Staat Theatre, in Leipzig. In its German form the work is entitled *Tiefland*.

DAILEY GOES BACK TO WEBER'S.

Peter F. Dailey will be a member of Joe Weber's company when Weber's Theatre reopens with the new burlesque of *The Merry Widow*. Mr. Dailey was a popular member of the old Weber and Fields company, and the regular patrons will be glad to see him in his old position. Last season he was a member of Lew Fields' company, and this season has been appearing in vaudeville.

HERALD SQUARE LEAVE RENEWED.

After several days of negotiations the Shuberts last week obtained a two years' extension of their lease of the Herald Square Theatre. Instead of being torn down, as originally planned, at the close of the present season the playhouse will stand for at least two more years. Many alterations and improvements will be made on the interior of the playhouse before the new lease becomes effective next summer.

HAINES TO BE A MANAGER.

Robert T. Haines, in company with Mrs. Haines, is to enter the managerial branch of the theatrical business and will engage in the production of new plays. Western capitalists are said to be backing the venture. Mr. Haines will not leave the stage.

CHARLES BALSAR.

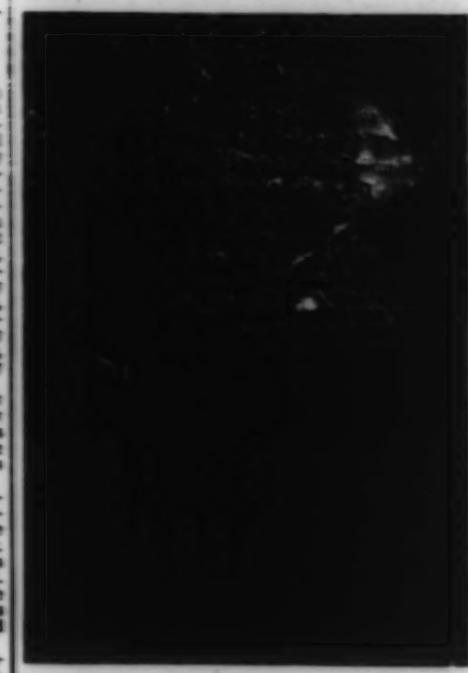


Photo Denton, Minneapolis.

Charles Balsar's engagement with the Orpheum Stock company at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is but another link in the chain of successful engagements held by this young artist in his comparatively short career. His work in support of various well-known stars and with a number of the foremost stock organizations is now so well-known that comment is unnecessary, but attention might be called to the extraordinary praise his performance of *Paul Sylvain* elicited in Harrison Grey Fiske's special company of Leah Kleischma. Mr. Balsar's quiet, forceful and extremely natural methods prompted many critics to pronounce his performance the most artistic and finished of the production. His success with Mrs. Fiske in Leah Kleischma as a member of the famous Manhattan company during the remarkable run of this play was most gratifying, for it furnished Mr. Balsar an opportunity to prove himself a versatile actor, playing as he did a role so entirely different from *Paul Sylvain*.

REFLECTIONS.

Arrangements were made last week between Mrs. Leslie Carter and Ezra P. Franklin, receiver in bankruptcy, by which a part of the profits of Mrs. Carter's tour will be paid over daily to the receiver.

Nita Allen has been engaged for one of the principle roles in *Pioren's Ziegfeld's new review*.

Herbert Cawthorn, who was compelled to leave the cast of *A Yankee Tourist* at Holyoke, Mass., on Thanksgiving Day, with an attack of pneumonia, is now on the road to recovery at the Holyoke City Hospital.

The Abora Opera Company, now at Blaney's Lincoln Square Theatre, will move to the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, on Dec. 23, to begin an indefinite engagement, opening with *Robin Hood*.

Tully Marshall has been engaged for an important role in *Paid in Full*, which is to be produced on Dec. 23.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Raymond (Edith von Lake), members of the Avenue Stock company at East St. Louis, Ill., unconsciously entertained burglars at their flat one evening recently, during a performance of *Thelma* at the theatre. The guests carried away property valued at more than \$1,000, and left no clew behind.

Victor Moore, the star in *The Talk of New York*, gave a farewell dinner to George M. Cohan at the Knickerbocker Theatre last Friday evening.

Fushinashi, a Japanese musical play, will follow *The Gay White Way* at the Casino, opening on Jan. 6. Valerka Suratt, William Gould, Daze Lewis and William and Tucker will be prominent in the cast. Thomas W. Ryely is the producer.

A new song, "Dinah," has been added to *The Top o' th' World*, at the Majestic Theatre.

William Lorraine has succeeded Arthur Weid as musical director of *The Dairymaids*.

Will W. Crimmins and Mildred Hyland have been transferred from *A Midnight Escape* to *The Fighting Chance* to play the same line of characters.

Blanche Wayne has been engaged for the role of the widow in *His Honor the Mayor*.

HOMER BARTON.



Photo Ayres, Ft.

In The House of Maryland.

"Colonel Fulton Thorpe assumed by Homer Barton in an equally difficult piece of wartime dramatic work. In Mr. Barton it meets its master. He carried his audience completely away from all thought save his particular lines. By nature his part would be ludicrous and farcical, but he lends dignity and completeness to it, rare qualities in a similar character." —New Haven "Citizen."

REVIEWS OF NEW PLAYS.

ANTE-HOLIDAY QUIET REIGNS IN THE THEATRES.

Novell's Production of *Nero the Only Really New Play*—Sudermann's *Honor Given by the Harlem Opera House Stock Company*—Arnold Daly Revives *Candida* with Much Success—Other Plays.

To be reviewed next week:

The Secret Orchard..... Lyric
A Knight for a Day..... Wallack's
The Cat and the Fiddle..... West End
The Original Cohen..... Thalia

Lyric—Novell.

NEED.

Poetic tragedy in five acts, by Pietro Consalvi. Produced Dec. 8.

Cast of *Consalvi's Nero*..... Ernest Novell
Acte..... G. Giannini
Venus, Longina..... G. S. Ward
Clarice Ruffo..... L. Ferriani
Menecrate..... R. Piamonti
Faonte..... E. Tamburini
Nero..... A. Bettone
Bartolo..... V. Serrone
Menzio..... G. P. Piantoni
Vivona..... G. Giannini
Faonte..... G. Almirante
Eupafroditto..... G. Galbani
A Slave-Woman of Ethiopia..... M. Fanti

The first novelty of Novell's engagement was the presentation of Pietro Consalvi's *Nero* (Neroni) on Monday night. There have been many plays written about this particular Emperor, none of them very successful. Each dramatist has found a different phase of Nero's character to tell about, until it would appear that the gentleman was the most versatile man in history. Consalvi's *Nero* is a licentious opotist, alternately cruel and good natured, obviously degenerate and insane. The play is scarcely more than a series of incidents with much metrical talking.

In the first act Nero is seen in his palace receiving homage from his sycophants. A little of the jealousy of Acte (Acte) is indicated, in connection with Nero's regard for the slave-girl, Egloge. The Emperor descants on his ability as an actor but in a fit of anger strains his voice so that his hoarseness puts a stop to a theatrical performance. In the second act, after causing the death of Longina, a wealthy citizen, he pursues his victim's daughter to a low tavern. There he engages in a wrestling bout with an old gladiator and is defeated. His anger is assuaged by the artful, flattering speech of Faonte, a pantomimist, and he drinks himself into a state of boastful intoxication, in spite of the pleas of Acte.

In the third act the Emperor is seen as a sculptor, demanding praise from his visitors. He further arouses Acte's jealousy by his behavior toward Egloge and refuses to give up pleasure even when notified by the Senate that Galba has been proclaimed Emperor by his soldiers. A banquet in the scene of the fourth act, Nero Acte poisons Egloge and in the midst of his grief at the death of his favorite Nero learns that Galba has arrived in Rome and has been elected Emperor by the people. Deserted by all but Acte and two freed slaves, Faonte and Eupafroditto, Nero flees from his palace and escapes to Faonte's hut, where, when his pursuers are at hand, he kills himself.

Novell's characterization of Nero is the best example of his work in heavy roles he has yet offered. He makes of the Emperor an absurd, undignified, hopelessly foolish creature, impressive by his pitiful weakness. His sonorous voice, breaking in anger to a high pitched treble, his simulation of hoarseness, his representation of drunkenness, of cunning cruelty, of superegotistic pleasure, of licentious desire, and of fear, with a strange attractiveness beneath it all, make his work in this role especially notable. In make up his face resembles those pictures of Nero in which the Emperor is represented with blonde hair and throat whiskers.

The supporting company was, as usual, excellent. Especially worthy of note was the work of Signora Giannini as Acte, Signora Rossi as Egloge, Signor Piamonti as Menecrate, the buffoon; A. Bettone as Nero, the pantomimist, whose long speech in the second act was splendidly delivered; R. Tamburini as Eupafroditto, and G. Almirante as Faonte.

On Tuesday night Novell appeared in Henry J. Byron's comedy, *One Boy*, and his repertoire for the remainder of the week was as follows: Wednesday, King Lear; Thursday, Kean; Friday, The Outlaw; Saturday matinee, A Knight for a Day; Saturday night, for the first time, Macbeth. A review of his performance of Macbeth will be given in next week's *Mirror*.

Channing Pollock's dramatization of "The Secret Orchard" was presented last night, Dec. 18.

Harlem Opera House—Honor.

Play in four acts, by Maurice Magnan, adapted from Hansa Sudermann's *Die Ehre*. Produced Dec. 9.

Cast of *Honor*..... Scott Stegmaier
Henry Wilkinson..... Ray Derridge
Elizabeth..... Beatrice Morris
John..... William A. Morris
Frank..... John Craig
Lord Percy Postlethwaite..... George Novell
Barry Collins..... William G. Carr
Mrs. Collins..... Emilia McEvily
Nellie..... Louise Randolph
Susan..... Robert Lee Hill
Mrs. Lafferty..... Clara Sibley
Arthur McIntyre..... Martin J. West
Thomas Hamilton..... Dudley Hawley
William..... Charles M. Seay
James..... Ralph Irving
Blindus..... James Ward
Philip..... J. Francis Ollons

The stock company at the Harlem Opera House appeared in an English adaptation of Sudermann's "class" play *Die Ehre*, last week. This play, in the form of a direct translation, was given at the Standard Theatre in November, 1895, when it was withdrawn after one week, and was presented by the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, at the Criterion Theatre in February, 1905, for a single performance. In a country where class distinction is recognized only in books and political speeches, many of the points of the play are likely to be misunderstood, though the present adapter has given the scenes an English atmosphere, which helps somewhat toward a proper appreciation of the conditions. The theme of the play is general, however, and has been successfully used by many playwrights—recently by Henry Arthur Jones in *The Hypocrites*.

A young man, son of extremely poor parents, returns home after ten years abroad and finds that his family has tacitly consented to illicit relations between his younger sister and the son of his employer and benefactor. The young man's inability to make his father and mother recognize the shame of accepting money for the loss of honor, and the hopelessness of receiving adequate satisfaction from the bourgeois father of the seducer, form the story of the play. The basic motive is supplied in the speeches of a cynical, evenly balanced man of the world, who measures honor by duty.

The performance by the members of the stock company was exceptionally good. Several of the characters require repeated acting of the highest order, and each role is distinctly individual. John Craig as the principal figure in the drama, Frank Collins, played the part with dignity and skill, and in the third act especially took advantage of an emotional scene. Louise Randolph as Nellie Collins, the victim, gave a careful, consistent performance of a role rich in emotional contrast. Beatrice Morris as Susan, sister of the betrayer and sweetheart of Frank Collins, played to her usual inspiring

manner. Emilia McEvily gave an excellent impersonation of the ignorant Mrs. Collins, and Louise Randolph was good in the character part of Susan, Nellie's married sister. Ray Derridge as Mrs. Wilkinson played well, and Clara Sibley Green was satisfactory in the small role of Mrs. Lafferty.

George Novell as Lord Featherstone, the friend of young Collins, was fitted with a role in which his talent was seen to best advantage. His characterization was clear cut and his reading remarkably good. William A. Morris as Laurence Wilkinson gave a very good impersonation of a disagreeable role. William C. Carr did some capital character work as Darby Collins, and Scott Stegmaier as Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. Wilkinson, Dr. Robert Lee Hill as Anderson, Susan Collins' husband; Dudley Hawley as an exaggerated English "swell," and Martin J. West as his friend were all good, and the small roles were adequately filled.

This week, Harvest.

Fifth Avenue—The Charity Ball.

The Charity Ball still retains a large measure of popularity, and good-sized audiences wept and laughed in the same old places when it was revived last week. Edna May Spooner had a fine opportunity for emotional work in the part of Ann Cruger, and did some of the best work she has shown this season. Augustus Phillips as Rev. John Van Buren had a role that fitted him to perfection. Arthur Evers gave a strong and virile performance as Dick Van Buren. Jessie McAllister as Bess and Harold Kennedy as Alice won new honors. Edwin Curtis was in his element as Judge Knox, and Ben Wilson scored as Franklin Cruger. Olive Grove as Mrs. Van Buren, Josephine Fox as Phyllis Lee, Eleanor Weston as Mrs. De Peyster, and W. L. West as Mr. Bette gave entire satisfaction. This week's play is *The Night Before Christmas*.

Berkeley—Candida.

The revival of *Candida* on Dec. 11 attracted the largest audience the Berkeley has held since Arnold Daly began his tenancy of the house. Mr. Daly appears in the role of Marchbank, that he originated and that made him famous. His performance has grown in strength since the play was first given, but he appears to have lost some of the suggestion of Eugene's extreme youthfulness, while gaining a more positive and definite representation. Margaret Wycherly as Candida gives a satisfactory performance, but not until the last act does she seem to realize the greatness of Candida's nature. The final

scene with James and Eugene is played with noteworthy force, and the early scene in the final act Miss Wycherly fills with exquisite tenderness. Holbrook Blinn as James Morell indicates more the attractive qualities of the hand-some person than the helplessness of the "big baby" that Candida calls him. Helen Ware as Frosny is delightful, fully as delightful as her predecessor in the part. It is beginning to appear that Miss Ware is an extraordinary actress, dependable to enact a wide variety of roles with distinction and skill. Herbert Blauding gives the same excellent characterization of Mr. Burgess that was noted in the first performance of the play. Harold M. Cheshire as Lucy Mill plays the harmless young curate with considerable skill and comedy effect.

At Other Playhouses.

AMERICAN.—*The Life of an Actress* was a popular attraction at this house last week. This week, Nellie, the Beautiful Cleek Model.

FOURTEENTH STREET.—The Russell Brothers in *The Hired Girl's Millions* were greeted by large audiences here last week. This week, Lillian Mortimer in *Bunco* in Arizona.

BLAINE'S LINCOLN SQUARE.—*Fra Diavolo* was presented by the Aborn Opera company last week, with Harry Luckstone in the title-role and Estelle Wentworth as Zerlina. The sextette from Lucia was interpolated as a special feature. This week, the last of the engagement at this house, the opera will be *The Chimes of Normandy*.

WEST END.—*The Old Homestead* pleased Harlem audiences last week, as usual. This week, *The Cat and the Fiddle*.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Carrolline Nilsson in *The Three of Us* was received with much favor here last week, playing to large audiences. This week, Ernest Hogan in *The Oyster Man*.

THALIA.—*The Convict and the Girl* was last week's attraction at this house. This week, *The Original Cohen*.

YORKVILLE.—Lillian Mortimer in *Bunco* in Arizona pleased large audiences here last week. This week, James J. Corbett in *The Burglar and the Lady*.

METROPOLIS.—John and Emma Bay in *King Casey* caused much merriment here last week. This week, Buster Brown.

GERMAN.—*Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm* was revived at the German Theatre on Dec. 10 for three performances, with Hedwig Reicher in the leading role. The Duchess de Volles Burgere

still continues as the principal attraction at this house.

NEW STAGE.—*The Little Organ Grinder* was played to large audiences here last week, pleasing the patrons of the house. This week, *The Four Corners of the Earth*.

WALLACE'S.—Eliza Janis in *The Hoyden* ended her engagement here on Dec. 14, and last night *A Knight for a Day* began an indefinite run.

CUES.

Herbert Wilke wishes to deny that he has retired from the stage. He is now playing Giant in *The Chain of the Blood*, with Walter White-side.

MARY ROBSON AND THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.—*Mary* will move to the Madison Square Theatre on Dec. 22. The play and the supporting company have been improved since the opening performance.

A new song entitled "I Wish I Could Find the Man Who Wrote the Merry Widow Waltz," has been introduced into *Honor the Mayor*.

CHARLES CARTER.—Charles Carter, while at Saginaw, Mich., recently purchased a portable camp for hunting and fishing purposes, which he had shipped to his summer home in New Hampshire.

The first new play of length in which Arnold Daly will appear at the Berkley Theatre will be a dramatization of Owen Kildare's auto-biographic story, "My Manic Rose." The production will probably follow the revival of *Candida* after the holidays.

EDWARD WALDMANN.—Edward Waldmann is now playing Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and David Garrick, opening in the latter play at Huntington, N. Y., on Dec. 9.

Rudyard Kipling was formally presented with the Nobel prize for literature, at Stockholm, Sweden, on Dec. 10. The prize this year amounts to \$38,000, a diploma and gold medal.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN.—Henrietta Crosmen, who has been suffering from an acute attack of grip for the last week, is now on the road to recovery. Miss Crosmen is at the Hotel Wellington.

HENRY B. HARRIS.—Henry B. Harris has recovered from the operation he underwent several weeks ago, and was able to attend to his office duties last week.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE M. COHAN.—Mr. and Mrs. George M. Cohan, accompanied by Mr. Cohan's cousin, Marge Contigan, sailed for Europe on the *Philadelphia* last Saturday. They will be gone until February.

MRS. SARAH COWELL LE MOYNE.—Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne will give readings of *Macbeth* at the Lyceum Theatre on the afternoons of Jan. 3 and Jan. 7.

AUBREY BONCIANCI.—Aubrey Boncianci was struck by an electric car while crossing Broadway one day last week and painfully bruised. He had to give up his role in *The Secret Orchard*, and his place was taken by William Courtney.

THE BELLE OF MAYFAIR.—The *Belle of Mayfair* closed on Dec. 7.

WILLIAM GRAY.—William Gray has been engaged as business manager for Paul Armstrong in connection with the presentation of Mr. Armstrong's play, *Soddy and the Bulldog*.

LEO COOPER.—Leo Cooper read Tennyson's "In Memoriam" at the memorial service for the Elks at Madison, Wisc.

DAMON LYON.—Damon Lyon gave a recital at the parlor of the Actors' Church Alliance on Dec. 10. His programme consisted of two scenes from Peer Gynt, some songs, and several selections from Riley and Eugene Field. He was assisted by Mary Louise Woehler, Mrs. E. N. Collins, Mrs. Damon Lyon, and Harry O. Hirt.

THE FRIE VOLKSBUHNE.—The *Frie Volksbuhne* (People's Free Theatre), composed of German Socialists of New York, will give its second performance at the German Theatre, Irving Place, on Monday, Dec. 30. Three one-act plays will be presented, all by Arthur Schnitzler, of Vienna, author of *The Reckless*, which was produced at the Berkley Lyceum last season. The three plays are *Literature*, *The Last Mask*, and *The Green Cockatoo*.

THE STOCK COMPANIES

CATHERINE RIMMEL.—Catherine Rimmett has been engaged as leading woman for the Belasco Theatre, Los Angeles, Cal. Her last engagements have been in *Summer Stock* at Hartford and at Albaugh's Theatre, Baltimore.

GEORGE HAMILTON.—George Hamilton, who lately closed her season as the leading woman of the Barry-Burke Stock companies of New Bedford and Fall River, Mass., joined their other company at the Dauphin Theatre in New Orleans, where she made an instantaneous hit as the adventuress in *A Fighting Chance*, also as the Duchess Alizette in *The Voice of Nature*.

GEORGE ALISON.—George Alison gave a picturesque performance of *De Launay in an Enemy to the King* at the Winnipeg Theatre, where this week a notable revival of *Camillo* will be made.

ARTHUR MATTLAND.—Arthur Mattland, for the past five years with the Forepaugh Stock, Philadelphia, will join the Bowdoin Square stock, Boston, opening Christmas week.

J. MOY BENNETT.—J. Moy Bennett has signed as leading man with Frank Salisbury for the Rapides Stock company at Rapides Theatre, Alexandria, La. Mr. Bennett is meeting with success there and is a favorite.

THE McGOVERN-NICHOLS STOCK COMPANY.—The McGovern-Nichols Stock company, playing at the Academy Theatre, Lowell, Mass., played Thanksgiving week to record business of house for ten years. The company is now in its fifteenth week at Lowell. The roster follows: Albert McGovern, Byron W. Nichols, Ethel Elder, Caroline Friend, Edith Bowers, Margaret Hagen, Lillian Benson, Charles Stevens, Lynn Osborne, Charles A. Clark, John W. Lyons, John Geary, James Waters, Augustine Glassmire, Daniel J. McCabe.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

For the Fund.

To the Editor of *The Dramatic Mirror*:

Sir.—Will you kindly give this communication a place in your much read column? I have sent to Theodore Brosley, assistant secretary of the Actor's Fund of America, 112 and 114 West Forty-second Street, New York, \$2, which is to pay the dues for the annual membership of any actress or actor who first applies for the same, who cannot afford to pay dues of his or her own at present; who is desirous of joining; who will pay future annual dues, and whose identity is given to the assistant secretary. This is a Christian gift to one's soul, and I cannot imagine a better for the present season. I would have made it fifty times more, if I really could afford to give the \$2, but I strike a point, for the Actor's Fund can do more good with the same than I. There are hundreds of actresses, actors and other members of the theatrical profession who can only bear the paying of \$2 for their own annual membership, or that of some one else in the Fund. Less than \$2,000. Are so many names forever to be lost? Those who read this article and send \$2 to the Fund, can be sure they will be relieved of some burden in the present season. There are several thousand of us in the Fund, and we are, we know not, what we may be. I have been personally acquainted and acted with all the members, at one time, prominent and especially popular dramatic stars or managers, whom I can name. I am in the Fund, and in fact was born in the Actor's Fund of America, and when married, my first in the Fund. Our burial fund in the Actor's Fund of America is the largest in the country, a large proportion of which goes to the Actor's Fund in the last year of its history, 1906-1907, less than \$100,000 of its dues were paid dues. Less than 2,000 come to the Fund; all the other thousands did not contribute \$2 worth of charity, each, in a whole year. Less than I can tell for the Fund, during the above year, and not for the Fund, during the present year, I do not know, but may be very numerous. It costs for the Fund, to keep and have a building, and to pay the expenses of the Fund, and to pay the dues of the members, and what I have done; you can tell to the Fund, 112-114 West Forty-second Street, New York, or you can call there. I will state that up to now, I have not paid who wrote this letter, nor of my handwriting in do.

Honorably yours,

Photo Schiller, Rochester.

W. B. PATTON.

As He Will Appear Next Season in *The Blackbird*.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR



Photo Otto Sereny Co., N. Y.

WINSOR McCAY.
"SILAS."

CHARLES E. EVANS AND COMPANY.

There is, perhaps, no name better known to the theatricals of the United States than that of Charles E. Evans. For many years, as the principal owner of the firm of Evans and Hoyt, he kept the company in convulsions with Hoyt's farce, *A Parker Match*, which enjoyed a popularity that caused it to outlast hundreds of similar entertainments, on account of Mr. Evans' plan of always providing novelties and innovations, a graduate of the variety school, Mr. Evans has returned to that branch of theatricals, and in *George Arliss' one-act comedy, It's Up to You, William*, he has one of the most successful offerings now before the public. Mr. Evans has developed from a farceur into a genuine comedian, with wit, aunction and originality. He has come into himself with an uncommonly clever company, and the presentation of his sketch is always accompanied with laughter that is loud and hearty.

MARIE BATES.

Marie Bates is a character actress whose talent has been recognized as quite out of the ordinary. For a number of years she has been associated with the production of David Belasco, and at present is appearing with great success in *Lotta Biglow in A Grand Army Man*, with David Belasco. As Aunt Rose in *Zaza* she did remarkably well, and her splendid comedy as the boarding house keeper in *The Music Master* is well remembered.

THE WIGGERY.

All ladies wearing aesthetic wigs will kindly take notice that The Wiggyery, 162 State Street, Chicago, Ill., will send free of charge, upon application a twelve-inch curling stick, free of charge. The Wiggyery has just completed a new magnificient illustrated catalogue for 1908. This catalogue superseded all others published by The Wiggyery, and is one of the most elaborate ever published in theatrical history. The Wiggyery guarantees every wig they send out.

CORLISS GILES.

Corliss Giles is a young actor who has that attractive presence which should go with youth, and in his comparatively brief career on the stage has

established an unquestioned right to tread the boards. He has been a valued member of several of the better stock companies, and has been particularly successful in heavy roles, although his ability is by no means confined to this special line of work.

BERTHA BLANCHARD.

Bertha Blanchard will shortly make her debut in vaudeville in a sketch called *Adoles* of '98, written especially for her by Oliver Curtis. Miss Blanchard has five seasons played with the Mills, the late Richard Mansfield, and also had a wide experience in the Belasco and Marer and H. W. Wilson stock companies in San Francisco, and with Florence Ritter company. In addition to her talent as an actress Miss Blanchard is also a very clever musician, and has received many complimentary notices on the quality of her singing voice.

BEULAH POYNTER COMPANY.

Quite a departure from the usual line of popularized companies was made by Bert and Muriel Poynter in establishing the support of their pretty little star, Beulah Poynter. While the entire production used in creating *Laurel* is carried and frequently complimented for its beauty, nevertheless the cast has received the greatest attention from critics and review. In the last two years Miss Poynter has taken a most enviable position in the dramatic field and by her quite effective methods has elicited from the affections of many thousands of spectators. It is therefore, most fitting that she should be given a company above the average. *Laurel*, with numbers only to please and ability the result has proved that the public considers a perfectly balanced organization above anything. The Poynter is supported by Sam G. Newell, Fred Jones, Eddie Butler, I. Irving White, Mrs. Newell Jones, Eddie Armond, Sam J. Sturte, George Wilson, Eddie London, and L. J. Loring. Their pictures appear on another page.

VALERIE BERGERE.

Valerie Berger claims the distinction of having the only stock company in vaudeville. She always selects a supporting company with great care, and then trains them in such a way that her performances always have a distinct individuality. That her plan is a good one is proved by the fact that all of her time is filled. Her company is one of the very few legitimate actresses who have had great success in vaudeville, and though she has had many good offers to abandon the field she prefers to remain in it for the present at least, as she likes the work very much. Her repertoire is extensive, consisting of *Billie's First Love*, *Jimmie's Experiment*, *His Japanese Wife*, *Carman*, *A Rover's Camille*, and *The Meeting After the Play*. She has also in preparation *Another Chance* and *The Prairie Flower*, two new sketches that she feels confident will please her audience.

WILL M. CRESSY AND BLANCHE DAYNE

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne have been before the public for several years, gaining a constantly increasing popularity in the studies of life in New England, written by Mr. Cressy. To any one born east of New Haven and to thousands of others who have never even visited Boston, the stories of Mr. Cressy are a pure delight. His humor flows as naturally as the brook, and when he plays a character the stage seems a thing far away, and we seem to be looking in on a picture of real life in the New Hampshire valley. Besides writing all the sketches necessary for his own use, Mr. Cressy has found time to supply Thomas J. Rutter with three splendid Irish character comedies and a number of other well-known stars with vehicles that have enhanced their reputations and increased their salaries. Mr. Cressy has a clever and efficient co-worker in Miss Dayne, and she has shared in every success made since they entered vaudeville.

KIDD OPERA HOUSE AND HOTEL.

The Kidd Opera House, Princeton, Ind., always gives good business to good shows. The Hotel Kidd is entirely new and modern throughout. George P. Kidd is the proprietor and manager of both opera house and hotel.

SELWYN AND COMPANY.

Foremost among the play agents of the country stands the name of Selwyn and Company. This firm has among its clients some of the most prominent authors and managers in the world. They have won a name for themselves, as owners of their reliability, in handling plays for capturing playwrights, as well as for those whose work has already met with success. The advantage to be derived from dealing through Selwyn and Company with the producers of plays, can readily be seen when it is realized with what difficulty the unknown playwright meets in getting his work before proper and responsible persons.

Photo Gage, Fall River.

CORLISS GILES.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

This company carries on an unusually large business with managers who have standing cases with them for plays of certain types in all individual characters, and the immense volume of business which they do makes them play agents of the highest order. The firm of Selwyn and Company is located at 1402 Broadway, New York city.

WINSOR McCAY.

There have been many cartoonists on the stage in past years, but not one of them ever dared to do an act without explaining his work. Winsor McCay, author of "Little Nemo in Slumberland" and "Flaming June," who is also known as "Silas," author of "Dreams of the Harriet Fiend," "Dull Care," and others in the New York "Herald" and New York "Evening Telegram," is "making good" without speaking one word in his act. His advent into vaudeville as a side line to his regular newspaper work was a success from the start, and the longer he stays in vaudeville the better he goes, and managers are fast booking him as a high class novelty with alacrity.

HELAINE HADLEY.

Helaine Hadley is a young actress who early gave unusual tokens of her ability, and she has achieved a prominent place among the later generation of leading women. She has a most attractive personality allied to temperamental qualities which are at rare in the theatre, and which give the aspect of life itself to characters susceptible of a treatment beyond the superficial. In several of the better stock companies Miss Hadley has shown a versatile and moving talents. Perhaps the most illuminating of the recent critical errors in her work is that of the veteran George F. Goodall, of the Detroit "Free Press," who, reviewing her acting in *The Wife*, said: "Lucille (the Crook) is obviously Miss Hadley's opportunity. This young player has passion, nerve, force, a voice of thrilling music and the faculty of seeming self-forgetfulness. She promises well. Like Clara Kimball, she performs difficult tasks with the external signs of ease."

ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS.

The American Academy of Dramatic Arts and Empire Theatre Dramatic School is still turning out actors and actresses that adorn and uplift the stage. No actor or actress could want a better recommendation than a certificate of graduation from this theatre training school. It is a well-known fact that some of the most prominent actors and actresses that grace the theatres to-day have graduated from this school. The school was founded in 1884, and has had continual success from its beginning to the present day. The Board of Trustees of this school contains some of the most prominent names in the theatrical world, they are: Franklin H. French, president; Daniel Frankman, John Drew, Truman H. Smith, Benjamin F. Bowles. The next class of the Academy opens on Jan. 12. For catalogue and information apply to the Secretary, Room 161, Carnegie Hall, New York city.

LIEBLER AND COMPANY.

The well-known firm of Liebler and Company, theatrical producers and managers, is composed of George C. Tyler and Theodore A. Liebler. They are located at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, and have established a business whose relations with the public have always been entirely satisfactory. The Misses, just as many friends in wishing them a continued successful career.

AL. H. "METZ" WILSON.

The singing ambassador of German dialect. In this issue is presented a portrait of that genial comedian, Al. H. "Metz" Wilson, who is popularly known as the "Ambassador of German Dialect," and "Golden Voiced Singer," which is expressive, as denoting the wealth and quality of his rich high baritone voice. The emphatic success of Mr. Wilson as a star under the management of Sidney R. Ellis is now definite, and each season receipts have grown to such proportions that capacity audiences are more the rule than the exception. This year Mr. Ellis has given him a good play, entitled *Men in the Alps*, which is hourly and some times slightly in its simplicity. It is a happy blending of music and mirth. Then the sweet songs of Mr. Wilson are an additional feature. They are all new this season, the principal hits being, "Fairies Flower of All," "Widow's Lullaby Todel," "Way Down South in Louisiana," and "Song of Fatherland." The company in his support is strictly a gathering of some



Photo Fenton, Detroit.

HELAINE HADLEY.

of the highest paid actors in the profession. For this season of 1906-07 a new play will be supplied to this young star, and from advance information it will prove the most elaborate production he has ever had, aptly described as a "first-class song-bedecked play for first-class song-loving people."

PACKARD THEATRICAL EXCHANGE.

Mrs. Beaumont Packard, of the Packard Theatrical Exchange, has been the successful manager of this incorporation for some time. Mrs. Packard is located at 1416 Broadway, New York city, where she can be addressed and where she will be pleased to receive calls interested in her line of business.

HENRY W. SAVAGE SUCCESSES.

Henry W. Savage, who, in recent years, in the one-man shows has now in preparation several new plays by well-known playwrights that the theatrical public is anxious to await the sight of. Among these new productions is a comedy by Edith Ellis Baker, to be entitled *Perita Pickles*; a fantastic comedy by Oscar Strauss, to be entitled *Princess Mary's Moon*; a French comedy in *Princess of France*, a German company in *The Prince of France*, and the *Princess*, in preparation for revival. His present company includes: The Harry White, now playing at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York city; the *Queen*, new player in Chicago at the Oriental Theatre; a French company in preparation, and a mad comedy in preparation, *Tom Jones*, a French comic opera; *Widow's Lullaby Todel*; *Way Down South in Louisiana*, and *Song of Fatherland*. The company in his support is strictly a gathering of some

THEATRICAL SCENERY.

The Daniels' Scene Studio, located in the Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill., has a reputation that is beyond research. These theatrical scenery people have to their credit the fact that they have done \$100,000 worth of business the past year. They make a specialty of silk, the famous French

and the English.

They have a large stock of all kinds of scenes.

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AL G. FIELD GREATER MINSTRELS

23rd YEAR Oldest Biggest And Best



ONE continuous round of unexampled prosperity has been enjoyed by the Al. G. Field Greater Minstrels this season. Mr. Field, who opened his twenty-second consecutive season at Marion, O., Monday, Aug. 12, made a preliminary tour as far East as Buffalo, then returning to Louisville via Indianapolis opened his Southern tour at Louisville, Monday, Sept. 2, opening, as his wont, the McCauley Opera House. From Louisville to New Orleans through the Mississippi Valley, thence to Galveston, where the show was the day of the terrible storm, thence to San Antonio and to Texarkana, the outlet from the South, nearly sixty odd cities were visited, and in all greater prosperity was met with than in any year of Mr. Field's twenty-two odd years sole management of the organization which bears his name. It was one continuous triumph. Mr. Field from the opening of the hunting season, Nov. 1, up to the present time has enjoyed hunting, and accompanied by his famous pair of hunting dogs, "Court" and "Dollar," and behind his celebrated pair of white horses, "Belle" and "Sulton," he has scarcely missed a day when the weather was propitious and the place where he happened to be suitable for hunting, and he kept the car well supplied with game. From New Orleans to De Soto Mrs. and Miss Field accompanied the minstrel magnate. At Montgomery, Ala., Mr. Field entertained the entire company at a banquet in celebration of the twenty-second anniversary of his ownership and management

mous in their praise of this year's production, which is far away ahead of anything ever attempted before in minstrelsy. Mr. Field himself appears in the new burlesque or political satire on Secretary Taft's visit

to unconsciously draw the children and younger folk into the ensemble, making the audience a part of the production. If the New York Board of Public Education wished to realize the potency and magnetism of

carols selected by Mr. Field have lent not locutor. The band is under the direction of Ned Brill, while Paul La Londe is vocal director and Kensi Pearce is orchestra leader. Claude H. Long is agent in advance, Charles Phillips is general press representative, Joseph Rieder treasurer, and Doc Quigley, manager.

THE AL. G. FIELD BALLADIERS.

The leading balladists with the Al. G. Field Greater Minstrels include George T. Martin, John C. Dickens, Walter Sherwood,



PAUL LA LONDE.

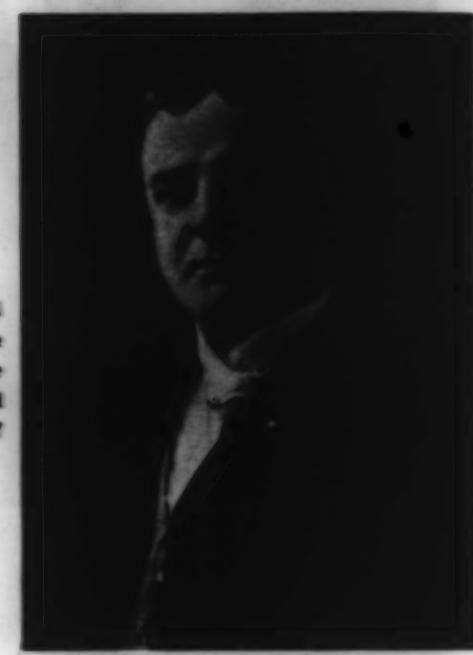


Photo by Baker, Columbus.

GEORGE T. MARTIN.

Paul La Londe, and Boardman S. Carnes, whose pictures appear here. Thoroughly familiar with the various styles of music, these singers are able to present a varied programme pleasing to all. Neither monotony of word nor melodic style mars their daily recitals so admirably are their songs arranged. Their fine appreciation of the poetical contents of a song, which is all too rare in singers, is one of the strong points of the Al. G. Field singers this season. It is frequently remarked that they bring out the most subtle meaning of the songs they interpret, infusing many a familiar verse with new significance. Where such vocalists join forces the results must necessarily be a delightful ensemble.

THE AL. G. FIELD COMEDIANS.

Billy Clark, "the man behind the fun"; Harry Van Fossen, "the man with the comedy shuffle"; Doc Quigley, "the man with the comedy legs," and Bun Granville are leaders in the ranks of burnt cork entertainers. They have few compeers in the ranks of minstrelsy.



Photo Moore, New Orleans, La.
AL. G. FIELD AND HIS DOGS.



Photo by Hayes, Detroit.

JOHN C. DICKENS.

of the show which bears his name, and he was at that time the recipient of hundreds of telegrams and letters from friends throughout the country congratulating him on his long and successful career. The press and public this year have been unani-

to the Philippines. The spectacles this year are sumptuous and include The Little Boy to eliminate them from the school books of in Green and The Night Before Christmas. America's metropolitan city. When Mr. Both of these productions are elaborate, the Field plays in Philadelphia he will undoubtedly be glad to have them come over before Christmas being unusually effective. The singing of the Christmas carols, and spectacles. The company includes this season especially the Christmas hymn "Adeste son Doc Quigley, Billy Clark, Harry Van Fideles," have been a source of continuous enjoyment to the women and children attending the matinees, and on many occasions Mr. Field's choir on the stage stopped to let the audience swell by their voices the Harry Woods, Bert Ralton, Billy Walters, beauty of the songs. In fact, the Christmas balladists, and Boardman S. Carnes, inter-



Photo Smith, Selma, Ala.

WALTER SHERWOOD.

Of Mr. Field's extensive business staff, Doc Quigley, the manager, and Joseph R. Rieder, the business-manager and treasurer, have been with the minstrel magnate nearly twenty years. This speaks volumes for Mr. Field as an employer and manager.

AL. G. FIELD BUSINESS STAFF & LEADING COMEDIANS



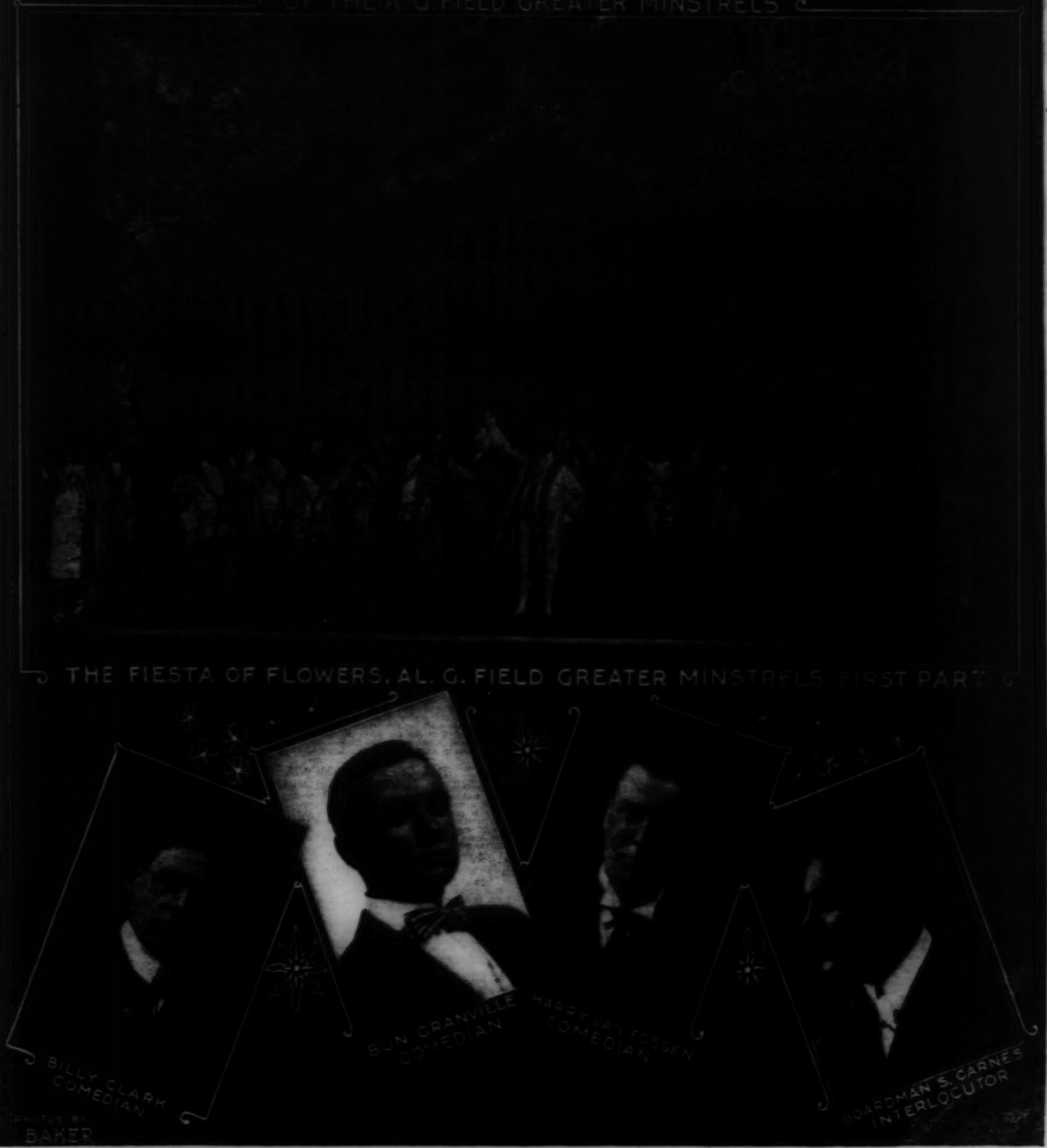
DOC QUIGLEY
MANAGER



AL. G. FIELD OWNER & DIRECTOR
OF THE AL. G. FIELD GREATER MINSTRELS



JOSEPH R. RIEDER
TREASURER & BUSINESS MANAGER



SEASON OF 1907-1908

ASKIN-SINGER ATTRACTIONS**EZRA KENDALL**IN
The New Fun Play**The Land of Dollars**

By GEORGE ADE

HOWARD and BARRISON**The Flower of the Ranch**

By JOS. E. HOWARD

**The Time, The Place
and The Girl**

Eastern Company

WITH
ARTHUR DEAGON

By ADAMS, HOUGH and HOWARD

**The Time, The Place
and The Girl**

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JOHN E. YOUNG

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THE GIRL QUESTION

Now in its SIXTH MONTH at La Salle Theatre, Chicago

WITH **PAUL NICHOLSON and ANGY NORTON**

Road Company Tour Begins Dec. 25

"The audience was simply carried away by the acting of Madame Kalich and the Company, by the intensity of the play and by the wonderfully beautiful and atmospheric setting that Mr. Fiske has provided."—W. L. HUBBARD in *Chicago Tribune*.

BERTHA KALICHIN
HARRISON GREY FISKE'S

Production of

**MARTA
OF THE
LOWLANDS**

By ANGEL GUIMERA

English Version by Wallace Gilpatrick and Guido Marburg

"A splendid exposition of intense emotional acting."—
JACKSON D. HAAG in *Pittsburg Post*.

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Producers AND Managers**

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NEW YORK CITY

The Kirke La Shelle Company Attractions**THE VIRGINIAN**By OWEN WISTER and KIRKE LA SHELL
(With W. S. HART and FRANK CAMPEAU)**THE HEIR TO THE HOORAH**

By PAUL ARMSTRONG

Warning—These plays are not available for Repertoire, Stock or other Theatrical Organizations. Play Pirates will be prosecuted.

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"ALL THAT'S GOOD IN MELODRAMA"

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To Stock Companies and Local Managers

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Written by George Heath,

and will produce this attraction in the near future on a more elaborate scale than last season.

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We number among our clients: Brady & Grinner, Stair & Havlin, Burt & Nichols, Klint & Gazzola, Rowland & Clifford, Holden & Edwards, Martin & Emery, Askin & Singer, Scott & Raynor, Macaulay & Pattee, Lyman Brothers, Lincoln J. Carter, W. E. Nankeville, John R. Sterling, W. F. Mann, H. H. Frazee, Fred Raymond, Chu B. Marvin, Walter S. Baldwin, Dick Ferris, Hal Davis, Mars S. Nathan, Elmer Walter, Fred Conrad, Walter O. Lindsay, Frank Sardan, J. L. Veronee, Willard Mack, etc., etc.

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THEATRICAL SCENERY

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PERPETRATOR OF PITHY, POINTED PARAGRAMS

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS CHICAGO

Salomy Jane Pleases—The Great Divide—Good Outlook for the Holidays—Items.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 14.—Eleanor Robson in Salomy Jane began her engagement at the Grand Opera House this week. The production is one of the finest of the season, and the acting of the entire company, including three bright children, most excellent. The play and company delighted the audience rather more than the critics. Miss Robson revealed Salomy's emotional depth and strength of character completely. H. B. Warner makes the most of his short lead, and A. L. Lampman does the gamblers most cleverly. The audience enthusiastically admired George W. Wilson's Colonel Starbottle and Ada Dwyer's Lise Heath.

Otis Skinner will begin his annual engagement at the Grand Opera House on Jan. 20 in his new play, *The Honor of the Family*, a dramatization of a Balzac novel.

Manager Edwin L. Barker, of the Players' stock at the Bush Temple, announces Lena Rivers for next week, followed by Moths and several special productions, including *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, *When We Were Twenty-one*, *Hamlet*, and *As You Like It*.

The Great Divide, with Margaret Anglin and Harry Miller, will be the Christmas attraction at the Garrick. The engagement of three weeks will begin Monday night, Dec. 18. This celebrated play, by Professor William Vaughn Moody, of this city, will return after its long, brilliant career on Broadway, just as presented there.

Manager William Roche will have The Millionaire Tramp at the Bijou next week. At the Academy, Ramsey Morris from literary effort, *The Ninety and Nine*, will thrill the crowd.

Manager Frank Beale, of the People's, has prepared a special production of *Sapho* for next week.

The Christmas bill at the People's will be *The Night Before Christmas*.

Viola Allen is to be the second attraction at the Chicago Opera House under the Liebler management. The date of the engagement depends on the run of *The Man from Home* at this house. Manager Kingsbury, of *The Man from Home*, will act as manager of the Chicago Opera House during the stay of the play there.

The Christmas bill at the Bijou will be *The Child of the Regiment*; at the Academy, *Broadway After Dark*.

Frank V. Hawley, here with the Four Mortons last season, is back in town as representative of *The House of a Thousand Candles*.

Guy Steddy, author of "The Storks and the Forbidden Land," is at home for the winter after a widely extended tour with the Ringlings. He says the "show" was a big success last season.

Fritz Huttman, a rising young Chicago tenor, now with the Le Brun Grand Opera Trio for the third season, is home for the holidays.

Harry Clay Blaney's first effort at writing a melodrama, *From Sing Sing to Liberty*, is an instantaneous success. It overdrove the Bijou all last week. The company is strong, including Johnnie Hoy, Frederick Ormonde, Augusta Gill, Irene Meara, Harry A. Fisher, and Arnold Alexander.

Maurice Briere as Jack Rutledge in *On the Stroke of Twelve* at the People's, Walter Jones as Henry Rutledge, Jay Quigley as Levi, Marie Nelson as Doria, and Maude Cleveland as Marie Bergeron gave this melodrama more than its usual strength last week. Frank Tobin and Van Barrett have joined the company.

Gertrude Blinley has left the Players at the Bush Temple and gone to Boston to join the Bennett-Moulton company. Mary Hill, wife of the stage director of the Bush, Harry Long, succeeds Miss Blinley. The new ingenue is Blanch Cressier.

Bjornson's *The Gauntlet* was carefully and effectively played by Donald Robertson and company at Music Hall. Mr. Robertson did well nicely and Marion Redlich was excellent as Stava. The company included Alice John as Mrs. Rica, Edwin Burke as Mr. Christensen, Yvonne de Kerkrat as Mrs. Christensen, Milton Sills as Alf, and Robert Vivian as Karl Hoff.

The Clansman has drawn large houses all week at McVicker's, and the usual demonstration against it by the colored people was made.

The Four Mortons have an unusually popular vehicle this season. A capacity matinee Wednesday was very enthusiastic.

Of course Christmas, McVicker's, in Old Kentucky.

Manager Fred Eberts, of the Great Northern, has three good bookings for the immediate future: *Just Out of College*, next week for the first time here at popular prices; *Hop Ward*, for Christmas cheer, and *Dream City*, which is sure to be most enjoyable, with Mary Marble and Chip, not to mention that Victor Herbert's music will grace the occasion.

Manager Charles Marvin's players gave an excellent performance of *Lost Paradise*, *Sapho* next week, with *Stranger in a Strange Land* for Christmas.

The Merry Widow is still filling the Colonial. OTIS COLSON.

WASHINGTON

Polly of the Circus—Sothern as Dundreary—Christmas Offerings—Notes.

(Special to The Mirror.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—In Margaret Mayo's play, *Polly of the Circus*, which had a most successful production at the National Theatre last Tuesday evening, Dec. 10, Frederick Thompson jumps again squarely in the limelight as a strikingly original designer and stage producer. His last act, with the two tableaux, showing a three-ring circus in full swing, and the second picturing the circus lot, a month after the performance, are masterpieces of stage craft. The story deals with the love of a minister of the gospel for a circus performer. As the heroine, Mabel Taliaferro has a part that just suits, and in which she is going to score a strong success. I append the cast of characters for future reference: The Rev. John Douglass; Malcolm Williams; Deacon Strong; James Cherry; Deacon Elverson; J. B. Hollis; Dr. Hartley; Herbert Ayling; Willie Wilmot; W. Burton James; Hasty Jones; Guy Nichols; Uncle Tom; John Findlay; Big Jim; Joseph Brennan; Joe Barker; J. W. Benson; Mrs. Wilmot; Mathilde Wellington; Julia Strong; Deacon Land; Miss Fortune; Jenny Weatherby; Mandy Jones; Mattie Ferguson; Jessie Wilmot; Edith Wild; Polly; Mabel Taliaferro. There was a large party of New York theatrical managers present at the opening performance. Rogers Bros. in *Panama* is the attraction at the National week of Dec. 16. William Faverham in *The Squaw Man* Christmas week.

E. H. Sothern's engagement at the Belasco Theatre was notably successful. On his appearance as Lord Dundreary Thursday night for the first time Mr. Sothern was the recipient of great praise. The week commencing Dec. 16 will be open Monday and Tuesday nights only, being occupied by the Lipins Yiddish players, presenting *Madame Kenny Lipin*, *Bernard Bernstein*, and *Leon Blank* and company in *Miracles* Efros and Meden.

The *Time*, the *Place* and the *Girl* had excellent business at the Columbia Theatre. May Robson will come Dec. 16 in *The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary*, followed on Dec. 23 by Miss Hook of Holland.

The *End of the Trail*, featuring Julia Gray, comes to the new Academy of Music Dec. 16. Edna, the *Pretty Typewriter*, is the announcement for Christmas week.

Manager F. B. Weston, of the Majestic Theatre, announces a vaudeville bill for the week of Dec. 16.

The Washington Choral Society, assisted by the Philadelphia Orchestra and Madame Marie Zimmerman, soprano; Mary Lansing, contralto;

Daniel Beddoe, tenor, and Thomas Daniel, bass, will render Handel's oratorio, *The Messiah*, at Convention Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 17.

Newcomers at Chase's for the week commencing Dec. 16 include Stella Mayhew, Madden and Fitzpatrick, Gillott's trained animals, James and Jessie Joe, Murray K. Hill, the Rooney Sisters, and Ziska and King.

Edmund Hayes in *The Jolly Girls* at the Lyceum and the Bohemian Show and Frank D. Bryan's Congress of American Girls are at the Gayety.

JOHN T. WADDE.

BOSTON

The San Carlo Company—N. C. Goodwin—Anti-Christmas Offerings—Gossip.

(Special to The Mirror.)

BOSTON, Dec. 14.—The San Carlo Opera company will enter upon the second week of its engagement at the Majestic with Carmen, and including Lehengau and Lucia as work not presented during the first week of the engagement in this city. Henry Russell's operatic forces have certainly again earned their honors in this city, and their excellent performances have met with the approbation of society audiences. As for the soloists Constantino, Maurel, Nielsen, and Noria have proved the notable success of the engagement. A third week of opera will be played here, although only two were originally announced, and in this additional period Don Giovanni may be included.

Nat C. Goodwin will be the star at the Hollis Street Theatre next week. As the Genius has never been played in this city it will probably hold the stage for the full fortnight of the engagement, so that Mr. Goodwin will not have a chance to revive the earlier pieces of his repertoire as he has done in other places this year.

Iolanthe has had a notably successful revival at the Castle Square by the comic opera section, the cast including nearly all of those who were seen in the past previous presentation at this house. A notable exception is in the presence of James Gilbert, who played the Lord Chancellor.

Lindsay Morrison's Stock company at the Boston will revive *All the Comforts of Home*, which will be a decided change from *Graustark* of this week.

Edgar Selwyn's appearance in *Strongheart* at the Globe is fully as successful as that of the original, and as a result the double engagement was very happily booked.

The Hypocrites still continues to draw fine audiences at the Park, but it is rather noticeable that society folks are a trifle timid about the piece. There are enough playgoers who are not, and they serve to make the piece one of the hits of the year.

The Red Mill continues to test the capacity at the Colonial, with Montgomery and Stone as the magnets. The stay will be limited to this week, and then *The Round Up* will give a variation in vaudeville.

Denzel Dick will be the melodrama of next week at the Grand Opera House, another thriller of the Far West.

Kidnapped will be the offering of the stock company at the Bowdoin Square, with the full company enlisted.

Valerie Berger will be next week's headliner at Keith's.

Susanne Adams will make her first Boston appearance in vaudeville at the Tremont.

The Alice Hurley company from London in the coster's concert will make quite a transatlantic novelty at the Orpheum.

Charmin closes her special engagement at the Howard Athenaeum to-night.

Changes of bill in the different wheels will be made at the Palace, Lyceum and Columbia.

Lillian Russell was the guest of honor at the reception given by the Professional Woman's Club of this city, at the Vendome, Thursday. Her sister, Mrs. Westford, of the Professional Woman's League of New York, was with her and divided the honors. The occasion was attended by many of the well-known actresses now in the city, and was also marked by the presence of members of other professions. A number of special features had been planned by the president of the club, Miss Marion Howard Brazier, and the reception proved the notable event of the engagement of Miss Russell in *Wildfire* at the Hollis Street Theatre.

Charles Dillingham and Bruce Edwards made a flying trip from New York this week so as to see how *The Red Mill* was getting on at the Colonial.

George M. Cohan and his bride were in town the first part of the week to say good-bye to the members of her family before sailing for an extended trip in Europe.

R. P. Keith made a flying trip to Boston the first of the week, but quickly returned to New York. He is spending most of his time in the metropolis nowadays, and is not very often at his Boston houses. Rumor has it that Carl D. Lohof is to be transferred to the New York booking office, and that R. G. Larsen will be made general press representative.

A pleasing concert was given by the Dorothea Dix Hall Senior Dramatic Club at the Berkeley Hall the first part of the week. Songs, dances and readings by the very clever children were the feature of the evening. JAY BOSTON.

ST. LOUIS

Good Prospects for the Week—Richard Carle—Edna Wallace Hopper—Notes.

(Special to The Mirror.)

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 14.—Of the newcomers the plays which promise to arouse the most interest next week are Richard Carle's *The Spring Chicken* and George M. Cohan's *Fifty Miles from Boston*. Carle himself will appear in his piece at the Olympic, while Edna Wallace Hopper, with excellent support, will scintillate at the Century. The sale of seats for both attractions has been exceptionally large, and Managers Short and Cavanaugh predict a good week for their respective offerings.

Charley Grapewin, with Anna Chance, in their great hit, *The Awakening of Mr. Pippin*, will be the offering at the Grand Opera House for one week, commencing next Sunday matinee.

The Banker, the Thief and the Girl will be the melodrama to come at Havlin's next week. The piece which is on view this week, *Little Heroes of the Street*, is forcing Manager Garen to hang up the S. R. O. sign at every performance.

A celebrated company of negro entertainers is the Smart Set, which will come to the Imperial tomorrow afternoon for a week's engagement. George Ade's *Just Out of College*, offered at popular prices, will establish a new attendance record for this house this week.

Madeline Lewis, a beautiful St. Louis girl, and a member of the Suburban Stock company last summer, has a conspicuous part in Gus Thomas' new play, *The Witching Hour*, which is playing in New York city at present.

Jacob Oppenheimer has announced that the new American Theatre will open on New Year's Eve, with a vaudeville bill second to none.

J. G. T. SPINK.

CINCINNATI

The Right of Way—Robinson's Closed Again—New Stock Members—A Benefit.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CINCINNATI, Dec. 14.—The Right of Way met with both critical and popular approval at the Grand this week, and will be followed Monday by William H. Crane in George Ade's latest play, *Father and the Boys*. The holiday attraction at this house will be *Fifty Miles from Boston* and Ben Hur.

Blanche Bates has had an excellent week at the Lyric and will be followed to-morrow night by Laura Burt and Henry B. Stanford in *The Wall of Jericho*.

Jim the Penman is scheduled for revival by the Forrepaugh Stock company at the Olympic. Quo Vadis will be revived Christmas week, with

Alice of Old Vincennes for the New Year's offering.

Williams and Walker in *Bandanna Land* will follow Grace Cameron at the Walnut, commencing with a matinee to-morrow.

After a week of poor business, with vaudeville as the attraction, Robinson's is closed again. It is stated that the manager left the city without paying the performers in full, and several of them are still in the city. Several attachment suits have been commenced with the hope of securing a portion of the rent deposit made with the owners of the property.

Maye Louise Aigen and Frank Sylvester have joined the Forrepaugh Stock company and will be cast in important parts. Mr. Sylvester was with the company two years ago and will be warmly welcomed by his many friends.

As Told in the Hills comes to the Lyceum Sunday for a week's engagement.

Henck's will have a new Western play, *The Girl of Eagle Ranch*.

A benefit performance has been arranged for Tuesday afternoon at the Lyric for the sufferers in the Monongah mine disaster. Volunteers from every company in the city will take part.

Considerable interest has been aroused by an advertisement of William Morris, the vaudeville agent, which appeared in the local papers. Mr. Morris desires the assistance of local capital in building a new vaudeville theatre here, and stands ready to invest heavily in such an enterprise if he can be assured of some local help.

H. A. SUTTON.

PHILADELPHIA

Madam Butterfly—The Great Divide Highly Appreciated—Williams Unidentified.

(Special to The Mirror.)

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 14.—Henry W. Savage deserves special notice for one of the best productions of English grand opera with *Madam Butterfly*, which continued at the Chestnut Street Opera House for the coming week. Robert Edison in *Classmates* is due here Dec. 23 for two weeks, to be followed on Jan. 6 by *The Waltz Dream*, its first American production, for two weeks.

Maxine Elliott in *Under the Greenwood Tree* pleased her many admirers for two weeks at the Broad Street Theatre and will be followed Dec. 16 for the first time here, by Polly of the Circus. John Drew in *My Wife* comes Dec. 23 for a three weeks' stay.

The Dairymaids concludes a successful two weeks' term this evening at the Garrick Theatre, and the patrons certainly received big returns for their money. Hattie Williams in *The Little Cherub* is the attraction for the week of Dec. 16, to be followed by Grace George in *Divorces*, Dec. 23, for two weeks.

The Great Divide, with Margaret Anglin and Harry Miller, at the Lyric Theatre, is one of the most attractive offerings of the season. It is highly appreciated by a large patronage. E. A. Sothern comes Dec. 16 for two weeks, with change of programme four times for opening week.

The Orchid, with Eddie Foy and company, remains for the coming week at the Adelphi Theatre, being the third and final week. Julia Marlowe in *Gloria* opens Christmas week, remaining for a fortnight.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbages Patch at the Walnut Street Theatre is splendidly received with Mrs. Blanche Chapman in the title-role. It remains for the coming week. Chamberlain O'Neal in *Derry*, Dec. 23 and 24.

Orpheum Stock company at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Zama received genuine endorsement and patronage and credited equal to the original star production. What Happened to Jones, Dec. 16; Trilby, Dec. 23.

The Forrest Theatre: *The Follies of 1907* will open here beginning Dec. 20, followed by *The Round Up* and with a third attraction still undecided to fill in the balance of the season.

The Cushman Club home for chorus girls has rented quarters at 222 South Tenth Street, and will shortly open same.

The body of Charles J. Williams, the young actor, late of the Belasco company in *The War of Virginia*, who died in this city Dec.

JAMES HENRY STODDART DEAD.



James Henry Stoddart, the veteran actor, died at his home in Sewaren, N. J., on Dec. 9. Mr. Stoddart's last appearance on the stage was in April, 1905. He was playing in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* at Galt, Ont., when he was stricken with paralysis. After an illness of seven weeks in Galt, he was able to return to his home in Sewaren, N. J., where his son and daughter went to live with him. His death was due to a second stroke of paralysis.

Mr. Stoddart was born in Barnsley, Yorkshire, Oct. 12, 1827. His parents were Scotch players, his father having acted for twenty-four years at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. He made his debut when five years old in *Dionissus Jorrold's The Rent Day*. At sixteen he played in Aberdeen and from there went to Liverpool, where he joined a stock company managed by Copeland, playing principally old men's parts. He then toured the provinces with Macready and Matthews appearing, among other parts, as Adam in *As You Like It*.

In 1854 he sailed for America, armed with a letter from Copeland to the elder Wallack. Upon his arrival in New York he was immediately given a position with the stock company at Wallack's Theatre. Here Stoddart met the elder Sothern, John Brougham, Laura Keene and Miss Conover, who later became his wife. He stayed with Wallack for four seasons, appearing as Veres in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Buninyon in *Wild Oats*, Crix in *School*, Jessop in *Lost at Sea*, Bunter in *Men and Women*, the Trumper in *The Lancers*, Miss in *Minnie's Luck*, Our Mr. Jenkins in *The Two Boxes*, Slick in *A Serious Family*, Sulley in *The Road to Ruin*, Dr. Pangloss in *The Heir at Law*, Dr. Ollipod in *The Poor Gentleman*, Bill Downey in *The Unfinished Gentleman*, Bangs in *Randall's Thumb*, Flinchbeck in *Playing With Fire*, Bumbley Cobb in *Rosedale*, Sadloe in *Elle*, Bob Acres in *The Rivals*, Sir Henry Beoge in *A Jealous Wife*, Middle in *London Assurance*, James John in *The Lost Trump Card*, Chrysos in *Pygmalion and Galatea*, and Murcott in *Our American Cousin*.

After leaving Wallack's he joined Laura Keene. Joseph Jefferson made his debut with Miss Keene, as Dr. Pangloss in *The Heir at Law*, Stoddart playing *Steadfast*. He next supported Charles Matthews in *Mobile* and *Montreal*, and afterward played with Edwin Booth in a stock company in Baltimore. In 1859 he supported Dion Boucicault at the Winter Garden in New York, and the next season supported Mrs. John Wood at the Olympic. In this company were James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert. He appeared here in *The Streets of New York*, *Monte Cristo*, *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Our Mutual Friend*. One of his greatest hits was made as *Moneypenny* in *A Long Strike*. He was now generally recognized as one of the leading character-actors in America.

After touring in *A Long Strike* he joined A. M. Palmer's stock company at the Union Square Theatre, where he remained for over twenty years. It was with Palmer that in 1882 he refused the part of Baron Chevrial in *A Parisian Romance*, knowing that he was unsuited to the part. This refusal gave Richard Mansfield the chance for his first great hit. While with Mr. Palmer, Stoddart appeared as Pierre Michel in *Rose Michel*, *Martial in Ferrol*, Dr. Mordaunt in *Conscience*, Dr. Osborne in *Miss Merton*, Zacharoff in *The Danicheff's Noggs* in *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Jorkin* in *Pink Dominos*, *Gourmet in The Mother's Secret*, *Tiberg* in *Montjouy*, *Babbings* in *The Banker's Daughter*, *Altahas in Lost Children*, *Bonay* in *French Flats*, *Bidoché* in *Daniel Rocat*, *Chevalier de la Frouette* in *The Creole*, *Ferrari* in *Felicia*, Dr. Mordaunt in *Conscience*, *Seth Preene in Lights of London*, *John Rantzen in The Rantzen*, Mr. Sefton in *Storm Beaten*, *Abner Day in Separation*, *Lesette in The Artist's Daughter*, Dr. Darcy in *Dupont and Sons*, *Larose in A Prisoner for Life*, *Benton in Sealed Instructions*, *Jacob Fletcher in Saints and Sinners*, *Sir Ellis Drake in The Martyr*, *Hobbin in Heart of Hearts*, Mr. Parr in *Partners*, *Marshall in Captain Swift*, *Justice Mundie in Aunt Jack*, *Goldfinch in A Pair of Spectacles*, and *Colonel Preston in Alabama*.

After leaving Mr. Palmer he appeared as Joe Aymer in *The Sporting Duchess*, and in *The Fatal Card*. He then appeared with Henry Miller in *The Only Way*. In 1888 he starred as Lochlan Campbell in *The Bonnie Brier Bush*. In 1902 he published his memoirs, under the name of "Recollections of a Player."

FRANK LOOSE VERY ILL.

Frank Loose, who plays Padre Antonio in *The Rose of the Rancho*, mysteriously disappeared after the performance at Providence, R. I., on Dec. 10, and an understudy took his part. Thursday evening Mr. Loose walked into his boarding place in that city very ill and unable to tell where he had been or why he left so suddenly. He was put to bed and Dr. F. L. Hussey, who was called, said later that Loose is very sick and can see no one. Loose is badly bruised about the hands and legs, although there is no mark on his face. Mrs. Loose was summoned from New York.

IN BROOKLYN THEATRES.

The attracting this week at the Montauk Theatre is *Brewster's Millions*. Next week, *Hattie Williams in The Little Chero*.

Maud Adams, in *Peter Pan*, is seen this week at the Broadway Theatre. Sam Bernard in *The Rich Man* opens next week.

The *Rose of the Rancho*, with Frances Starr and a strong cast, is the offering for one week at the Shubert Theatre.

The Majestic Theatre has *Celli Spenser* this week in two plays, *The Dancer and the King* and *The Girl Ruffles*. The engagement will last for two weeks.

The Little Organ Grinder is the attraction for the week of the Folies Theatre. Next week, Nellie, the *Smarted Clock Model*.

Hamlet is produced by Corse Payton's Players at the Low Avenue Theatre this week.

This week will finish advanced vaudeville at the Grand Opera House. The Aborn Opera company will occupy the house beginning Dec. 23, opening with *Robin Hood*.

VAUDEVILLE.

The bill this week at the Orpheum is: The Star Bout, Frederick Bond, Franklin Bond, and company; Shieff and Rogers, Dan Burke, Mathews and Ashley, Nichols Sisters, Eight Bedouin Arabs, Kemp's Tales of the Wild, and Princess Trice.

The Grand Opera House has: Madame Irma Monti, Baldini and company in *Carmen*, *Trictrac*, *Jack Norworth*, *Winston's seals*, *Radio Furman*, Juan Cacero, Mand Hall, Macy and company, Zobodile, and *Marno Trice*.

There is an exceptional bill this week at Keeney's Theatre, with Sergeant Howard, St. Starrett, with his trained horse as his headliner. Others are Tomother Howard and company, Rice and Prevost, Hibbert and Warren, and Scott and Whally.

MRS. RANKIN'S TESTIMONIAL.

With the exception of the aisle every foot of space was taken up at the Broadway Theatre last Thursday afternoon, which was the occasion of the testimonial to Mrs. McKee Rankin (Kitty Blanchard). The testimonial was given under the auspices of the women of the stage. Nearly \$7,500 was realized for the fund from the sale of seats and contributions from various sources.

Mrs. E. L. Fernandez sold programmes for 25 cents each. She was assisted by a number of pretty girls who sold both programmes and candy. From this source about \$600 was realized. Ethel Barrymore, Maude Adams, and Tony Pastor each paid \$100 for single seats, and Grace George gave \$50 for a chair. A programme upon which was written the autographs of all the actors taking part in the afternoon's performance was auctioned off by Victor Moore. Sam Harris got the programme for \$100.

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, in his usual eloquent style appeared before the curtain and delivered a glowing tribute to the fame of the old actress. Following Mr. Thomas, Lew Fields began the programme with the highly entertaining waiter song from *The Girl Behind the Counter*. Lew Fields was assisted by George Behan and Messrs. Mitchell, Castle, and Torrey. Rose Stahl followed in the second act of *The Chorus Lady*, assisted by Amy Louise, Claire Lane, Helen Hilton, Annie Ives, Margaret Wheeler, Carolyn Green, Amy Lee, Eva Dennison, Maude Knowlton, Thomas Magnire, Garrett Campbell, and John Adams, the other members of the cast in this scene.

May Irwin sang a song and gave two original readings, and was followed by Madame Nazimova in the third act of *A Doll's House*. Those who appeared in this act with Madame Nazimova were Dodson, Mitchell, Warner Gland, Cyril Young, Rosalind Ivan, Jacques Martin, Lillian Singletor, Gladys Hulette and Violette Hill.

Marshall P. Wilder appeared before the curtain and entertained the house with a couple of stories, after which Elsie Janis appeared and gave imitations of Richard Carle, Eddie Foy, Sam Bernard, and Harry Lauder.

Donald Brian and Ethel Jackson gave the Merry Widow waltz, and were followed by Victor Herbert and his orchestra, giving his arrangement, "American Fantasy." The trial scene from *The Merchant of Venice* came next, with Viola Allen as Portia and Ermete Novelli as Shylock, speaking his native language. Cecilia Loftus took the part of Nerissa. Edmund Bresser played the Duke of Venice, John E. Kellord played Antonio, Edwin Arden played Gratiano, Forrest Robinson played Bassanio, Charles Lane played Salanio, and Frank H. Westerson played Launcelot. Victor Moore, assisted by the chorus in *The Talk of New York*, completed the programme.

LEONA BALL.



ALDERMEN VOTE ON SUNDAY QUESTION.

The New York Board of Aldermen held a meeting Tuesday last, at which Alderman Doull introduced an ordinance permitting sacred, educational, vocal, instrumental concerts, lectures, addresses, recitations and singing on Sundays. There was a warm discussion and when the votes had been counted there were 35 in favor of the resolution and 34 against it. The ordinance was referred to the Committee on Laws and Legislation, who held a public hearing on Friday, listening to many speeches for and against the ordinance. The committee will make a report to the Board on Tuesday, Dec. 17, when another vote will be taken. The people affected by the enforcement of the law were very active during the week. The motion-picture managers and the owners of the penny arcades formed an organization to prevent the police from interfering with them. The theatrical managers held another meeting at the Hotel Astor and decided to conform with the law for another Sunday at least, awaiting the outcome of the next meeting of the Board of Aldermen. The management of the Eden Musee made a special application for an injunction that will allow the showing of the wax figures, without the usual concert.

AMUSEMENT COMPANIES INCORPORATED.

The following amusement companies were incorporated at Albany during the past week: The Fred Mace Amusement Company, New York; capital, \$10,000; directors, Fred Mace, Walter Lawrence, and Frank Hulse, New York. Tanner Amusement Company, New York; capital, \$2,000; directors, David Steinhardt, H. W. Gugler, and G. A. Gottlieb, New York. World Amusement Company, New York; capital, \$10,000; directors, W. P. McKown, Brooklyn, and F. L. Nugent and O. L. Minge, New York.

BERTHA KALICH.

Bertha Kalich has achieved the greatest success of her career in Harrison Gray Fiske's production of *Maria of the Lowlands*, the thrilling drama by Angel Guimara, the Catalonian dramatist. Every phase of the life of its heroine—a young peasant woman with a primitive, passionate nature, that at last finds happiness in a noble love—is splendidly depicted by Madame Kalich, who finds scope for her moving pathos, her wealth of emotional feeling and her overwhelming outbursts of dramatic force. She has received the enthusiastic applause of her acting critics, and the unanimous verdict of critics from leading reviews. W. L. Hubbard, of the Chicago "Tribune," says: "Madame Kalich's impersonation is a picture of dramatic acting such as the Chicago stage has not seen from any actress in years and to miss it is to miss one of the truly great moments that come but rarely, if in theatrical experience." *Maria of the Lowlands* will fair to become here, as it is in Europe, Mexico, and South America, a popular classic.

The Vance and Sullivan Company is composed of Clar T. Vance, president, and J. F. Sullivan, secretary and treasurer. The attractions which this company has had on the road this season have met with their usual degree of success. For time apply to them at 1414 Broadway, New York City.

Barnett, 323 State Street, Chicago, Ill., is doing a good business in dresses, sealskin coats and furs, for stage and street.

Charles L. Loitz, 29 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York City, has been established in business since 1877. The Loitz wife and troupe, for stage and street wear, are unequalled.

Granville F. Sturgis, the dramatist, always has plays on hand. He is located at 158 Noble Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Thommen Music Company, the prominent Chicago song publishing house, is offering to the public over 1,000 of his hits: "When Victorian Days Are Gone" and "Common Sense." The company takes pleasure in sending professional copies free. A complete list of their songs will be mailed upon application.

May and Flora Hengler are now on tour with the Foy Brothers in Panama company, and are being enthusiastically received everywhere. Commemorative may be addressed to Low's Exchange, New York City.

WANTS

Rates, 10 words 10c., each additional word 2c. Advertising of a strictly commercial nature excluded. Terms, cash with order.

ASPIRING amateur or professional dramatic lady actress with some means to invest and star jointly with prominent actor; own company. First-class booking and profitable business assured. *Postage*, *DRAMATIC MIRROR*.

IF you want your legal business properly looked after, James F. Miller, *Colonial Legal*, *Attorney*, *Lawyer*, of 257 Broadway, New York, can do it.

I HAVE IT! Your new play! Either on hand or written to order. 158 Noble Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LADY Agents Wanted—Members of touring companies can make big money selling *Souvenir Book* of the *Elks' National Home*, to Elks. Address T. W. Richardson, Bedford City, Virginia.

MELODRAMA to let on low royalty, season 1908-9. Southern or Eastern territory. Good money maker, now playing big one-night stands to great business. Small cost. Standard line of plays. Might be sold later with good, reliable acting parts. Reasonable parties only. Address Mr. Melodrama, 202 20th Ave., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

SCENIC ARTIST for house productions or road touching-up. Best of references. J. M. Majestic Theatre, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—Clever girl, able to do some singing and dancing, for vaudeville act. Call or address Dana Deane, care Hallott's office, Room 627, Knickerbocker Theatre Annex, 1628 Broadway.

WANTED—Music composer to write music to songs poems and publish same as partners to all royalties received—from publishers. Address "Tragedy," Minnow.

COMING EVENTS.

Dec. 18—The Bad Boy and His Teddy Bears, Blaney's, Yonkers, N. Y.

Dec. 20—On the Eve, German Theatre, New York.

Dec. 22—Jolla Marlowe, in *Gloria*, New Haven, Conn.

Dec. 23—Paid in Full, Montreal, Can.

Dec. 24—James K. Hackett, in *John Gladys' Honour*, Delta, New York.

Dec. 25—Maurice Elliott, in *Under the Greenwood Tree*, Garrick, New York.

Dec. 26—York and Adams in *Playing the Ponies*, Circle, New York.

Dec. 27—Polly of the Circus, Liberty Theatre, New York.

Dec. 28—The Bad Boy and His Teddy Bears, Blaney's, Lincoln Square, New York.

Dec. 29—Maud Adams, in *Peter Pan*, Empire, New York.

Dec. 30—Ethel Barrymore, in *Her Sister*, Hudson, New York.

Dec. 31—Mary Shaw's tour in *Ghosts*, *Candida*, and *Mrs. Warren's Profession* begins.

Dec. 32—Florence Roberts, in *Sham*, Los Angeles, Cal.

Dec. 33—Miss Hook of Holland, Criterion, New York.

Jan. 5—Denis O'Sullivan, in *Peggy Macnee*, McVicar's, Chicago.

Jan. 6—The Waltz Dream, Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia.

Jan. 6—William Gillette, in *The Little Affair at Fifty*.

Jan. 6—Maud Adams, in *Quality Street*, Empire, New York.

Jan. 6—Fumiohshi, Casino, New York.

Jan. 6—Paid in Full, Astor Theatre, New York.

Jan. 13—Maud Adams, in *The Jester*, Empire, New York.

Jan. 20—New Ziegfeld Review, Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia.

Jan. 27—The Waltz Dream, Broadway Theatre, New York.

Jan. 27—E. H. Sothern, Lyric Theatre, New York.

HUBERT LABADIE IN FAUST.

Hubert Labadie, whose portrait appears elsewhere, is now in his fifteenth year with *Faust*. He began his career as an actor in Detroit twenty-nine years ago in Shakespearean drama. Fifteen years ago he began starring in the part of Faust and has been with the company ever since, with each successive season.

His production this year is entirely new, and the best he has ever carried. The electrical effects, in particular, are noteworthy. Mr. Labadie being an advanced student of electrical science, and having introduced many novel features along this line.

MATTERS OF FACT.

James A. Riles, the somewhat stout comedian who has been playing the Honorable Gideon Gay in *The Rogers Brothers* in Panama, has tendered his resignation and will terminate his engagement with the company in Baltimore, Md., Saturday evening, Dec. 28. He is playing in Washington, D. C., this week.

George Allison, leading man with the stock company at the Winnipeg Theatre, Winnipeg, Canada, is one of the most popular stock actors in the country and is noted for the careful preparation he gives to all of the characters he portrays.

THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE

NEW VAUDEVILLE ACTS.

A SCARCITY OF NOVEL OFFERINGS, BUT TWO WELL-KNOWN STARS APPEAR

May Irwin, Suzanne Adams, Sam Rowley, The Georgettys and The Six American Dancers Make Up the Short List of Newcomers.

The following new acts were seen in the local theatres last week:

Back to Vaudeville.

May Irwin returned to the field in which she and her sister Fio made their first success, and headed the bill at the Colonial. It must be recorded that Miss Irwin's turn is very ordinary and that she made no special effort to earn the enormous salary she is receiving. She went at her work in a careless, indifferent, hurry-up-and-get-it-over fashion, and did not make much more of an impression than the average "three songs and off" soubrette. She opened with a song about bumble-bees and some colored folks that were stung by them, and followed it with a ditty that told of a woman who was weary of lending everything, including her husband. Then came a short recitation and a song called "I Couldn't Come Home in the Dark," that was fairly amusing. In this Miss Irwin did a short, old-fashioned "walk-around." As an encore she recited a short bit of humorous verse, and the boys hurried out with the cards announcing the next number in a way that showed that the star was not to be coaxed into doing anything more. Following the really remarkable turn of Princess Trixie, a trained mare, Miss Irwin's offering seemed tame and commonplace, and the salary earned by the mare is said to have been less than one-seventh of the amount paid to the headliner.

Grand Opera Star Appears.

Suzanne Adams, formerly a grand opera star, and who has sung at the Metropolitan Opera House, made her local vaudeville debut at the New York Theatre. Her opening number was the "Jewell Song" from Faust, which was followed by "Speak But One Word." "Comin' Thro' the Rye" called forth a hearty encore and the singer rendered "Home, Sweet Home" with splendid effect. After several recitals she sang a short song called "Sunbeam." While the operatic selection was applauded, it was quite evident that the homelier songs were what the spectators wanted, and Miss Adams showed excellent judgment in fitting her repertoire to her new surroundings. The singer must be credited with having made an extremely pleasing impression, but her measure of success would hardly justify the salary of \$6,000 a week mentioned in the advertisements.

An Australian Comedian.

Sam Rowley, a comedian from Australia, was introduced to New York by Tony Pastor. Mr. Rowley dresses and makes up in eccentric fashion, and follows the style of entertainment common to the general run of English monologists. He is short in stature and has a voice quite out of proportion to his size that has a wide range. He uses it very effectively, and his efforts were received with every evidence of approval.

Very Clever Acrobats.

The Georgettys were seen for the first time at the New York Theatre, in a turn that is deserving of the warmest praise. They do a splendid routine of tricks, in many of which the youngest member plays a very prominent part. He is tossed about in what seems a very reckless manner, but always lands in the right place, wearing an engaging smile. The turn is one of the best of its kind imported this season.

Smart Dancing Act.

The Six American Dancers made their New York debut at the 125th Street Theatre. They are all lively and attractive, and show the results of much careful training. The dances introduced are all cleverly done, and the costuming and equipment is elaborate and expensive. The turn pleased the patrons, and is of the sort that is certain to make a good impression anywhere.

CRYSTAL WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Adams celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage at their home, 321 West Forty-fourth Street, on Sunday evening, Dec. 8. A bountiful supper was served, the table being decorated with American flags, after which there was singing by Master Royal Mackey, and speeches by Burns O'Sullivan and Maudie Kimball. Many handsome presents in cut glass were received by Mr. and Mrs. Adams, as well as several letters and telegrams of congratulation from out of town friends. Mrs. Adams has been a helpless invalid for the past six years, but is cheerful under her affliction, and was one of the gayest at the happy party. Among those present were Rose La Harts, Mr. and Mrs. James Coombes, Maudie Kimball, Burns O'Sullivan, Anna Courtney, Charles Soule and others from the Hippodrome, where Mr. Adams has been playing for the past four seasons. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Mackey and their two sons, Theodore and Royal, of Brooklyn, and Henry Edwards, of Montreal, also enjoyed the occasion.

TEMPLE SUES VOEGTLIN.

Edward P. Temple, stage director of the Hippodrome, has started a suit against Arthur Voegtlins, the scenic artist of the big playhouse, for \$125,000, alleging that he has been injured to that amount by slanderous stories alleged to have been spread by Mr. Voegtlins. The defendant was arrested on Thursday by a deputy sheriff on an order issued by Justice Truax of the Supreme Court, but was immediately released when Lee Shubert put up a bond for \$2,500.

SUMMONED IN A HURRY.

Catharine Countis had a chance to show her talents as a quick change artist last week. She was not booked for the week and had settled down at her home in 137th Street for at least seven days' rest, when at 5:30 on Monday afternoon she got a "hurry call" from the United Booking Office to go to Trenton, N. J., to fill the place of a missing act. She called her company of three people together by telephone, summoned a cab, had her trunk put on top of it, and hustled for the train. She and her company reached Trenton at 8:27, put on her sketch, Zaza's Hit, at the Trent Theatre at 9 o'clock, and at its conclusion received four curtain calls.

MARRIED ON THE STAGE.

On Friday, Dec. 6, at the Lafayette Theatre, Buffalo, Jules Jacobs, of Jacobs and West, touring with the Sam Devere company, was married to Sadie Yorke, a non-professional, of Jamestown, N. Y., by the Rev. Mr. Piper, of Grace M. E. Church. The wedding took place on the stage, in full view of the audience, which was unusually large, owing to the fact that the groom is a native of Buffalo. A substantial purse, contributed by the company, was presented to the happy pair.

AMY AMES.



Photo Hoff, N. Y.

Amy Ames, the well-known comedienne, is now appearing in vaudeville, offering her new monologue, "The Chambermaids' Union," in which she introduces a little song concerning an old maid's parrot, giving an imitation of the bird, that always creates a whirl of merriment. Miss Ames established her reputation in the farces of the late Charles H. Hoyt, originating many roles, and invariably winning success. For five seasons she played with Donnelly and Girard, and she has also appeared in many big productions, including the original production of "Ninety and Nine." Miss Ames' special forte is the delineation of Irish characters, in which she excels, but she is experienced and clever in all lines of character portrayal.

HAMMERSTEIN'S VICTORIA.

McMahon's Pullman Porter Mails, Edna Luby, and Karas's Company Score Hits.

A well balanced bill attracted the usual large audiences. Tim McMahon and Edythe Chappelle, backed up by the Pullman Porter Mails, had the most important act on the programme, as Mr. McMahon carries special and elaborate scenery and leaves nothing undone that will add to the value of his offering. The Pullman Porter Mails act is big and well staged, and is practically two acts in one, as the specialty of McMahon and Chappelle is interpolated and makes the turn doubly attractive. It was splendidly received and the stars and girls were recalled several times. Edna Luby replaced Charlotte Parry and company most acceptably. She imitated Edna May, Marie Dressler, Anna Held, Alice Lloyd, David Warfield, and Vesta Victoria, proving her versatility and cleverness in no uncertain way. Fred Karno's London Pantomime company kept the house in roar with a night in an English Music Hall. Warren and Blanchard made William Hammerstein laugh when they sang a coon song in German. Josephine Sabell scored with her vivacious rendition of popular songs. Billy S. Clifford was on next to last, but managed to squeeze through. The Sisters Delmore opened the bill very nicely, and Keno, Welsh and Melrose closed it acceptably. Alice Hurley and company, for their second week.

PASTOR'S.

Devlin and Ellwood, Clayton and Drew, Sam Rowley, and Carrie Scott Win Favor.

There were several interesting numbers in Mr. Pastor's list last week and good audiences expressed their approval of his selection of artists. James A. Devlin and Mac Ellwood, who made a hit here several weeks ago in "The Girl from Yonkers," returned as headliners in the same sketch and scored once more. Murray Clayton and Lillian Drew in "A Knight in Shining Armor" have a travesty that pleases the masses. Carrie Scott, who has been absent from New York for a very long time, had a rousing reception at her opening performance, which showed that she had not been forgotten. Her tough girl specialty is still her strongest card. Bartlett and Collins entertained cleverly and were applauded. John F. Clark sang topically and talked humorously. Grace Ormsie pleased with some songs, and Milton's dogs entertained the youngsters. Clifford and Hall with songs and comedy. James A. Welch and company in Flannigan's Flirtation, the Harringtons, Mike Scott, the quaint and original singer and dancer; Juggling De Lise, and the vitagraph rounded out the bill. Sam Rowley's act is reviewed elsewhere.

COLONIAL.

May Irwin Heads the List.—Princess Trixie a Remarkable Animal.

May Irwin made her reappearance in vaudeville and her engagement attracted much attention. Her act is reviewed elsewhere. Bond and Benton appeared in the amusing farce Handkerchief No. 15, assisted by Carrie Lee Stoyle, Francis Yale, and Jac Cobb. Winsor McCay replaced James J. Morton and scored a big hit with his cleverly drawn sketches, entitled "The Seven Ages." Princess Trixie, a highly educated equine, gave an exhibition that kept everybody guessing as to how the tricks were done. Dan Burke and his Schoolgirls put on a very lively singing and dancing number, in which the "poetry of motion" is admirably shown. The Bedouin Arabs tumbled recklessly, and Fields and Ward tried some new romances that won favor. Other numbers were the Italian Trio, Shields and Rogers, larist experts, and the motion pictures.

MELVILLE SAILS FOR EUROPE

Frederick Melville sailed for Europe on Dec. 14 on the *Lusitania* on a flying trip to attend to some important matters in connection with European bookings for American acts. He has had the dates for his Motogirl act rearranged and will return in time to open with it in Boston on Jan. 20, and from that date will play the Keith and Proctor houses. Morris and Niles, the hat-jugglers, are under Mr. Melville's management, and he has booked them to open in Berlin. John C. Rice and Sallie Cohen have also commissioned Mr. Melville to look after their interests in Europe. Shekia, the Hindoo conjuror, brought over here by Mr. Melville, returned to Europe with him.

THE KEITH AND PROCTOR THEATRES.

The Fadettes, Cressy and Dayne, Ross and Fenton, and Gertrude Hoffman Are Leaders.

Union Square.

The Fadettes of Boston were the main attraction and drew their admirers in large numbers. Charles F. Simon had some new remarks concerning his narrow appearance. Paul Batty's bears made a big hit with the children, going through their clumsy antics. Raymond and Caverly scored with their Dutchians. Catherine Hayes and Sabel Johnson, with their stunning figures becomingly gowned, pleased with *A Dream of Baby Days*. The Pilots introduced many odd juggling feats, and Netta Vesta warbled some of the songs of the day in smart fashion. Foy and Clark in *The Spring of Youth* won many laughs. Willie Hale's tricks won favor, and Wise and Milton, Wood and Lawson, the Nohrens, and the pictures did their share to amuse and entertain.

Twenty-third Street.

The headliner position was divided equally between Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne and Charles J. Ross and Mabel Fenton. Cressy and Dayne scored a hit in *The Village Lawyer*, one of Mr. Cressy's best sketches. Ross and Fenton, who appeared by permission of Joe Weber, were seen in the amusing comedietta *Just Like a Woman*, written by Mr. Ross. During the action of the sketch Mr. Ross gave his imitation of Harry Lauder, which aroused genuine enthusiasm. The Romany Opera company was a big feature, and the Piechians did some good work in the acrobatic line. Mignonette Kokin, with her songs; Eckhoff and Gordon, comedy musicians; Swor Brothers, comedians; Galletti's monkeys, and the pictures were the other numbers.

Fifty-eighth Street.

Stella Mayhew headed a bill that was made up of popular and pleasing numbers. Her songs are well rendered and she was repeatedly encored. Two acts that were decidedly to the liking of the patrons were those of Brown, Harris and Brown and the Avon Comedy Four. Both are full of high comedy, and both made solid hits. The Nichols Sisters, real impersonators of the Southern darky girl, and Hoey and Lee, with Hebrew jests and parodies, scored. Charles Wilson, the English jumper, and Hassan Ben Ali's Arabs won their share of applause.

125th Street.

With two exceptionally strong headliners and an excellent bill to support them, the business at this house was very large. Gertrude Hoffman with herimitative caricatures, and the big production, *The Star Bout*, with Taylor Granville, both scored heavily. The Seven Peacock Moustics, club manipulators; Martin Brothers, Jimmie Lucas, the new monologist; Bobby North, with the latest Hebrew jokes and songs; Stelling and Revelle, expert gymnasts; the pictures, and the Six American dancers, whose act is reviewed elsewhere, won their share of popular approval.

ALHAMBRA.

Fred Walton, Gracie Emmett, Lily Lena, and Cameron and Flanagan Score.

An excellent bill made up of well-known acts attracted audiences that tested the capacity of the house. Fred Walton was the headliner, and his pantomime was splendidly done. Loud laughter punctuated the presentation of Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband by Gracie Emmett and company. Lily Lena, for her second week, changed her songs short and added one or two new selections. Tudor Cameron and Edward Flanagan in *On and Off* have an excellent vehicle, in which they do some natural and effective comedy work. Paradise Alley, presented by the R. A. Wolfe company, with Max Reynolds and Irving Brooks featured, met with fair success. Sam Williams scored in his panologue, and Hill and Whittaker, the Zarzetta Troupe, Lee Trombetta, the Italian entertainers, and the pictures pleased.

ANOTHER CHANGE IN BROOKLYN.

The Park Theatre, opposite Borough Hall in Brooklyn, has been secured by the Empire Circuit and after Dec. 23 will be devoted to burlesque. It is just around the corner from Hyde and Behrman's Olympia, which also houses burlesque, and only a few blocks from the Star, where the gay travesty players also hold forth. The Park Theatre has had a checkered career. For the past few weeks it has been occupied by the Hal Charlton Stock company. This week The Rose of the Ranch is playing there, under an old contract made with the Shuberts.

NIBLO AT THE MINES.

McMahon and Cappelle and the Pullman Porter Mails, Will Rogers, Harry Corson Clarke and company, Lambert, and the Sandwicks, Wins and Candler, Prince and Virginia, J. Jerome Mora and company.

Mr. Chapin as Lincoln in his own one-act play, at the White House, week of Dec. 9, at the Orpheum Theatre, Boston. Mr. Chapin will play a return week as headliner at this theatre.

NEW YORK.

Suzanne Adams, Maude Hall-Macy, Calando and Others Entertain.

The New York debut of Suzanne Adams as a vaudeville star was an important event and record of it is made in another column. Calando, "King of the Wire," was given a very cordial welcome, and his remarkable feats again astonished everybody. Calando has been bounding on the wire for many years, but his act is as good as it was in his youth. Maude Hall-Macy played a return engagement in *The Magpie and the Jay* and repeated her former success, in which her company shared. Greene and Warner were very happy in their jungle skit, and Julian Rose continued to tell his Hebrew stories with good results. The Quigley Brothers in their very amusing dialogue were one of the big hits of the week. Mile, Chester and her statue dog, Radio Farmer, and the Georgettys, whose act is reviewed elsewhere, made up the remainder of the bill.

THIS WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.

PASTOR'S.—Katherine Miley, Fiske and McDonough, Gilbert and Katen, Potter and Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne and company, Peerless Two Macke, Three Nightingales, Evans Trio, Jenny Conchus, Wins and Candler, Prince and Virginia, J. Jerome Mora and company.

KEITH AND PROCTOR'S UNION SQUARE.—Rogers and Dossy, Cameron and Flanagan, Agnes Mahr and company, Lambert, the Sandwicks, Kathryn Dahl, the Kratons, Fatty Doyle and others.

KEITH AND PROCTOR'S TWENTY-THIRD STREET.—McMahon and Cappelle and the Pullman Porter Mails, Will Rogers, Harry Corson Clarke and company, Lambert, and the Sandwicks, Wins and Candler, Prince and Virginia, J. Jerome Mora and company.

KEITH AND PROCTOR'S FIFTY-EIGHT STREET.—Polly Pickles' Pets in Petland, Adelinde Horrmann, Netta Vesta, in a Japanese Garden, Raymond and Caverly, Three Leightons, Eckhoff and Gordon, Piechians Troupe.

KEITH AND PROCTOR'S 125TH STREET.—McMahon and Cappelle and the Pullman Porter Mails, Will Rogers, Harry Corson Clarke and company, Lambert, and the Sandwicks, Wins and Candler, Prince and Virginia, J. Jerome Mora and company.

HAMMERSTEIN'S VICTORIA.—Valerie Surratt and William Gould, William Courtleigh and company, Corinne, the Six English Rockers and Nellie Florida, Lily Lena, Lee Trombetta, Frederick Brothers and Burns, Brothers Dunn, Dill and Ward.

COLONIAL.—Robert Hilliard and company, Empire City Quartette, Romany Operatic company, Motoring Waterbury Brothers and Tenny, Kitabanski Troupe, Collins and Brown, the Sandwicks.

ALHAMBRA.—Betty King, William Hawtrey and company, the Novellis, Searl and Violet Allen company, Basone Quartette, Meredith Sisters, Bert Levy, Goltz Trio, Cook and Sylvia.

NEW YORK.—Louis Mann and company, Josephine Cohan and company, Fred Nible, Cattrall-Powell Troupe, Baron's Burlesque Montezuma, Walthour Bicycle Troupe, J. W. Winton, Johnny Johns, O Kabe Japanese Troupe.

The Burlesque Houses.

DEWEY.—W. B. Watson's Burlesques were a good drawing card, and the travesties and olio met with favor. The comedy is of the snap-dash order, but it was quite to the liking of the audiences. This week, The Lady Birds.

GOTHAM.—The Ideal Extravaganza company pleased twelve good-sized crowds, and the various performers won applause. This week, High Jinks Burlesques.

MINER'S EIGHTH AVENUE.—The Bohemian Burlesques met with the appreciation of large audiences. This week, Cherry Blossoms.

HURRICANE AND SEAMON'S.—Phil Sheridan's City Sports did a large business, partly owing to the engagement of Terry McGovern and Young Corbett. This week, Dainty Duchess.

LONDON.—Miner's Americans, with lively burlesque and vaudeville, entertained in a pleasing way. This week, Fay Foster company.

MURRAY HILL.—The Vanity Fair Burlesques were well received by fair audiences. This week, Boston Belles.

MINER'S HOWERY.—The Jolly Grass Widows lived up to their title and furnished a brisk entertainment. This week, Dreamland Burlesques.

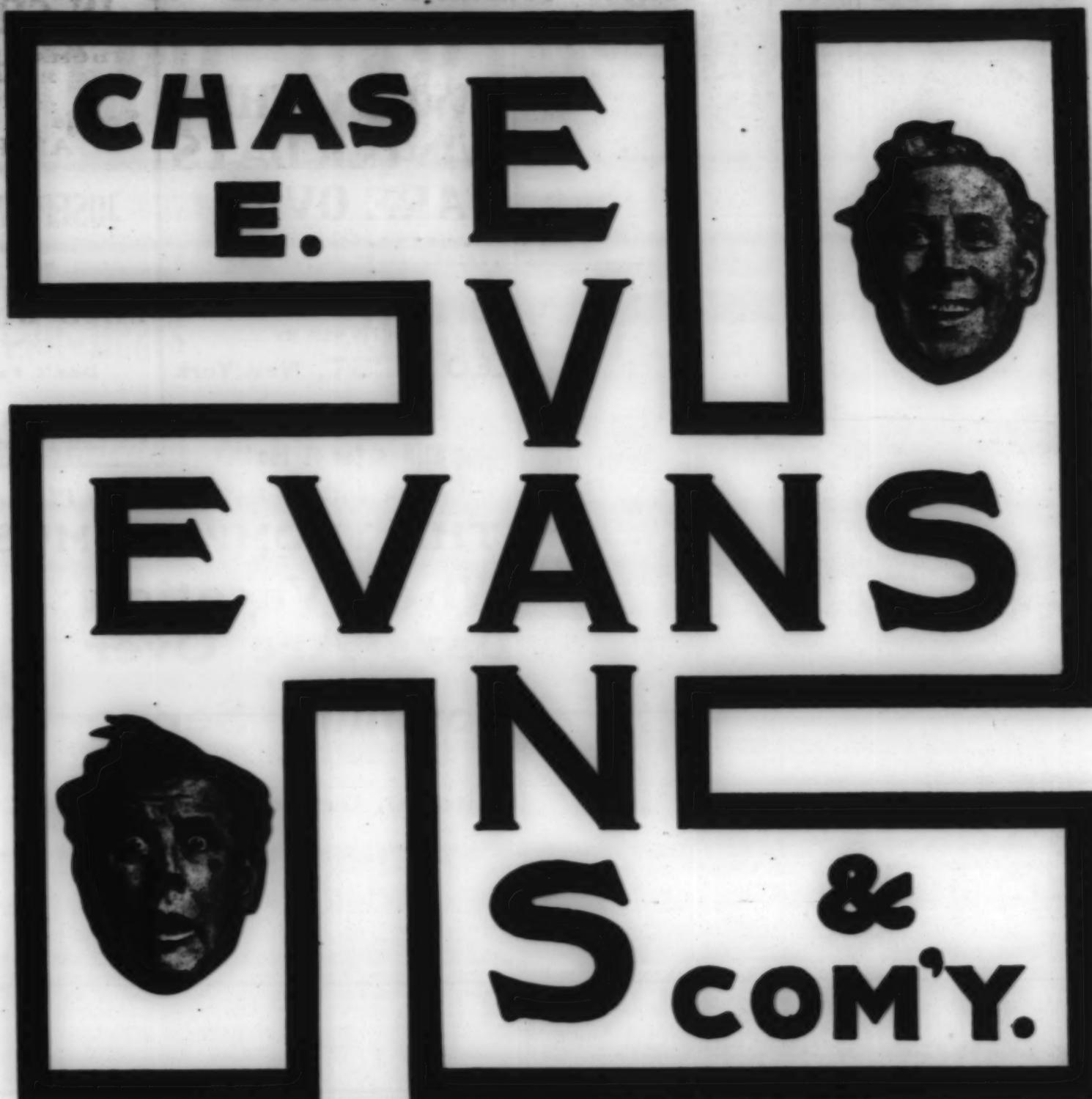
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"THE SORT OF ENTERTAINMENT THAT ADVANCES VAUDEVILLE"

PRESENTING GEORGE ARLISS' FARCE

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That progressive and original team

GEO. B. SNYDER & BUCKLEY-HARRY

MUSICAL COMEDIANS

Wish all their friends a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!
My! How these boys stick together!Compliments of the Season
to All**THOS. J. RYAN-RICHFIELD CO.****BENJAMIN CHAPIN**In Vaudeville,
With his own one-act play,
"AT THE WHITE HOUSE"*Our Mirror.**The Ventriloquist with a production.***ED. F. REYNARD**

Time all filled. Keith and Proctor Circuit.

GEORGE FELIX & BARRY LYDIA

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Friday and Saturday only, and a press agent who calls us George Barry and Lydia Felix.

W. C. FIELDS

ECOCENTRIC JUGGLER

JULIAN ELTINGE.



Photo White, N. Y.

Diamond and Smith—Family, N. Adams, Mass., 16-21. Family, Johnstown, Pa., 22-23. Dickens Brothers—Gino Circo Bell, Mexico City, Mex.—Indefinite.

Dill and Ward—Hammerstein's, N. Y., 16-21. Doherty, Lillian—Sicilia, Copenhagen, Dan., 1-21. Moulin Rouge, Paris, Fr., Jan. 15-Feb. 15. Donald and Carson—Hathaway's, New Bedford, Mass., 16-21. Dorgan Troupe—Poli's, New Haven, Conn., 16-21. Dorelli, Eddie—Orpheum, Wisc., 1-Feb. 3. Doyle, Patsy—K. and P. Union Sq., 16-21. Dresden, Marie—Palace, London, Eng., Oct. 28-Dec. 28. Drew, Dorothy—Alhambra, London, Eng., 16-Jan. 25. Grand, Hanley, Eng., 27-Feb. 1. Drew, Lowell H.—Keith's, Phila., 16-21. Drew, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney—Keith's, Prov., 16-21. DuBois, Billie—Wheeling, W. Va., 16-21. DuBois, A. O.—Colonial, Norfolk, Va., 16-21. Keith's, Phila., 22-23. Dunedin Troupe—Poli's, New Haven, Conn., 16-21. Follie, Springfield, Mass., 22-23. Edel and Dunree—Family, Carbondale, Pa., 16-21. Family, Chester, Pa., 22-23. Eckhoff and Gordon—K. and P. 28th St., 16-21. Trenton, N. J., 22-23. Elmore Sisters—Bennett's, Montreal, Can., 16-21. Bennett's, Ontario, Ont., 22-23. Elmore, Keith's, Phila., 16-21. Elsing, Julian—Orpheum, Buffalo, 16-21. Elsie-Mowin Trio—Keith's, Phila., 16-21. Emmett, Gracie—K. and P., Jersey City, 16-21. Hammonia, Emerson and Emmons—Galaxy, Galveston, Tex., 16-21. Grand, Grand Rapids, Mich., 22-23. Empire City Quartette—Colonial, N. Y., 16-21. Engleton, Nan—Sister, Mass., 16-21. Emerson—Maj., Birmingham, Ala., 16-21. Emersonia—Sister, Aquarium, St. Petersburg, Fla., Dec. 1-Feb. 1. Evans Trio—Paster's, N. Y., 16-21. Fadista, The—Preston's, Albany, N. Y., 16-21. Orph., Utica, N. Y., 22-23. Falke, Eleanor—Maj., Chgo., 16-21. Haymarket, Chgo., 22-23. Farrel and Le Roy—Family, Rock Island, Ill., 16-21. Farrel and Taylor Trio—Haymarket, Chgo., 16-21. Farrel, Eddie—Orpheum, Springfield, Conn., 16-21. Farny, Eddie—Orpheum, Boston, 16-21. Farny and Barry—Orpheum, Boston, 16-21. Farny, Eddie—Orpheum, New Bedford, Mass., 16-21. Hammonia, Emerson and Emmons—Galaxy, Galveston, Tex., 16-21. Colonial, Lawrence, Mass., 22-23. Farny and Keen—Poli's, New Haven, Conn., 16-21. Fields, W. C.—Cook's, Rochester, N. Y., 16-21. Flinnaya, The—Gotham, 16-21. Fiske and D'Amato—Paster's, N. Y., 16-21. Fiske, Charles—Grand—Sister's, Buffalo, 16-21. She's, Toronto, 22-23. Property, Frank—Cook's, Rochester, N. Y., 16-21. Grand, Pittsburgh, 22-23. Pelle, Louis—Hathaway's, Brockton, Mass., 16-21. Porcetti and Dog—Grand, Bklyn., 16-21. Porcetti, Edwin—Empire, Paterson, N. J., 22-23. Paster, Ed.—Gotham, Bklyn., 16-21. Paster and Paster—Orph., St. Paul, 16-21. Paster, Fred and Bert Greenback, and P. 125th St., Colonial, Lawrence, Mass., 22-23. Paster and Keen—Poli's, New Haven, Conn., 16-21. Franklin, Beth—Poli's, New Haven, Conn., 16-21. Frederick Brothers and Burns—Hammerstein's, N. Y., 16-21. Foye Trio—Crystal, Milwaukee, 16-21. Fries Sisters—Princess, Cleveland, 16-21. Frigidaire, Trixie—Grand, Bklyn., 9-21. Fritze and Ward—Crystal, Louisville, Ind., 16-21. Fritze and Ward—Orph., Louisville, 16-21. Gabriel, Master—Keith's, Cleveland, 16-21. Orph., Minneapolis, 22-23. Galetti's Monkeys—Keith's, Boston, 16-21. Gardner, Eddie—Orph., Mansfield, O., 16-21. Gardner and Irene—Orph., Denver, Colo., 16-21. Gardner and Vincent—Empire, Belmont, Ia., 16-21. Empire, Liverpool, Eng., 22-23. Empire, Manchester, Eng., 26-Jan. 4. Gartrelli Brothers—Maj., Chgo., 9-14. Gaston and Green—Arcade, Toledo, 16-21. Gehrue, Mayme, and Co.—Keith's, Phila., 16-21. Colonial, N. Y., 22-23. Genaro-Theo Trio—Lieblich, Breslau, Ger., 1-31. Apollo, Chemnitz, Ger., Jan. 1-31. George, Edwin—Vivian, Clinton, Ia., 16-21. Bijou, Kassel, Ger., 22-23. Gertrelli—Paster's, Albany, N. Y., 16-21. Gilbert and Katz—Paster's, N. Y., 16-21. Gillette's Animals—Chase's, Wash., 16-21. Gilmane, Garvin—Ruffa, Newberry, Fla., 16-21. Gilroy, Haynes and Montgomery—Maj., Ottawa, Ill., 16-21. Maj., La Salle, Ill., 22-23. Godfrey and Henderson—National, Frisco, 16-21. Bell, Oklahoma, Ia., 22-23. Goldin, George—Forrest, Phila., 16-21. Goldin and Higgins—Maj., Madison, Wis., 16-21. Goldsmith and Hoppe—Hathaway's, Lowell, Mass., 16-21. Hathaway's, New Bedford, Mass., 22-23. Golts Trio—Alhambra, N. Y., 16-21. Goodlum, Musical—Maj., Dallas, Tex., 16-21. Maj., Houston, Tex., 22-23. Gordon and Chacon—Bijou, Green Bay, Wis., 16-21. Bijou, Oshkosh, Wis., 22-23. Goss, John—Arcade, Brownsville, Pa., 16-21. Goss and Green—Orph., Gifford, Wash., 16-21. Goss, The—Bijou, Appleton, Wis., 16-21. Grunsteen, Steven—Hippodrome, N. Y.—Indefinite. Hagan and Westcott—Keith's, Prov., 16-21. Hagenbeck's Elephants—Hippodrome, N. Y.—Indefinite. Haight and Thomas—Crystal, Milwaukee, 16-21. Hall and Hayes—Colonial, Lawrence, Mass., 16-21. Hall-Macy, Maude—Grand, Bklyn., 16-21. Hammond and Forrester—Grand, Bellingham, Wash., 16-21. Harcourt, Frank—Margareta, Eureka, Cal., Nov. 25-Dec. 21. Hassell, Loney—Maj., Chgo., 16-21. Columbia, St. Louis, 22-23. Hawley, E. Freddie—Poli's, Scranton, Pa., 16-21. Armory, Binghamton, N. Y., 22-23. Hawthorne and Burt—Keith's, Prov., 16-21. Hawtrey, William F.—Alhambra, N. Y., 16-21. Maj., Chgo., 22-23. Hasan, Bertie—Orph., Sidney, Australia, Aug. 5-Jan. 4. Hayes, R. C.—Empire, Ft. Madison, Ia., 16-21. Heron, Tom—Coliseum, London, Eng., 16-21. Royal, New Castle, Eng., 25-March 29. HELENA, EDITH—Shubert, Kansas City, 16-21. Herbert—Crystal, Denver, 9-28. Herbert and Willing—Garrick, Wilmington, Del., 16-21. HEGEMANN, ADELAIDE—K. and P. 125th St., 16-21. HEGEMANN, THE GREAT—Maj., Chgo., 15-21. Heron, Bertie—Orph., Reading, Pa., 16-21. Orph., Allentown, Pa., 22-23. Hibberd and Warren—Keeney's, Bklyn., 16-21. Hickman Brothers—Marion, Marion, O., 16-21. Hill, Murry K.—Chase's, Wash., 16-21. Hill and Silvany—Grand, Bklyn., 16-21. Hill and Whittaker—K. and P., Jersey City, 16-21. Hibberd, Robert—Colonial, N. Y., 16-21. Orph., Bklyn., 22-23.

Hoch, Emil—Paster's, Newark, N. J., 16-21. K. and P., Jersey City, 22-23. Holden, William—Hippodrome, N. Y.—Indefinite. Holdsworth, The—Lyric, Mobile, Ala., 16-21. Maj., Birmingham, Ala., 22-23. Norton and La Trinita—Family, Butte, Mont., 16-21. Wash., Spokane, Wash., 22-23. Howard and Harris—Palace, London, Eng., Nov. 4-Dec. 21. Hippodrome, Norwich, Eng., 22-23. Hippodrome, Ipswich, Eng., 20-Jan. 4. Howard and Howard—K. and P. 23d St., 16-21. Paster's, Troy, N. Y., 22-23. Hosack, Mr. and Mrs. George—Bennett's, Montreal, 16-21. Houston, Arthur—Maj., Little Rock, Ark., 16-21. Maj., Ft. Worth, Tex., 22-23. Hutchins—Children—Family, Sioux City, Ia., 15-21. G. H., Anderson, S. D., 22-23. Innes and Ryan—Empire, Paterson, N. J., 16-21. Empire, Hoboken, N. J., 22-23. International Comique—Dominion, Winnipeg, Man., 15-21. Maj., Sioux Falls, S. D., 22-23. Irving, Musical—Star, Clairton, Pa., 16-21. Princess, Cleveland, 22-23. Jackson, Harry and Kate—Hathaway's, Lowell, Mass., 16-21. Hathaway's, New Bedford, Mass., 22-23. Joe, James and Jennie—Chase's, Wash., 16-21. Jennings and Brewster—Howard, Boston, 16-21. Johns, Johnny—N. Y. Theatre, N. Y., 16-21. JOHNSTON'S, THE MUSICAL—Alhambra, London, Eng., 16-Jan. 25. Grand, Hanley, Eng., 27-Feb. 1. Johnson, Mark—Haymarket, Chgo., 16-21. Jupiter Brothers—Paster's, Albany, N. Y., 16-21. Keaton, Joe—Maj., Ft. Worth, Tex., 16-21. Kelly and Kent—Orph., Frisco, 22-Jan. 4. Kelly, Sam and Ida—Lyric, Cleveland, 16-21. Olympic, S. Bend, Ind., 22-23. Kelly, Spencer, and Frederic Rose—Poli's, Worcester, Mass., 16-21. Colonial, N. Y., 22-23. Kelly and Bonita—K. and P. 23d St., 16-21. Kene and D'Arville—Orph., Frisco, 22-Jan. 4. King, Hetty—Alhambra, N. Y., 16-21. Kingsley and Lewis—Colonial, Lawrence, Mass., 16-21. Kinson, The—Shea's, Toronto, 16-21. Kippy—Grand, Syracuse, N. Y., 16-21. K. and P. 23d St., 22-23. La Delle, Four—Cooper, Mt. Vernon, O., 16-21. Orph., Newark, O., 22-23. La Salle Brothers—Poli's, Hartford, Conn., 16-21. La Vere, Bert—Wendover, Waukegan, Ill.—Indefinite. La Vine—Clarendon Trio—Temple, Detroit, 16-21. Laddell and Crouch—Orph., Salt Lake City, U., 16-21. Lakota, Harry—Orph., Lima, O., 16-21. Marion, Marion, Marion, O., 22-23. Lamb's Minstrels—Maj., Birmingham, Ala., 16-21. Maj., Little Rock, Ark., 22-23. Landreth—K. and P. Union Sq., 16-21. Landreth, Tammie—Orph., Denver, 16-21. LASHER'S (JEWELRY) LTD.—PIA'S FRIENDS—Orph., Boston, 16-21. Poll's, New Haven, Conn., 22-23. Laskey's Night on a Houseboat—Orph., Youkner, N. Y., 16-21. She's, Buffalo, 22-23. Laskey's Black Hussars—Poli's, Worcester, Mass., 16-21. Orph., Boston, 22-23. Laskey's Compromised—Alhambra, N. Y., 16-21. Maj., Chgo., 22-23. Laskey's Military Octette—Shea's, Buffalo, 16-21. She's, Quintette—Bennett's, Ottawa, Ont., 16-21. Bennett's, Montreal, 22-23. Laskey's Robinson Cruso's Isle—K. and P. Union Sq., 16-21. K. and P. 125th St., 22-23. Laskey's Stomping Grenadiers—Keith's, Cleveland, 16-21. Temple, Detroit, 22-23. Le Brun Grand Opera Trio—Temple, Detroit, 8-21. Coop., Rochester, N. Y., 22-23. Le Grier, John—Galaxy, Salem, Mass., 16-21. Lee, Irene—Orph., St. John—Unique, Minneapolis, 16-21. Grand, Fargo, N. D., 22-23. Le Gray, Dolles—Bijou, Racine, Wis.—Indefinite. Le Page, The—Scala, Antwerp, Bel., 4-23. Lee, Pittsburgh and Omaha—Star, Carnegie, Pa., 16-21. Star, Sisterville, W. Va., 22-23. Lee, Irene—Empire, Liverpool, Eng., Nov. 25-Dec. 28. Lee, Tung Foo—Paster's, Elizabeth, N. J., 16-21. Poll's, Bridgeport, Conn., 22-23. Lee, Lulu—Alhambra, N. Y., 16-21. Lee, Irene—Orph., St. John—Unique, Minneapolis, 16-21. Maj., Ft. Worth, Tex., 22-23. LEISURE, 1907—PIA'S FRIENDS—Orph., Los Angeles, Cal., 16-21. Leslie and Adams—Grand, Syracuse, N. Y., 16-21. Leslie and Williams—Keith's, Phila., 16-21. K. and P. 23d St., 22-23. Levy, Bert—Alhambra, N. Y., 16-21. Lee, Pittsburgh and Omaha—Star, Carnegie, Pa., 16-21. Star, Sisterville, W. Va., 22-23. Lee, Irene—Empire, Liverpool, Eng., Nov. 25-Dec. 28. 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And Mary worked this little lamb in a man-
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SPOKANE.

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Spokane Theatre played to big business with The Vanderbilt Cup Nov. 30, 1, The Land of Nod 4-6, and Are You Cray 8, featuring Frank Daniels. The Rock co., playing The Land of Nod, was given a cordial reception on its first appearance in this part of the Pacific Northwest, and William March, King Williams, Grace Drew, and William Stevens, and the chorus sounded nicely. Woodland 9-12, San Francisco Opera co. 13, 14, The Royal Chef 15, 16, The Rolling Girl 19, 20, 21, Maude Fealy in The Stronger Sex 22, 23, The Man of the Hour 25, 26, Yon Yonson 26, The Blue Moon 29, 30, Primrose's Minstrels.

Willard R. Peoley, Maxine Miles, and Noel Travers carried off the honors in The Cowboy and the Squaw at the Columbia Theatre and the week. The business was high. Why He Preferred Her was presented 8, and the week. The Curious Comedy co., which has been playing this house since last summer, will tour the Coast and Sound cities at the close of its engagement in January, when Orpheum circuit vanderville will be presented for the rest of the season.

The Judge and the Jury was the play the 13th, week of the engagement of the Shirley co. at the Auditorium Theatre 1, and the week, and big houses were the rule.

John Shirley, leading woman of the co., will entertain her players and a few non-professional friends at a Christmas party on the stage at the close of the performance 24. Edward Baxter Perry presented a brilliant programme at a piano recital in First Methodist Church 3.

W. B. McCREA.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Marie Cahill Scores Heavily—Cavalcade in Concert—The Baker Company.

Marie Cahill in Marrying Mary scored heavily at the Hollie 1-4. Cavalcade gave her second recital in this city 5. Her performance, while seconding widely from her first, was sufficiently varied to give her hearers a taste of her quality in her many shadings of temperament. The Spider's Web, with Sarah Trahan in the leading role, finished out the week 6-8. Coming are Fritzi Schell in Mile. Modiste 9-12, and The Land of Nod 13-14.

The Baker co. gave an enjoyable performance of Daughters of Men at the Baker 1-7. Every member of the co. was well cast. Sag Harbor will be the bill 8-14.

The San Francisco Opera co. came back to the Marquam for the week 1-7, and presented Gold Pasha. The co. will offer The Toyman during Christmas week. Primrose's Minstrels will hold the boards 8-14.

Ben Hendricks and Yon Yonson made their annual visit to the Empire 1-7, and, as always, made more than good with the patrons of this house. The Holy City follows 9-14.

All Due to Diana was the farce-comedy offering of the Allen Stock co. at the Lyric Theatre 2-6. Cumberland '91, will be the next bill 9-15.

James Boys in Missouri pleased the audience at the Star all week 2-9. Lighthouse by the Sea follows 9-15.

JOHN F. LOGAN.

MILWAUKEE.

William Collier—Hap Ward Draws Well—Advanced Vanderville—Other Items.

Caught in the Rain, presented by William Collier and co., opened a week's engagement at the Davidson 9 to good house, and is an excellent vehicle to exploit Mr. Collier's abilities as a comedian. Horstine Nielsen played a single matinee performance of A Doll's House 13.

Not yet, but soon, presented by Hap Ward, opened what promises to be a very successful week's engagement at the Alameda 8 to crowded houses. Week 12, The Yankee Doctor.

Advanced vanderville at the Shubert has proved to be a winner, with crowded houses at the opening of the new bill on 8. The Four Birds, Barnold's dogs and monkeys, Billy Van, Hanover and Lee, Hyams and McIntyre, and Sydney Grant all scored.

The Man in the Moon, a musical farce, is presented at the Faber Theatre by the German Stock co. 8 and entertained large audience. Jean Gerardy was greeted by large and appreciative audience 9. Berthe Kellie in Marie of the Lowlands will open a short engagement 12-14.

The Bijou this week has Willie Live, presented by Harry Clay Bianey and co., opening 8 to the inevitable packed houses. The Cutest Girl in Town week 15.

The Bach Concert at the West Side Turn Hall matinee 8 was attended by an audience that packed the large hall to the doors. A. L. ROBINSON.

LOUISVILLE.

The Prince of Pilsen—Williams and Walker—Other Attractions.

Macaulay's had large houses to hear The Prince of Wales 10-12, which was given by a company including Edward Morris, who was an excellent Prince. Grace George will be seen in this city for the first time 13, when she begins a three nights' engagement in Divorcees. The Jeffersons for three nights commencing 19.

Williams and Walker drew crowded houses to the Masonic week of 9. Next week, The County Chairman.

The patrons of the Avenue for week of 8 have had at their offering Young Buffalo in King of the Wild West, drawing excellent business. Fallen by the Wayside week 15.

The Symphony Orchestra project is being actively promoted. R. Gratz Brown will be the conductor.

Max Friedberg is now in managerial charge of the Mary Anderson. This house is now charging popular prices and is doing an excellent business.

Manager John H. H. Walker has returned from an extended visit to New York. While there he made important arrangements for the White City for the Summer season of 1908. CHARLES D. CLARKE.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Wilton Lackaye Draws Well—Lillian Russell—An Expensive Christmas Dinner.

Wilton Lackaye in The Bondman was a good drawing card for three nights and a matinee at the Court Square Dec. 5-7. Harry Conner came back in Mary's Lamb 10, and drew better than before. Coming are The Drummer Boy (local) 12-14. Leo Crochet du Pevé Martin (French Dramatic) 15. Blanche Walden in The American Sonata 20. William Russell in Wildfire 21. The Bonhamer 22.

Lillian Russell, booked for Christmas Day, has refused to put on a matinee performance of Wildfire. Think of it; the day of all days when the stridency is loosened. She prefers to eat a Christmas dinner in her private car! According to usual holliday matinee attendance at the Court Square, it will be a \$2000 dinner.

The Gilmore had The Bowery Burlesques 9-11, and The Shadow Behind the Throne 12-14. The Gilmore is doing some business this season with the burlesque and melodrama combination.

A. F. Nall, the veteran Uncle Joe of The Drummer Boy, and the producer of the play, is here to oversee the local production of The Odd Fellows are giving and to take his old part. He has played Uncle Joe since 1871 and over 6000 times. EDWIN DWIGHT.

TOLEDO.

Madam Butterfly Delightful—Nat Goodwin—Ben Hur Revived.

The Savage Opera co. in Madam Butterfly filled the Valentine for two performances 5. It was a superb production, perfect in every detail, and delighted all who heard it. A fair percentage of Ezra Kendall's admirers were present to hear him in The Land of Dollars 6. A fair house heard Nat Goodwin 7, who presented the familiar in Misgout. Ben Hur was the bill for the entire week 9. The cast was very much inferior to the former ones and business suffered much in consequence.

The Budget Doctor was an ordinary offering at the Lycum 5-7. Popular Billy Van in Paynes in Politics came for the entire week 8. Business was good.

At Burt's The King Bee, with the Speck Brothers, drew and pleased a good patronage 5-7. The Child of the Regiment was a very pretentious offering and fared well 8-11. Vivian Prescott has the leading role. C. M. EDSON.

JERSEY CITY.

The Wizard of Oz Still Good—The Phantom Detective a Thriller.

The Wizard of Oz came to the Majestic Theatre 9-14 to fine business. The staging is fine and the co. one of general excellence. The Spellers 16-21. James Gorrell 22-23.

The Phantom Detective crowded the Academy of Music 9-14 and gave excellent satisfaction. William H. Tracy in His Terrible Secret 15-21. Florence Hindley 22-28.

William J. Sully, late of The Earl and the Girl co., has returned to his home here.

The local T. M. A. are arranging for a social session 23. The annual election of officers takes place 15.

WALTER C. SMITH.

DETROIT.

A Knight for a Day Produced—The Song Birds Popular—Moliére.

A Knight for a Day was produced at the Detroit Opera House, 8-11, with Maxine, and whimsical May Vokes, as the girls for matinees. Unusually rich costumes and tuneful musical numbers characterize it, and the electrical effects are of a particularly novel character. Mrs. Leslie Carter in Du Barry 12-14.

At the Temple, Manager Moses has provided one of the best bills of the season 8-15, headed by the popular musical Sing Birds.

The Loyalist Players gave an excellent presentation of The Holy City at the Lafayette Theatre 8-14 and next week A Collected Woman is produced.

The Volunteer Organist played its annual engagement at the Lyric Theatre 8-14 to fair houses.

Moliére gave way to musical comedy at the Whitney Theatre 8-14, where Panhandle Days drew good houses. Child of the Regiment 15-21.

The Sam Devore co. at the Avenue Theatre 8-14 is particularly a night spot to the patrons of Notre Dame. Miss Fox Walker's Comedy Girls.

The World Business went at the Greyhound Theatre 8-14 in a clean class of burlesque and drew fair houses. Golden Crook 15-21.

ELYP A. MARGNI.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Nat Goodwin in Revivals—The Walls of Jericho—Robert Edison—Items.

Nat Goodwin at English's, presenting two of his former successes, When We Were Twenty One and Missouri, matinee and night to good houses.

Both plays were acted in split end style. Laura Bart and Harry Stanford followed in The Walls of Jericho 5, 6, playing to small houses.

Robert Edison in Classmates, matinee and night, 7. The Man of the Hour 9-14. The Jeffersons in The Rivals next week. The Right of Way 23-25.

Charles Grapewin in The Awakening of Mr. Pipp passed large houses at the Park 5-7. Keller and Houston were From Sing Sing to Liberty 18-21.

The Majestic opened 8-14, after a successful week in Friends, with Theodore Gomberg, Zeph Byron Totten, in the leading roles. The house has been leased to Anderson and Ziegler, proprietors of the Grand here, and will reopen Christmas week with the Foreign Stock co.

A first-class bill is offered at the Grand 8-14, that includes John C. Rice and Sally Cohen, Henry Lee, Eddie Musical Cutty, Ralph Johnstone, Seymour and Hill, Three Friends, Avery and Hart, and Howard Brothers.

PEARL KIRKWOOD.

NEWARK.

Maude Adams Delightful—Moliére at Two Houses—Concerts.

Maude Adams in Peter Pan delighted big audiences at the Newark Theatre 9-14. William Fawcett in The Squaw Man 18-21.

The Romeo and Juliet, owing to an old contract, will not be legitimate for the week only, 22-25, presenting Faust's Star in the Lyric 26-28.

The Four Courses of the Earth attracted large audiences 9-14 at the Columbia Theatre. The co. includes William Santini, Sally Guard, Ida Nelson, Carrie L. Mayne, Will H. Fields, and the Orpheus Vocal Quartette.

The Shoemaker was presented at Blaney's Theatre 9-14. Lew Welsh as the Shoemaker was very attractive. The rest of the cast pleased.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Kramer Auditorium was a pronounced success. The programme included Madame Olga Samaroff, violinist, and dr. Karl Muck as conductor. Paderewski 17.

GEORGE S. APPLEGATE.

PROVIDENCE.

The Rose of the Rancho Pines—Ben Greet Play—Mrs. Flah's Appearance Here—Items.

At the Providence Opera House 9-12 The Rose of the Rancho was well received by large houses. Frances Starr and the rest of the co. were excellent. The Ben Greet Players opened 13 for three performances.

Presenting Marchion, Romeo and Juliet, and The Merchant of Venice, Mme. Leonora in repertory 18-21.

The King and Queen of Gambier opened by a strong co. kept large houses stirred up at the Empire 9-14.

Considerable interest is manifested in the appearance at the Providence Opera House during Christmas week of Mrs. Flah in Rossmore. The Road to Yesterday is underlined.

H. E. Pattie has leased the Lycos, formerly the Auditorium, on South Main Street, and has opened a school of acting. Mr. Pattie has been associated with Booth, Barrett, Modjeska, and Henry Miller.

HOWARD C. RIPLEY.

SEATTLE.

The Man on the Box—The Rolling Girl Welcomes—Stock Companies Draw Well.

At the Grand the attraction 1-7 was Max Fleman in The Man on the Box, which pleased medium and large audiences. Maude Fealy in The Stronger Sex 8-14, and the Seattle Symphony Orchestra Society 15 and 16.

At the Seattle Opera House 17-20, the Seattle Opera Company gave Schubert's Rosamunde in repertory 21-22.

The King and Queen of Gambier opened by a strong co. kept large houses stirred up at the Empire 9-14.

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CHARLES A. RIPLEY.

BUFFALO.

Francis Wilson Please—Nat Goodwin in Revivals—Concerts.

Francis Wilson in When Knights Were Bold amused his audiences at the State 8-11.

Nat Goodwin was with 8-11 at the Star in a revival of several of his old successes, including A Glided Pool, in Missouri, When We Were Twenty-one, and An American Citizen. Business was poor.

Simple Simon Simple packed the Lyric week 9, and, as usual, pleased.

The Seattle Symphony Orchestra Society has arranged to give a series of concerts during the coming season. Michael Kugne in the capable director.

BENJAMIN F. MEISNER.

DENVER.

James T. Powers Please—Checkers at the Taber—The Baker Company.

The Nine Moon, well produced, played to good business at the Broadway 8-11. James T. Powers was excellent. The Heir to the Horsh 9-14.

The Taber had a big week with Checkers as the attraction. Lydia Dickson, a very beautiful Denver girl, made a decided hit in the part of Cluthy.

The Mayor of Tokio 12-14, Buster Brown 15-21.

A Royal Slave is pleasing crowd at the Curtis.

The stock co. at the Baker Theatre gave a good presentation of The Nine Moon. Every member of the co. was well cast. What Happened to James 15-18.

The Broadway was well filled with enthusiastic admirers of Cavallo's splendid symphony orchestra Friday afternoon. An excellent programme was given.

The annual Free Club benefit was given at the Broadway 2, and something over \$7500 was realized beyond all expenses.

MARY ALICE HELL.

ST. PAUL.

Oiga Nethersole Please—Otis Skinner's New Play—Moliére at the Grand.

Oiga Nethersole and her splendid co. drew the most satisfactory houses of the season at the Moliére 8-14. Otis Skinner, supported by a well balanced co., came 8-11 in The Heart of the Family. This is a romantic play, and gives Mr. Skinner ample opportunity to display some real character acting. Percy Howells, a St. Paul favorite, is a pleasing Florio.

Adelaide Thornton 12-14, The Flower of the Ranch.

Parted on Her Bridal Tour is drawing fairly well at the Grand week of 8. The co. is strong and some very clever character acting in the result. Harry H. Slaney week 15.

HARRY G. WILLIAMS.

TORONTO.

The Appearance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell a Society Event—The Masquerade—Other Attractions.

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CORRESPONDENCE

ALABAMA.

BIRMINGHAM.—JEFFERSON (H. S. Dawson, mgr.): Robert Mantell in *Madame, I'm a Millionaire* is good business. *The Virginian* 5 delighted a large audience. Cyril Scott in *The Prince Chap* 6, 7 pleased and business. *Forty-five minutes from Broadway* 12. Ethel Barrymore in *Her Sister* 13. Paul Gilmore in *The Wheel of Love* 14.—BIJOU (M. L. Somes, mgr.): Nat M. Wills in *A Lucky Dog* 2-7; excellent, to good business. *Wise, Women and Wives* 8-14.—GAUTHIER (Harry Tost, mgr.): Greater New York Stars 2-7. good co.; fair business. *Jimmy Blues* 9-14.

MONTGOMERY.—GRAND (Hinsdale Brothers, mgr.): Thomas Jefferson in *Hip Van Winkle* 2 pleased and large house. *The Black Crook* 3. *Twenty-Five Miles from Broadway* 4. *Forty-five minutes from Broadway* 5. *Paul Gilmore in The Wheel of Love* 6; pleasant, good business. *Robert Mantell in King Lear* 8; fair, to large audience. *A Doll's House* 7; very pleasant; good business. *The Virginian* 10. *The Prince Chap* 11. *The Lion and the Mouse* 12.

TUSCALOOSA.—SILENT AUDITORIUM (Hargrave and Anderson, mgr.): Florence Davis in *A Question of Husband* 1; good, to small house. University of Alabama Glee Club 9; good, to fair house. *Patty Mills* 10. Paul Gilmore 11.

DECATUR.—BRANWELL (Smith and Sally, mgr.): Florence Davis in *A Clever of Husband* 4; pleasant, fair business. *Patty Mills* 5 failed to please small house. Paul Gilmore 10.

SELMA.—ACADEMY (Long and Rees, mgr.): Florence Davis 2; good, to average house. Paul Gilmore 11. *The Virginian* 12. *Prince Chap* 14.

ARIZONA.

LITTLE ROCK.—CAPITAL (H. S. Hamilton, lessor; C. T. Taylor, mgr.): *Madame, I'm a Millionaire* and *After 8*; excellent, to fair business. *Village Vanderville* 6; poor performance and business. *Grace George in Divorce* 8; excellent performance, to good business. Dixie Minstrels 10. *George Washington*, Jr. 16, 17. *Billy Kermans 18. Are You a Mason* 21. *Walls of Jericho* 24. *Charles B. Hanford* 26. *Little Johnny Jones* 28. *Black Crook, Jr.* 27.

DOUGLAS.—O P H E L L U M (Morris and Webb, mgr.): Arizona Nov. 18 pleased a large audience. Mayor of Tokio, after cancelling appeared on the scene and played 20 to a crowded and appreciative house. *Dein Pringle Stock* co. one week 8-15. *Lightning Conductor* 17 canceled. *Buffalo* 21. *McFee Stock* co. 25-26.

TUCSON.—OPERA HOUSE (M. Drachman, mgr.): *Major of Tokio* Nov. 20; good, to co. and business. *Way Down East* canceled. *Her Brother's Sake* 4. *A Message from Mars* 11. *Boys of Harvard* 13. *Buffalo* 15. *The Lightning Conductor* 18. *McFee's Minstrels* 21. *Kerry Gow* 26.

ARKANSAS.

HOOT SPRINGS.—AUDITORIUM (Brigham and Reed, mgr.): *He's New Husband* 2; fair co., to good business. *Parasol in English* 3 pleased good business. *Leop Dichterstein in Before and After* 4; good co., to fair business. *The Village Vanderville* 5; fair business. *Grace George in Divorce* 6; excellent performance, to good business. *Dixie Minstrels* 10. *George Washington*, Jr. 14. *Billy Kermans 16. Are You a Mason* 21. *Walls of Jericho* 24. *Charles B. Hanford* 26. *Little Johnny Jones* 27. *W. A. Whitecar* 31.

PONT SMITH.—GRAND (C. A. Lick, mgr.): *Way Down East* 3; fair, to small business. *Kerry Gow* 4; pleased fair audience. *A Jolly American Tramp* 7; bad performance and house. *Red Feather* 11. *North Brothers' Comedians* 13-14.

PAYETTEVILLE.—GEAR (G. C. Harrison, mgr.): *Way Down East* 4 to well pleased house. *Red Feather* co. 10; S. R. O.; pleased.

CALIFORNIA.

FRESNO.—BARTON OPERA HOUSE (Robert G. Barton, mgr.): Ralph Stuart in *Strongheart* 1, 2 pleased large audiences. *S. Miller Kent in Rafting* 3; good house. *The Lion and the Mouse* 4; good business. *Uncle Josh Perkins* 5. *The Kilties* 7. *Arrows* 8.

SAN DIEGO.—GARRICK (Charles H. Delacour, mgr.): *Arrows* 2; excellent, to good business. *Up the Southern Skies* 6; good.—PICKWICK (R. A. Palmer, mgr.): *Playboy Stock* co. week 1 in My Fortune very good co. and business. *Next week*, *Pretty Peacock*.

MAKERSFIELD.—OPERA HOUSE (W. T. House, mgr.): *Uncle Josh Perkins* 1 to fair house. *The Lion and the Mouse* 3 pleased good house. *Rafting* 4; splendid. *The Kilties* 6; excellent, to a small audience.

SAN BERNARDINO.—OPERA HOUSE (Mrs. Martha L. Kyne, mgr.): *Arrows* 3; fair, to good business. *Uncle Southern Skies* 4 pleased fair house. *Florence Roberts in Zara* 9.

COLORADO.

GRAND JUNCTION.—PARK OPERA HOUSE (Edwin A. Haskell, mgr.): *Lost in New York* Nov. 23 to small audience. *R. P. O. E. Gaudie's Vaudeville* and *Minstrels* 26, 27; to capacity; good performance. *A Royal Slave* 3.

GREENLEY.—THEATRE (W. F. Stephens, mgr.): James T. Powers in *The Blue Moon* 10.—ITEM: Manager Stephens is thinking of closing the theatre for a month or so, because of the extremely poor business here lately.

COLORADO SPRINGS.—GRAND (S. N. Nye, mgr.): *The Heir to the Hoof* 5; fair business. *The Mayor of Tokio* 7; two good houses; pleased. *Checking* 9. *Kingfisher* (Robert Coates) 12. *The Blue Moon* 10-12.

ASPIN.—WHEELER OPERA HOUSE (Edgar Stoddard, mgr.): *Boys of Harvard* 4; fair co. and business. *Worried Minstrels* 6; house good; performance. *Worried Minstrels* 8; good business. *The Cow Puncher* 12.

LA JUNTA.—THEATRE (H. H. Bourne, mgr.): *Old Cross Roads* 2; fair business; pleased.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD.—PARSONS (H. C. Parsons, mgr.): Mary Manning gave a delightful presentation of *Glorious Betty* 6; to good business. *Dead to Yesterday* 6, 7 was greeted by three large and pleased audiences. Harry Conroy played a rapid return date of *Mary's Lamb* 8, and renewed the good impression. Antonio Martori, in *La Gioconda* in French, at *El Rialto* 12. *Playhouse* 13. *Hattie Williams in The Little Church* 14. *Mildred and Souther* 16, 17. *Uncle Groat's Shakespearean Players* 18. *Blanche Walsh* 19.—HARTFORD OPERA HOUSE (H. H. Jennings, mgr.): Since Nellie Went Away 5-7, interested good sized audiences. *Human Hearts* paid its third visit 9-13, and pleased large audience. Harry Hooligan 13-14. *The Shadow Behind the Thorne* 15.—POLY'S (A. H. Bailey, res.): *James* 10, 11. drew crowded audiences twice daily; week of 9 in The Fifth Avenue. The result of the bill was not unusual excellence.—ITEM: William Gillette has taken bachelor apartments here. A. DUMONT.

NEW HAVEN.—HYPERION (E. D. Eldridge, res. mgr.): *Way Down East* 8 pleased a fair audience. *Glorious Betty* 6, 7 with Miss Mary Manning delighted large enthusiastic audiences. *The Road to Yesterday* 9 (return) was greeted by a large audience. *Padavacoff* 10; canceled; audience too small to please him. *Red Grot* 11, 12; with matinee; *Macbeth* was presented 11; good size audience; *Macbeth* 13. *Uncle Josh Perkins* 14. *Blanche Walsh* 15. *Uncle Groat's Shakespearean Players* 16. *Blanche Walsh* 17. *Lillian Russell* 28. *Mrs. Pinto* 28.—NEW HAVEN (H. H. Wilkes, res. mgr.): *The Days* 5-7 in King Casey amused S. R. O. Since Nellie Went Away 9-11; satisfied good business. *Doris Thorne* 12-14. *The Scout's Revenge* 16-18. *A Ragged Hero* 19-21.—BIJOU (Pauline H. Royle, res. mgr.): *Week* 9, the clever players of the Bijou Stock co. made a decided hit in *Miss Hobbs*. *Week* 10 turned up M. V. OGDON.

BRIDGEPORT.—SMITH'S (Edward C. Smith, prop.; A. G. Culver, int. mgr.): *David Harms* 8 and *Way Down East* 9, 10. *The Visit of Dora Thorne* 10, 11; given added local interest; through the presence in the cast of Olive West and Willard Newmann of last summer's Full Stock co. An audience of more than 2000 greeted Mary Manning in *Glorious Betty* 11. The entire performance was noteworthy. Since Nellie Went Away 12-14. *Blanche Walsh* in *The Kreutzer Sonata* 16. *A Ragged Hero* 17, 18. *Human Hearts* 19-21.

WILLIAM P. HOPKINS.

NEW LONDON.—LYCEUM (J. W. Jackson, mgr.): Good vaudeville 5-7; good business. *Mary Manning in Glorious Betty* 8 to fair business. *Human Hearts* 9. *David Harms* 10; good house; delighted. *The Chickens Trust* 12. *Dixie Bell in Show Acres* 14. *Daniel Ryan* 25-28.—ITEM: *The Star*, a moving picture house, closed its doors 7.

NEW BRITAIN.—BUSHWELL LYCEUM (T. J. Lynch, mgr.): Mildred and Rosalie in *The Flight of Princess Iris* 12; very good performance; right business. *Nell Burgess in The Country Fair* 11. *W. Bailey* 12.

BORWICH.—BROADWAY (The Jackson Amusement co., mgr.): Mary Manning 9; large and pleased enthusiastic audience. *David Harms* 10; good business.

Dixie Bell in *Show Acres* 12. *The Chickens Trust* 14. *Red Grot* 15. *Players* 17.

WILLIAMANTIC.—LOOMER OPERA HOUSE (John H. Gray, mgr.): *James R. Mackie* 7; *Light House*, *David Harms* 8 pleased fair business. *Mildred and Rosalie* 14. *Harvey Black* 15, 16.

SOUTHERN NEW YORK.—HOYT'S (L. M. Hoyt and Son, mgr.): *Quincy Adams Sawyer* 11; good performances and business. *Neil Burgess in The County Fair* 12. *High-class Vaudeville* 13, 14.

FLORIDA.

JACKSONVILLE.—DUVAL (James Burbridge, mgr.): *Report of Kwang 3* (local K. of P.); excellent. *St. R. O. Sweetest Girl in Dixie* 4 deserved better business. *Miss Silver* 5 to please house. *David Harms* 6; pleased fair business. *Franklin V. Wilson* 7; good audience. *David Harms* 8. *Van Winkle's Valentine* 9; good audience. *Red Grot* 10. *Myrtle Evans* 11. *Henry Miller's Great Divide* 12. *The Prince Chap* 13. *Forty-five Minutes from Broadway* 14. *David Harms* 15. *Coming Thru' the Rose* 16.—DIXIE (Hal Mordant, mgr.): *Colonial Opera* co. in *Macock* 2-7; good attraction and business. *Same* co. in *Robinson Girl* 8-11 and *Glendale Girls* 12-15.—ITEM: *R. M. Hause* has been appointed business-manager for this co. to succeed G. W. Smith. *He* wished to remain with the Mid-Western Advertising Co.—David Harms is coming, under the auspices of the Ladies' Musical Society, in the Board of Trade Building 11.

PENSACOLA.—OPERA HOUSE (John M. Goe, mgr.): *Holy City* 3 to small business. *Black Crook* 4; fair business. *Paul Gilmore in The Wheel of Love* 5; largest house of season. *Florence Davis in David's House* 6. *The Lion and the Mouse* 11. *Cyril Scott in The Prince Chap* 12. *The Virginian* 13.

GEORGIA.

ATLANTA.—GRAND (H. L. and J. De Give, mgr.): *Robert Mantell* 4, 5; excellent co. and business. *The Virginian* 6, 7; fair co. and business. *Cyril Scott in The Prince Chap* 9, 10; fair co. and business. *Ethel Barrymore in Her Sister* 11, 12. *The Lion and the Mouse* 13, 14.—BIJOU (H. L. and J. De Give, res. mgr.): *Nat. W. Mills* and *Co.* in *A Lucky Dog* 8-14; excellent co. playing to R. O. in *New York* 16-21.

ROME.—OPERA HOUSE (G. Spiegelberg, mgr.): *John Grimes in Richard III* 6; good audience. *De Few-Burdette Stock* co. on 9-14 pleased excellent house. *Play* 15. *An American Girl* 16. *The Man from Somers*, *Elle Van Winkle's Vaudeville*, *Home*, *Red River*, *Oliver Twist*, *Katasjammer Twins*, *Deadwood Dick*, *Paul Gilmore in The Wheel of Love* 16.

ATHENS.—COLONIAL (Gloriotsky Brothers, lessor; A. J. Palmer, res. mgr.): *Thalassa* (local K. of P.); excellent. *De Give* 1, 2. *Light House* 3; good co. and business. *Paul Gilmore in The Prince Chap* 14. *Light House* 15.

IDAHO.

BOISE CITY.—COLUMBIA (James A. Pinney, mgr.): *A Desperate Chance* 11. *Sis in New York* 12. *Donald Bell Theatre* co. week 16. *Lost in New York* 13. *Gordon's Gaiety* 14. *Light House* 15. *John G. Somers* and *Co.* in *Light House* 16. *Light House* 17. *The Prince of Pilsen* 18. *Cupid at Vassar* 19; best of the season, to good business. *Quincy Adams Sawyer* 20.

MACON.—GRAND (P. G. Phillips, mgr.): *Thomas Jefferson in Hip Van Winkle* 6; matinee; two S. R. O. houses. *Mac* 11. *Paul Gilmore in The Prince Chap* 17.

ILLINOIS.

SPRINGFIELD.—CHATTERTON (George W. Chatterton, mgr.): *Hilda Gabler* 2 pleased small audience. *Otis Skinner* 3 and a fine co. presented *For the Honor of the Family* 3; pleased capacity. *At Cripple Creek* 4; fair co. and business. *Humpy Dumpty* 5; good to fair business. *The Classroom* 6; good to excellent. *Light House* 7; fair to good business. *De Give* 8-10. *Light House* 11. *De Give* 12. *Light House* 13. *Light House* 14. *Light House* 15. *Light House* 16. *Light House* 17. *Light House* 18. *Light House* 19. *Light House* 20. *Light House* 21. *Light House* 22. *Light House* 23.

AUBURN.—GRAND (Chamberlain, Harrington Co.; Charles Lamb, res. mgr.): *Girl of the Sun* 3; good to fair business. *Sons' Band* (matinee) 4; excellent. *De Wolf Hopper in Happyland* 7; good. *De Wolf Hopper in Happyland* 8; two fair houses. *The Doll House* 9; excellent, to good business. *Judge Brown* 12. *The Lost Trail* 13. When Knightwood Was in Flower 14. *The Italian Boy* 17. *A Millionaire Tramp* 22. *Light House* 23.

CHICAGO.—CROZIER OPERA HOUSE (R. E. Willis, mgr.): *The Lunatic and the Lady* 4; good, to light business. *Victor's Royal Venetian Band* 7; fine, to packed house. *Tempest and Sunshine* 10. *Girl of the Golden West* 20.

WALSH.—EAGLES' (C. E. Holden, mgr.): *Tom and Susie* 2; excellent, to fair house. *In the Heart of Chicago* 3; pleased good house.

UNION CITY.—GRAND (H. J. Fisher, mgr.): *A Royal Slave* 2; good, to fair business. *The Red Widow* 3 to small house.

INDIANA.

EVANSVILLE.—WHILEY BIJOU (Allen Jenkins, mgr.): *Playful Minx* from Broadway 2; excellent. *Mr. and Mrs.* 3-11. *Cupid at Vassar* 12. *Light House* 13. *Light House* 14. *Light House* 15. *Light House* 16. *Light House* 17. *Light House* 18. *Light House* 19. *Light House* 20. *Light House* 21. *Light House* 22. *Light House* 23. *Light House* 24. *Light House* 25. *Light House* 26. *Light House* 27. *Light House* 28. *Light House* 29. *Light House* 30. *Light House* 31. *Light House* 32. *Light House* 33. *Light House* 34. *Light House</*

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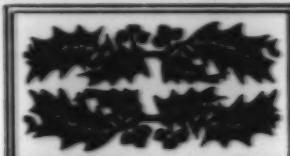
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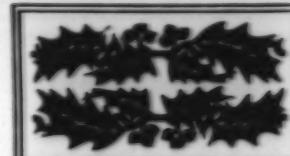
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